Engraved by Emily Sartain Phil.

MRS. JANE CAMPBELL McFERRIN.

TAKEN WHEN SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE.

HISTORY

OF

METHODISM IN TENNESSEE.

BY JOHN B. M'FERRIN, D.D.

VOL. I.

FROM THE YEAR 1783 TO THE YEAR 1804.

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TO MY HONORED AND BELÒVED MOTHER,

MRS. JANE CAMPBELL BERRY M'FERRIN.

My Dear Mother:—I wish to dedicate to you this volume as a token of more than filial love. To you, in a great measure, I am indebted for early religious impressions; especially to your blameless life and beautiful example do I owe my first conceptions of the excellence of virtue and the bliss of connubial life. Being your first-born, I had the opportunity of witnessing a long life of affection between you and my now sainted father, whose memory to me is like precious ointment; and it affords me pleasure to record, now that you are four-score and four, that I have no remembrance of an unkind expression between my revered parents, but, on the contrary, words and acts of mutual respect and genuine love.

We were not born in the Methodist Church, but in another branch of the great family of Christ; yet through the instrumentality of the Methodists we were brought to a knowledge of sin and led to Jesus, who gave us repentance and remission. It was a happy day when you and my father and your eldest son all together united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since that, you have lived to see

your husband, three sons, two grandsons, a son-in-law, and two grandsons, by marriage, Methodist preachers. More than this: you have a large posterity, *all* of whom, this day, are members of the Methodist Church. Of more than ninety souls of your own posterity and those connected therewith by marriage, perhaps there is not more than one who is not in the same Church with yourself. It is true, a portion of your family have crossed the flood and are now in the city of God, but still

> "One family we dwell in him,
> One Church above, beneath,
> Though now divided by the stream,
> The narrow stream of death."

May your few remaining days, my beloved mother, be calm and tranquil, and your last moments joyful and triumphant, and when the great day shall come, may you, with your long train of posterity, stand on the right hand, and say, with joy, "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me!"

Your affectionate son, J. B. McFerrin.

July, 1869.

INTRODUCTION.

It was Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch preacher, I believe, who said, "*Methodism is Christianity in earnest.*" Such a Christianity, of course, has a history, and that history should be written. No man who is impartial in judgment, or unprejudiced in feeling, will doubt that John Wesley, under God, projected a great work when he determined to constitute his Societies in America an independent Church. The result has fully verified the wisdom of the measure. American Methodism is without a parallel in modern times. Within the space of one hundred years, the original Society, numbering a few persons, has multiplied into *two millions*, besides the myriads who have died in the faith. The progress of the Church in Sunday-schools, in Church-literature, in schools and colleges, in church-architecture, and its great missionary enterprises, has in a measure been equal to the increase of numbers. The Methodist Church has become a great moral power in the land; its influence is felt in all departments of society; every Protestant Church in America recognizes it as a grand wing of the mighty army of the living God. In the South-west the Methodists have been very successful; and in no portion of

the Valley of the Mississippi have they been more prosperous than in Tennessee. The Methodist Church is by far the largest in the State. Its ministers rank with the most intellectual and popular preachers of the land, and its membership are inferior to none in all the relations of life. Besides, Tennessee has sent forth to other States many flaming heralds of the cross; its sons are in every part of the South and South-west, and its laymen have gone to new countries and aided in building up and extending the cause of Christ in "the regions beyond." It has been the cherished purpose of the author for years to perform the task he has now undertaken, but until recently the opportunity seemed to be unfavorable. By the blessing of God, he has been able to complete the first volume, which, God willing, will soon be followed by others. He now submits the result of his labors to a generous Christian public, praying the blessing of God upon the reader and upon the Church that he has served from his youth.

The author is indebted to several writers who have contributed much to the history of early times in Tennessee. Some of these prepared matter at his special request.

Accompanying this volume will be found an engraved likeness of the author's aged and revered mother, for the insertion of which no apology is offered.

J. B. McFerrin.

Nashville, July 29, 1869.

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HISTORY

OF

METHODISM IN TENNESSEE.

CHAPTER I.

Tennessee—Its grand divisions—Its soil, minerals, and water-courses—A portion of North Carolina—Its early settlers English, Scotch-Irish—Antiquities—Indians—Game—Daniel Boone—James Robertson—Settlement of Middle Tennessee—The descent of the river—Mrs. Robertson—Her children—The first preachers in the West—The growth of Methodism.

TENNESSEE is among the oldest Western States in the United States of North America. It lies south of Kentucky, and north of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and extends from the Alleghany Mountains on the east, where it joins Virginia, to the Mississippi River on the west. It is about four hundred miles in length and one hundred in breadth. It is comprised in three grand divisions, known as East, Middle, and West Tennessee. The Cumberland Moun-

tains divide East and Middle Tennessee, and the Tennessee River is the line between Middle and West Tennessee. Its southern extremity reaches to the 35th° latitude north, and its number of square miles is 44,000. The climate is mild, the winters short, and the country healthy The State has great variety of soil and productions. The Eastern part is mountainous, with rich valleys of land. It is a fine fruit, grain, and grass country, and abounds with coal and good timber. In places, valuable marble-quarries are found, and extensive iron-banks and copper-mines. The water-courses are beautiful and well adapted to manufacturing purposes. Middle Tennessee is very fertile. The country is undulating, and the soil adapted to grain, cotton, and tobacco. In many counties blue-grass and timothy grow well. There are extensive quarries of limestone and many rich iron-banks, while the mountains are full of excellent coal.

West Tennessee, lying between the two great rivers, the Tennessee and Mississippi, is a very productive country, yielding corn, wheat, oats, and cotton, with vegetables in abundance.

The Tennessee, Holston, French Broad, Cumberland, Hatchie, and Mississippi, are the principal rivers; these, however, have numerous tributaries, which are important to the commercial interests of the State. But few States in the Union have

greater water-power than is found in the Middle and Eastern portions of Tennessee.

Before the State was organized, the territory belonged to North Carolina, being included in the grant given to the early settlers. Hence many of the early pioneers were from that State, and were of English descent. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Scotch-Irish. Virginia, too, was well represented in the early settlements, and sent into the new territory many valuable and enterprising families. Among these were many of Scotch-Irish descent, who have always proved themselves to be valuable citizens in any country

The country, especially the Middle portion, was doubtless inhabited long anterior to the days of Sir Walter Raleigh—by whom, we have no satisfactory information—not even a well-founded conjecture. Their graves are with us; their bones are still preserved; specimens of art are dug out of their burial-places, and signs of towns and fortifications remain till this day; but of their language, manners, or religion, there is no satisfactory information.

When the deep forests of the new territory were first penetrated by white men, it was found to be the great hunting-ground of the Indians, a race of men who have always been celebrated for their courage and their cruelty. These were attracted by the game, which abounded in the

country. Buffalo, deer, elk, bear, turkeys, etc., etc., swarmed in the valleys and covered the mountains. There was too much enterprise among the early settlers of North Carolina, especially among the native-born citizens, to allow the fertile regions in the "far West" to remain unexplored.

At what time the first foot of civilization was placed on what we now denominate Tennessee soil, will perhaps remain for ever unknown. There is proof, however, that Daniel Boone—the great Kentucky hunter, the dauntless Western pioneer—as early as 1760, made his mark on the head-waters of the Tennessee. When James Robertson first crossed the mountains, in 1770, he found, cut into the bark of a beech-tree, this record:

D BOON

CILLID A BAR ON TREE

in THE YEAR 1760.

This tree was standing in the year 1859, in the valley of Boone's Creek, between the towns of Jonesboro and Blountsville.*

In 1770, James Robertson, of North Carolina, passed the mountains, and raised a crop of corn on the Watauga, or the head-waters of the Holston. Here he found a few settlers, who were in advance

* Putnam.

of him in this new and inviting field. In 1771 he returned to North Carolina, for the purpose of bringing his family to his new home. He hastened, and soon after, with his wife and son, joined his newly-made friends, and in the spring of 1772 united with others in forming the first civil government ever adopted west of the mountains.

The number of emigrants increased with some rapidity, and new settlements were formed on the Watauga, Holston, and Clinch Rivers.

As early as 1769, or 1770, Kasper Mansker and others explored the east side of the Cumberland. Again, in 1771, Mansker, Isaac Bledsoe, Joseph Drake, and others, visited the country.

In 1775 Mansker came again, but none of the party remained. In the early part of the year 1779, James Robertson, George Freeland, and a number of others, visited the place where Nashville now stands, and made preparation to remove their families. A part of the emigrants were to come by land, passing through Cumberland Gap, Kentucky Trace, and so on; while the women and children, under the supervision of John Donelson, Charles Robertson, and others, were to descend the Holston and Tennessee in boats. The former passed through the wilderness safely, while Mr. Donelson and his party made a most perilous voyage. They had many fierce rencounters with the Indians, who attacked their little fleet at

various points on the Tennessee River. Having sustained serious losses in property, the voyagers reached the Ohio River on the 15th of March, and then ascended the Ohio and the Cumberland Rivers, and arrived at their point of destination, French Lick (Nashville), April, 1780.

This party was marvelously preserved. The winter was very severe, the Indians hostile, provisions scarce, boats frail, and helpless women and children to be cared for; yet, with but little loss of life, they finally ended their journey, where they found the land-party awaiting their arrival.

James Robertson—afterward General Robertson—was one of the most conspicuous actors in all the movements of the early settlers of Tennessee. He was enterprising, brave, sagacious, prudent, and popular. He not only had the confidence of the emigrants, but he had great influence with the Indians, and exercised a powerful control over them in times of peace, and was a bold fighter in times of war.

He was born in Brunswick county, Virginia, June 28, 1742, and died in 1814. His father removed to North Carolina while young Robertson was yet a youth: there he grew up, and in early manhood married Miss Charlotte Reeves, with whom he long lived, and by whom he had eleven children. He was a member of the first Methodist Society organized in the vicinity of Nashville.

Mrs. Robertson survived the General many years, and finally died, near Nashville, in June, 1843, and was buried beside the remains of her husband. She was a devout Christian, and for many years a zealous Methodist. It is somewhat remarkable that the writer preached her funeral-sermon, and thus forms a connecting link between the most prominent pioneers of Tennessee and the Methodist Church. But more than this, General and Mrs. Robertson were the grandparents of the first wife of our esteemed bishop, Robert Paine, and the great-grandparents of the Rev. Felix R. Hill, a worthy minister of the Tennessee Conference. Thus Methodism, that was represented by the early settlers of Tennessee, continues in succeeding generations.

The following obituary, written by the author, appeared in the South-western Christian Advocate of June 16, 1843. It will be observed that General and Mrs. Robertson belonged to the first class formed by Wilson Lee in this portion of Tennessee. General Robertson was appointed Indian Agent, and was thrown beyond the reach of pastoral oversight, and became disconnected with the Church. Mrs. Robertson, after the death of her husband, returned to Nashville, reünited with the Church, and died a Christian.

"MRS. CHARLOTTE ROBERTSON.

"Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, John

B. Craighead, Esq., three miles from Nashville, on Sunday evening, 11th instant (June, 1843), Mrs. Charlotte Robertson, relict of the late General James Robertson, a pioneer of Tennessee. Mrs. Robertson's maiden name was Reeves. She was born in Northampton county, North Carolina, in the year 1751. In 1779 Mr. Robertson preceded his family to Tennessee, and settled near the place where now stands this city In the spring of 1780 Mrs. Robertson, with five children, under the protection of Charles Robertson and her brother, William Reeves, set out for their new home in what was then called the 'Cumberland country' They, with several other families, embarked on board flat-boats in the north fork of Holston River, and proceeded down the Tennessee River to the mouth of Duck River, where they expected to land and make their way through the wilderness to the Cumberland. On their arrival, however, their guides having failed to meet them, and seeing no favorable signs, they continued their voyage to the mouth of the Tennessee River. The ice in the Ohio was just breaking up, and the river was rising rapidly This discouraged their pilot, who abandoned the enterprise in despair, and left the company to make their way in the best manner possible up the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland, and thence up the Cumberland to their destined point

Here began a new scene of trial and labor. They were all strangers to streams to be navigated, meandering through a wild, uncultivated region, infested on either side with wild beasts and savage Indians: their lives were endangered at every point. Mrs. Robertson's company had but two men left to stem the torrent—Charles Robertson and Reeves—and their pilot gone! Their two canoes were lashed together, and Mrs. Johnson, a widowed lady, and sister to General Robertson, became their pilot, and managed their steering oar; while Mrs. Robertson and Hagar, an African woman, worked at the side oars alternately with Robertson and Reeves, and by this tedious process they made their way to their new home, a distance of more than two hundred miles. They landed on the 2d of April, 1780.* Here they lived in forts for years, and suffered many privations, frequently being attacked by the Indians in the most ferocious manner. Two of Mrs. Robertson's sons were massacred by the Indians in these early and troublous times. Through all these hardships and dangers Mrs. Robertson was preserved, and lived to see her ninety-third year. She was the mother of eleven children, only five of whom survive her; but she has a living posterity, now scattered through the valley, numbering considerably over two hundred souls.

* Mr. Putnam says April 24.

"HER CHARACTER.

"She was kind, tender-hearted, industrious, and a friend to the poor. In all the relations of life she was faithful, filling her duties of child, wife, parent, and mistress, with fidelity. She was loved and esteemed by all her acquaintances, and always a favorite with her descendants, down to the latest generation. Through the instrumentality of Wilson Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in this country, she and her husband were converted, and made a part of the first society of Methodists ever organized in this country The class met for preaching and social meetings at Mr. Hodges, some three miles west of this city In the course of time the little society was broken up, and the flock scattered. General Robertson became a public man, and finally was appointed Indian Agent in the Chickasaw Nation, where he died in 1814. The latter part of his life, we understand, was devoted to the service of God, and he died in hope. His bones were removed some years since from the Nation, and were deposited in the Nashville burying-ground. Mrs. Robertson, in the year 1830, again united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, lived in the enjoyment of genuine godliness, and died in full expectation of a glorious immortality. Her remains were brought to the McKendree Church on Monday last, where her funeral-sermon was preached

by the writer of this brief sketch, to a listening and deeply-affected congregation, when she was deposited beside her husband to await the resurrection of the last day."

Several of the daughters of Mrs. Robertson were prominent members of the Methodist Church for many years. The last one was Mrs. Beck, the mother of Mrs. Paine, afterward Mrs. J. B. Craighead, who died near Nashville, in 1866, and was buried by the writer.

The early settlers, both in East and Middle Tennessee, underwent many hardships, not the least of which was their exposure to the cruelty of the merciless savages who infested the land. They had to live in forts and block-houses, and cultivate their fields, with their rifles in hand, or in reach, so that they were ready, at a moment's warning, for a fight. Many a brave man fell a victim to the red man's hate, and many women and children were captured and carried off into the wilderness, there to perish, or to remain in captivity for many long and dreary years. Perhaps no country connects with its early history more thrilling incidents, or details acts of greater personal courage, than can be recounted in the history of the pioneers of Tennessee.

It is not the purpose, however, of the writer to narrate those facts, only so far as they may bear

upon its religious history, but to confine himself mainly to the work before him—the rise and progress of Methodism in this fair land.

A general view of the civil condition of the country is very important to a proper appreciation of the spread of gospel truth among its inhabitants. To conquer and subdue the savage, to civilize the rude, to elevate man intellectually and morally, is the grand work of Christianity: in so far, therefore, as the history of facts shows from what depths of degradation and crime man has been raised by the gospel, in the same ratio we judge of the efficiency of the gospel, of its *divine* origin, and that it is the power of God. No human institution—of laws, morals, or philosophy—however admirably it may seem to work, can raise man from sin and shame to holiness and virtue. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and the gospel alone.

Methodism has done its full share in raising the inhabitants of the West to a high state of civilization and mental culture. Its first preachers made many sacrifices, and endured much suffering, in planting the standard of Christianity in the "far West." To redeem their heroic deeds from the depths of obscurity, and portray their virtues in a true light, is a work worthy the head and heart of the genuine patriot and true Christian. Methodism had a small beginning, but, like the grain of

mustard-seed, it has become a great tree. The Methodists are the most numerous of all the Churches in Tennessee. In every portion of the State their preachers circulate, their houses of worship are erected, and their Sunday-schools are blessing the land. The rich and the poor meet together, while the membership of the Church includes all classes of the population. In the city and in the country, in the densely-populated region, and in sparse settlements, the members of the Church are found. They fill the learned professions, they are engaged in merchandise, in trade, in agriculture, and in mechanics. In the social relations of life they occupy a circle equal to the most elevated in the land. Considering the newness of the country, it is remarkable how soon after the organization of the Methodist Societies in America their missionaries reached Tennessee, and began their work in the wilderness of the West.

In 1766, Philip Embury, a local preacher, began to preach in New York. About the same time, Robert Strawbridge began to preach in Maryland. The first Methodist church, it is affirmed, was built in New York in 1768 or 1769. Some writers contend, however, that a log "meeting-house" was built in Maryland a little anterior to the erection of the house in New York. All agree that the two houses were erected near the same time. The

first regular Conference was held in Philadelphia June, 1773. The traveling preachers then num bered 10, and the whole membership 1,160, distrib uted as follows—viz.: New York, 180; Philadel phia, 180; New Jersey, 200; Maryland, 500 Virginia, 100.

Eleven years subsequently (1783), we find a missionary (Jeremiah Lambert) in Holston, who returned seventy-six members. In 1787 the Minutes show that Benjamin Ogden was appointed to "Cumberland." He returned fifty-nine white and four colored members. Thus the reader wil perceive that the Methodists, though only formally organized into a Conference in 1773, are, by 1787 across the mountains, preaching in forts and block houses, and seeking the lost sheep.

CHAPTER II.

Conference of 1781—Jeremiah Lambert: his appointment to the Holston Circuit in 1783—Presbyterians: their opposition to the Methodists—The doctrines of grace—Henry Willis on Holston in 1794—Mr. Wesley's views of America—Ordains Dr. Coke Superintendent—Mr. Asbury—Formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church—The work progresses—New Districts formed—R. Ellis—Mark Whittaker—Mark Moore—J. Watson—N. Moore—John Tunnell—Nolichucky.

By reference to the General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published by the Book Agents, it will be seen that a Conference was held at Choptank, Delaware, April 16, 1781, which adjourned to meet in Baltimore, Maryland, on the 24th of the same month.

Under the question, "What preachers are admitted?" we find the name of Jeremiah Lambert; and he is appointed to the Talbot Circuit. From the Minutes for 1782 we learn that the Conference was held at Ellis's Preaching-house, in Sussex county, Virginia, on the 17th of April, and adjourned to Baltimore on May 21st. Here Mr. Lambert's name is found again among those who are admitted, and he is placed on the Brunswick Circuit, with three others.

The Conference was again held at Ellis's Preaching-house, on May 6, 1783, and adjourned to Baltimore on the 27th. Here Mr. Lambert's name is recorded among those who are denominated "assistants," and he is appointed to the Holston Circuit. Holston was at this time a general name for that part of Tennessee lying on the head-waters of the Holston River: it likewise embraced that portion of Virginia lying on the head-waters of the Kanawha or New River. Mr. Lambert's work, therefore, was in South-western Virginia and East Tennessee. This was a new field, in a new and mountainous country The Presbyterians —many of whom were Scotch-Irish—made an early start in this region; and, though a pious people, their prejudices against the Methodists were strong, and their influence was wielded, in a measure, against those whom they considered as dangerous heretics. The teachings of the Methodists came in direct contact with their favorite doctrine of "sovereign grace." Particular, unconditional election and reprobation found no favor with the Methodist missionaries, who offered repentance and salvation to every sinner. These men were charged with preaching Pelagianism, and were accused as Legalists, proclaiming salvation by works, independent of divine grace. A collision was the result, and a long controversy ensued, which unfortunately, in after years, ripened

into bitterness and many personalities. These hostile feelings have subsided in a great measure, and now the Methodists and the Presbyterians fraternize, allowing each to enjoy their own opinions, so that they embrace the grand cardinal doctrines of the New Testament, and love God with pure hearts fervently. Mr. Lambert, at the end of his year, returned sixty members.

The Conference, for the third time in succession, convened at Ellis's Preaching-house, in Virginia. It met April 30, 1784, and ended in Baltimore on the 28th of May following. Mr. Lambert was sent to Philadelphia, and Henry Willis was appointed to Holston. The following year, Mr. Lambert was stationed at Antigua. This was his last work. After six years' faithful toil, he exchanged labor for reward. The record says: "He was a man of sound judgment, clear understanding, good gifts, genuine piety, and very humble and holy, diligent in life, and resigned in death; much esteemed in the Connection, and justly lamented in his death."

Mr. Willis was a preacher of several years' experience and superior abilities, though of delicate frame and feeble health. He filled many important stations in the Church, his labors extending from New York to Charleston, and, as we have seen, to the South-west. He was a native of Brunswick county, Virginia, and died in Frederick

county, Maryland, in the year 1808. He seems not to have increased the membership in Holston beyond seventy-six; yet he was doubtless useful, as signal success followed his labors. He sowed the good seed that sprang up afterward, and brought forth abundant fruit. In 1785 he was Elder in the District embracing Holston, while Richard Swift and Michael Gilbert were on the circuit. The work had so enlarged as to require two laborers instead of one.

The year 1783 was an eventful one in the history of American Methodism. Up to this period Mr. Wesley's preachers in America labored in connection with him, and regarded themselves as under his direction—nor did they assume to be an independent Church. They were dependent upon others for the sacraments, and did not feel at liberty, notwithstanding the clamorings of their people, to assume the right to ordain their preachers, or to establish any particular independent Church-organization. Mr. Wesley was sensible of their embarrassments, and in his wisdom resolved to relieve them. Hence (Sept. 10, 1784) he addressed a letter, written at Bristol, "To Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and our brethren in North America," stating that, "By a very uncommon train of providences, many of the provinces of North America are totally disjoined from their mother country, and erected into independent

States. The English Government has no authority over them, either civil or ecclesiastical, any more than over the States of Holland. A civil authority is exercised over them, partly by the Congress and partly by the Provincial Assemblies; but no one either exercises or claims any ecclesiastical authority at all. In this peculiar situation, some thousands of the inhabitants of these States desire my advice, and, in compliance with their desire, I have drawn up a little sketch."

He then proceeds to state that he believed, according to Lord King, that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and that he, as a presbyter of the Church of England, under God, had a right to ordain ministers to take charge of the flock that God had raised up to him in America. He says: "I have, accordingly, appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint *Superintendents* over our brethren in North America; as also Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as *Elders* among them, by baptizing and administering the Lord's-supper."

The American Conferences, in 1785, acting under the advice of Mr. Wesley, "agreed unanimously that circumstances made it expedient for us (them) to become a separate body, under the denomination of the Methodist Episcopal Church." They gave as their reason, the letter of Mr. Wesley, and formed themselves into an independent Church,

adopting the Episcopal mode of Church-government, making the Episcopal office elective, and the elected superintendent, or bishop, amenable to the body of ministers, or preachers.

This was a grand epoch in the history of the Methodist Church. At this time they numbered 18,000 members and 104 preachers. From this day the cause advocated by these Wesleyans went forward with unparalleled success. Hitherto they had been hindered: their preachers were unordained, they were dependent on the ministers of the Established Church of Great Britain for the sacraments, and many of these were ungodly men, and others of them had prejudices against the Methodists, and were opposed to the movements of Mr. Wesley The country had become independent, the Government had separated from the crown, and the former sympathy between the people of the two countries had in a measure subsided. Being no longer subject to the British crown, they felt that they owed no allegiance to the bishops and clergy of Old England. As long, therefore, as the Methodists seemed to have connection with the ministers of the Established Church, and were dependent on them, they were greatly impeded in their work; but now, becoming a free and independent organization, with Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury as their leaders, and being in sympathy with the people, and proclaim-

ing the doctrine of universal salvation through faith in Christ, the way to prosperity and success was open before them.

The work began to extend, so that in 1786 there were several Annual Conferences held—one at Salisbury, North Carolina, on February 1st; one at Lane's Chapel, Virginia, April 10th; and one at Baltimore on the 8th of May A District was formed, consisting of Salisbury and Yadkin, (North Carolina,) and Holston. Reuben Ellis was *Elder*, and Mark Whittaker and Mark Moore were on the Holston Circuit. They returned a membership of 250. This was progress. And, besides, a new circuit—the Nolichucky—was formed, and four preachers, the next year, were appointed to this field—namely, to the Holston Circuit, Jeremiah Masten and Nathanael Moore; and to the Nolichucky, Thomas Ware and Micajah Tracy John Tunnell was the *Elder*.

After several years' labor, Messrs. Masten, Tracy, Moore, Swift, and Whittaker located. Many preachers in those days were compelled to desist from preaching as itinerants, because but little or no provision was made for their families; indeed, it seemed to be the custom in those days, that when preachers became men of families, they retired from the active pastoral work, and devoted themselves to secular pursuits, and preached as far as they might be able consistent with their calling or

business. This was a sad error, into which both the people and the preachers fell. The people had no right to withhold their support, and the preachers did wrong, in that they compromised duty, and left the work of God to serve tables. It had been better for the Church, better for the preachers, better for all, had the practice obtained from the beginning, that ministers should devote themselves wholly to the work of God, and that the Church should give them ample support.

Mr. Tunnell died of consumption, at the Sweet Springs, in July, 1790. "He was about thirteen years in the work of the ministry: a man of solid piety, great simplicity, and godly sincerity, well known and much esteemed both by ministers and people. He had traveled extensively through the States, and declined in sweet peace."

Reuben Ellis, who was one of the early pioneers in Holston, was a very remarkable man. The following obituary we copy from the Minutes of the Conferences, Vol. I., p. 67:

"Reuben Ellis was about twenty years in the traveling connection, during which time he traveled and preached through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. A man of slow but very sure and solid parts, both as a counselor and a guide. In his preaching, weighty and powerful; a man of simplicity and godly sincerity. He was a faithful

friend; he sought not himself. During twenty years' labor, to our knowledge, he never laid up twenty pounds by preaching: his horse, his clothing, and immediate necessaries, were all he appeared to want of the world; and although he married in the last year of his life, he, like a Fletcher, lived as on the verge of eternity, enjoying much of the presence of God. He was a native of North Carolina; a man large in body, but slender in constitution. A few years before his death he was brought to the gates of eternity, and the fall before his dissolution was reduced very low by affliction; but he was always ready to fill any station to which he was appointed, although he might go through the fire of temptation and waters of affliction. The people in South Carolina well knew his excellent worth as a Christian and a minister of Christ. His last station was in Baltimore, where he ended his warfare in the month of February, 1796. His way opened to his everlasting rest, and he closed his eyes to see his God. It is a doubt whether there be one left in all the connection higher, if equal, in standing, piety, and usefulness."

CHAPTER III.

Introduction of Methodism in the Cumberland country—Benjamin Ogden—Thomas B. Craighead—Mr. Putnam's testimony—John Carr's statement—Haw, Massie, and others—The first converts to Methodism: Lindsey, McNelly, Crane, the Carrs, Cages, and Douglass family.

THE year 1787 was a very interesting era in the history of the Methodists in Tennessee. It was the year in which Benjamin Ogden, the first missionary, passed the wilderness from Kentucky, and began to preach in the "Cumberland country" Mr. Ogden was admitted on trial the year previous, and traveled in Kentucky, James Haw being the *Elder*. It will thus be seen that Methodism was planted in East Tennessee before it was introduced into Kentucky, and that Kentucky was only one year in advance of Middle Tennessee. Mr. Ogden was a young man—only about twenty-two years of age—when he entered the ministry; yet he was brave, and, nerved by moral courage, he entered the hazardous field and planted the standard of the cross where no other messenger of salvation had ever lifted up his voice. He was inured to hardship, for he had served in the Revolutionary War, and knew what it was to

suffer hunger and nakedness, to be in perils in the wilderness, and to be without any certain dwelling-place. When now he had become a soldier of the cross, he knew how to endure hardness, and to count not his life dear to himself, so that he might win souls to Christ. The Cumberland Circuit, or mission, embraced, besides Nashville, all the forts and settlements on the north side of the Cumberland River, extending down in the direction of where Clarksville now stands, and up the stream to Gallatin and beyond. The territory now embraced in Sumner, Davidson, and Robertson counties covered that part of his circuit lying in Tennessee. There was but little preaching by ministers of any denomination prior to this time. The Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, a native of North Carolina, and a graduate of Nassau Hall, Princeton, the son of a Presbyterian minister, was ordained by the Presbytery of Orange in 1780, and soon afterward went to Kentucky, from whence he came to Tennessee in 1785, and "preached at Nashville, and some of the stations or forts and neighborhoods. During this year, at the earnest request of the citizens, he fixed his residence near Haysboro, or rather at Spring Hill, about six miles east of Nashville. Spring Hill Meeting-house, a rough stone building about twenty-four by thirty feet, was at once built, and on Sept. 25, 1786, the trustees of Davidson Academy ordered

the school to be taught in it, and he taught its first class."* Mr. Craighead was a man of learning, and long lived at his first residence in the State, and devoted most of his time to the education of the youth of the country. In this field he was very useful, and, as an educator, left a noble reputation. As a preacher he was formal, and somewhat eccentric, but he has left behind him the savor of a good name. Mr. Craighead died in 1824, aged seventy-one years, and is buried near where the old church stood. He left a beautiful lot of land for a church and a grave-yard. The author has many times preached in the stone church, which is now entirely gone, the great turnpike-road running near where its foundation-stone once lay He is of the opinion that this was the second house erected on the same spot, the first having been destroyed, or partially destroyed, by fire. The house was free for Christians of all names.

Mr. Putnam, in his History of Middle Tennessee, makes the following honorable record (he is in error one year as to date):

"Our study and story is, 'Pioneer Life,' and, as a part of our learning and recital, the preachers and the preaching of the gospel are deserving of honorable mention.

"There is a class of ministers which is entitled

* Dr. Bunting.

to the distinction of 'Pioneer heralds of the Cross.' These are the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The system itself has features most happily adapted for such a service. The spirit which animates the body, impels to labor not only in the pleasant fold where the flock is securely housed, but to follow, search out, and save the far-off wanderer. And thus, in the history of early settlements west of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains, to and beyond the Rocky Mountains, have these men lifted up 'a voice in the wilderness.' Such devotion can never lack the favor of Heaven, or fail of good and grand results. There is an apostolic zeal, a consecration and a self-denial, in such a service, which may well be pronounced 'heaven-born,' Christ-like. The inferior honor which comes from men could not induce, much less sustain and reward, such devotion and toil.

"We would never knowingly 'rob Peter, to enrich Paul;' we would undervalue no man's services in the groves of the academy, in the laboratories of art, in the fields of agriculture, or in that field where the harvest is whitened and ripened for the laborers chosen and sent of Heaven to gather it in.

"It is an important act to lay a good foundation, but no less to build suitably and well thereon. The forest, the underbrush, and useless stones must

needs be removed, before the temple or the city can appear. There is a diversity of gifts, duties, spheres, structures—there is a diversity in attainments, knowledge, and qualifications—but there is only that 'wisdom which is from above,' that is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy' Where the Banner of the Cross is displayed, it can only legitimately be in the cause of truth and righteousness, and held up 'of them who make peace.'

"'Giving honor to whom honor is due,' we record the arrival of the Rev Benjamin Ogden as the first minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church who made his appearance to labor in the Cumberland settlements for the year 1786.[7] At the close of his year's labors in the Cumberland Circuit, he reported sixty-three members, four of whom were colored persons. 'This was the beginning of Methodism in Tennessee, west of the mountains.'

"'Mr. Ogden was a plain, strong, effective preacher, and did much in planting Methodism in the western wilds. He was much beloved by the people, a few of whom still remain, cherishing the memory of the venerable man.'

"In the year 1788, Combs and McHenry were appointed to the Cumberland Circuit. These were good men, faithful and laborious. Barnabas

McHenry acquired distinction for moral and intellectual strength.

"In 1789, the Presiding Elder was Francis Poythress, and Thomas Williamson and Joshua Hartley were appointed to the charges on Cumberland.

"'In 1812, the Western Conference extended its borders so as to embrace Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Only a few points, however, of such a vast territory were occupied by the ministry, because of the sparseness of the settlements. The membership was at that time over thirty thousand.'

"It is truly said, 'The pioneers of Methodism in the West and South-west were of untiring zeal and great ability. Indeed, there were giants in those days. Many of their names are familiar; they are household words. The memory of Ogden, McHenry, Poythress, Lee, Birchett, Massie, Crane, Burke, Gwin, and hundreds more, is a sweet savor to the Church.'

"As we have recorded the beginning of the settlements upon the Cumberland, the foundation of civil society, and shall leave to the present and to future generations to behold, admire, and enjoy the grand results of worldly prosperity, so have we shown with what instrumentalities the gospel was introduced, and the cause of learning, of truth,

and righteousness were advocated here in early times, yielding to others to speak of the triumphs of the present day, and of the glories which shall be hereafter.

"We have stated that 'the beginning of Methodism west of the mountains was here;' so was it with Presbyterianism. The advocates and representatives of the peculiar religious sentiments of these denominations, Ogden and Craighead, have been mentioned. Without 'unchurching' each other, or using bitter denunciations of person, or labor, or aim, they found an ample scope and urgent demand for all that they could say and do to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, comfort the afflicted, and save the lost.

"To contend earnestly for the truth, for the truth's sake, is ever a duty To do so without pride, and with the spirit of meekness, is a rare qualification and attainment.

"'The truth of history' has not recorded—and never will—that any one age, or generation, or denomination—Protestant or Papal—was possessed of all the wisdom, all the virtue, or all the grace, attainable by or vouchsafed to man. They who are thus wise in their own conceit, certainly have little of the wisdom or spirit of the apostle who pronounced himself 'a fool in glorying.' They are so, with none of his excuse. Perhaps to the end of time, and the end of earthly opportunities,

there will remain some of the class who are 'ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' And yet the truth alone can make one free. No one questions the piety or zeal of these pioneers: doubtless it was not all according to knowledge—estimating knowledge by modern standards. 'Are we better than they?' is a question well worthy the consideration of some persons; as, also, how much it would result to the benefit of the world, if more men in our day had more of the zeal and wisdom of these pioneers. These men claimed to have 'blazed the way' for the new settlements. They made their 'marks' wherever they went; their 'trails' are not yet effaced. The good they did lives after them. Others are honored, treading in their footsteps. Ministers of other denominations were here before the close of the century, and here to witness the astonishing scenes of the years of the Great Revival. But other traces are to be made, other highways to be cast up."

Mr. John Carr, in his Early Times in Middle Tennessee, says: "From the year 1787, we were blessed with regular preaching in this country Messrs. Ogden, Haw, Massie, Williamson, Lee, McHenry, and O'Cull, were the preachers who first brought the gospel to us. I do not hesitate to say, the Methodists were the first to sow the gospel seed in Middle Tennessee."

The Rev. Lewis Garrett, in his Recollections of the West, makes mention of Mr. Ogden and his first appearance in Tennessee:

"In the year 1787, Benjamin Ogden, one of the first Methodist missionaries sent to Kentucky, was appointed to visit and labor in what was then called Cumberland—the then thinly-settled region about Nashville and Gallatin; and perhaps the whole country which was then settled is now comprised in Davidson and Sumner counties. The hostile savages kept the feeble settlement in a state of alarm, bordering sometimes on desperation. Those who attended on the ministry of the word, went armed, not knowing what moment they would be attacked and massacred. Yet this missionary of the cross traveled through a considerable desert from Kentucky, and preached the gospel in those forlorn settlements with some success, and returned the next year sixty-three Church-members.

"Thus was the little vine planted in the midst of perils, which God has watered, strengthened, and greatly increased. The same year, James Haw, Thomas Williams, and Wilson Lee, labored in Kentucky with good effect, but not without hazard, difficulty, and opposition. This country was now populating with astonishing rapidity, notwithstanding the scarcity of the common comforts of life and appalling troubles from a hostile

foe. But although the settlements, in some parts, were becoming dense, yet the frontiers were almost perpetually annoyed by savage depredations, when families were frequently massacred with the most heart-sickening cruelty But those warm-hearted, devoted missionaries braved the dangers of the wilderness; did not shrink from the hardships, privations, and sufferings which awaited them, and bore down, in the strength which God supplied, the barriers which bigotry, prejudice, and the deep depravity of the human heart reared, so that they returned the next year four hundred and eighty Church-members. Surely God was with them! But they have long since rested from their labors. Their works have followed them, and they have doubtless met with many of those, their spiritual children, where the weary are at rest."

The author solemnized the rites of matrimony between a granddaughter of this pioneer and Arthur C. White, Esq., of the vicinity of Nashville. Mrs. White is the daughter of the late Rev. J. W Ogden, alluded to elsewhere in this work. She is an excellent, Christian woman, and has brought up a family of promising sons, one of whom fell in the late Confederate struggle.

The following memoir of Mr. Ogden will be found in the General Minutes:

"Benjamin Ogden was a native of New Jersey; born in 1764. In early life he was a soldier of

the revolution which gave distinction and independence to his country He embraced religion in 1784, at the age of twenty. In 1786 he is found among the traveling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, two years after its first organization. His first appointment was to the then wilderness of Kentucky, as a missionary Ill health compelled him to desist from traveling in 1788. In 1817 he is again found in the traveling connection. He soon, however, sunk a second time under the pressure of ill health, but reäppears in active service in 1824. In 1827 he took his place upon the superannuated list, where he remained until his death, in November, 1834. He appears to have been a man of good native intellect, and various attainments as a Christian minister, and especially well instructed, and deeply imbued with the principles and spirit of his vocation, as a primitive Methodist preacher. After a long life of laborious toil and effective service, in the furtherance of the gospel, this venerable servant of God and his Church—one of the two first missionaries who penetrated the vast Valley of the Mississippi — was released by death from his militant charge, and, expiring in all the calmness and confidence of faith and hope, went to his reward."

The Methodists in Middle Tennessee, as in other places, had much opposition. This came

not only from the unbelieving, but from those of whom better things might have been expected—Christians by profession, and doubtless honest in their opinions, regarding the followers of Mr. Wesley with a jealous eye. Mr. Carr says: "The Presbyterians generally were bitter persecutors of the Methodists. They called them enthusiasts; and some went so far as to say they were the false prophets that were to arise in the last days." The doctrines of Calvin were generally preached in those days by Presbyterians and Baptists. God's sovereignty, and man's inability; the covenant between the Father and the Son, by which a certain specified and fixed number, which could not be increased or diminished, were given to the Son—for whom the Son died, and who in due time were irresistibly called, justified, sanctified, glorified, and saved, and the rest passed by or unconditionally reprobated to eternal death—were popular doctrines. The Methodists preached God's sovereignty, and man's free agency—his total inability, apart from preventing grace. They taught that Christ died for every man; that the Spirit of illuminating grace is given to every man; that the invitations of the gospel were to all men; that God was no respecter of persons—that whosoever would, might take the water of life freely; and that, if sinners were finally damned, it would be their own fault, and contrary to the will and good

pleasure of God, who would have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. They taught that when a soul was justified by faith, and born of the Spirit and adopted into the family of Christ, he received the Spirit of adoption, whereby he knew that he was a child of God; and knowing this, he rejoiced in the Lord, his soul overflowed with love, which enabled him to say, "Abba, Father!"

On these points the issues were made, and animated debates and acrimonious controversies ensued. The conflict did not end, nor the spirit of contention much abate, till the great revival in 1800, when all—Calvinists and Arminians, Presbyterians and Methodists—bowed to the power of God, and all rejoiced together in the salvation of sinners. No doubt the extraordinary work that spread over the West, and that so deeply affected all classes, materially modified the doctrinal views of many. The Presbyterians became great revivalists, and preached with power, and joined in those exciting exercises of which more shall be said in future. In one of those scenes—at a camp meeting—two sermons were preached on the Sabbath, one at eleven o'clock, and the other immediately following, at twelve o'clock. The first sermon was preached by an eloquent young man and was a doctrinal discourse, in which the peculiarities of the Westminster Confession of Faith were

advocated. He was followed by an aged and popular preacher, a Doctor of Divinity, and a great revivalist. The Doctor preached a moving sermon, and earnestly urged sinners to repent and believe, and to begin the work of reformation without delay, affirming that now is the day of salvation, and that delay might prove their utter ruin. At the close of the sermons, a gentleman modestly approached, and asked, "Were you not fearful, Doctor, that you would wound the young minister's feelings to-day? you seemed to run directly across his path." "O no," replied the venerable minister; "he preached a *doctrinal* discourse, but I preached a *tolling sermon.*" And so it was, and so it is, when men are to be brought to Jesus, we preach "tolling sermons;" that is, we strive to win men to Jesus, to woo them and attract them to the cross. The labors of the early missionaries were signally blessed.

"Among the first-fruits of Methodism," says Carr, "in this country who were noted for their faithfulness as Christians and leaders among us, I must make mention of Isaac Lindsey, William McNelly, and Lewis Crane: their names merit a passing notice. Isaac Lindsey came with the first emigrants to this country in 1780, and settled in Eaton's Station, in sight of Nashville. He was a man of the very first order of talents, as before said in a preceding chapter. He was sworn in a

magistrate in Nashville in 1783. He removed to Sumner county, and settled near where Sandersville now is, at what is called Lindsey's Bluff, on Cumberland River; and in 1787, when Sumner first became a county, he was again sworn in as a magistrate, and was one of the leading members of the court. That year he embraced religion, under the ministry of Benjamin Ogden. Shortly after, he began to exhort. He was the father of the Rev. Isaac Lindsey, who was murdered by Carrol. He died at an advanced age at his home—Lindsey's Bluff. Such a man should never be forgotten.

"William McNelly was the father of the Rev. George McNelly, well known to many who now live. He was among the first emigrants to this country. He was an honest, clever, harmless man—a true patriot and soldier to his country He lived and died a devoted Christian. He was an exhorter: he and Isaac Lindsey were the first exhorters licensed among us in this country.

"Lewis Crane, son-in-law of Isaac Lindsey, came to this country with him, and settled in Cage's Bend, Sumner county He was a very devoted Christian. Some years after embracing religion, he was licensed to preach as a local minister, and labored with much zeal. He was my class-mate in the first society formed in Cage's Bend: he was the father of the Rev John Crane, who died a mem-

ber of the Tennessee Conference: he lived to an old age, and died in Cage's Bend.

"The first Methodist church built in Nashville was in 1789 or 1790—a stone building—and stood somewhere where the Square now is. It did not stand long: the town increasing, it was moved. The first Methodist church built on the north side of the Cumberland River, in Davidson county, was four miles north of Nashville, on White's Creek, near the house of Absalom Hooper, and called Hooper's Chapel. The first Methodist church built in Robertson county was Bowen's Chapel, near Springfield. The first ever built in Sumner county was on the Big Station Camp Creek, one mile north of the present pike-road, and called Norris's Chapel. I assisted in its building."

Mr. Carr himself was one of the early converts to Methodism, as was his brother William. They became pillars in the Church, and did great good in the cause of religion. The Cages also became interested in Methodism. Of these families more will be said in future.

Another family deserves to be held in remembrance—the Douglass family They were numerous, highly esteemed, and very influential. Salem Camp-ground, near Gallatin, Tennessee, was the scene of their hospitality for many years. The following notice of a portion of this large connec-

tion, from the pen of Dr. J F Cage, we copy from the Nashville Christian Advocate, July 17, 1851:

"James Douglass, Sr., was born in North Carolina, March 15, 1762, and died at his residence in Sumner county, March 27, 1851, aged eighty-nine years.

"He came to this country, then a territory, about the year 1781, and settled on the place where he died, upward of sixty years ago. He raised a large family of children, and lived to see them all married and settled. He joined the Methodist Church upward of twenty years ago, lived an exemplary life, and died a Christian.

"His wife, Catharine, was born also in North Carolina, March 29, 1771, and died a few weeks after her husband, aged eighty years and a few days. She professed religion, and joined the Methodist Church upward of forty years ago, lived and died a Christian. Her disease was of a lingering character, which she bore with Christian fortitude. Often was she heard to say that she longed for the time to come when she should bid this old earth adieu. There seemed not a cloud to dim her prospects, but all was bright.

"Isaac C. Douglass, Sr., was born July 20, 1797; died January 18, 1851. He was a member of the Methodist Church for something like fifteen years, as a mourner. A little over a year before he died, he found the pearl of great price.

From that day to his death I never saw one that seemed to enjoy more of the love of God shed abroad in his heart than Brother Douglass. He was a kind and affectionate husband, a doting father, and a kind and indulgent master, a staunch and warm friend. None was ever turned empty away from him.

"Eliza W Douglass, wife of Isaac C. Douglass, Sr., was born April 24, 1799; died November 17, 1850, just nine days after her son Isaac, and a little over one month after her son James B. She was long a member of the Methodist Church.

"Mary C. Sanderson, wife of Brother John F Sanderson, and daughter of Isaac C. and Eliza W. Douglass, was born August 12, 1826; died February 22, 1851. She has left a fond husband, three small children, and a numerous train of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. But we fondly hope that their loss is her eternal gain.

"Isaac C. Douglass, Jr., son of Isaac C. and Eliza W Douglass, was born July 21, 1834; died November 8, 1850. He was for some time an exemplary member of the Methodist Church."

CHAPTER IV.

The work progresses—Holston—New River—French Broad—Edward Morris—J. Doddridge—Increase of preachers—Prominent men—McHenry—Combs—Controversy between Haw and Burke—Lewis Garrett's and John Carr's statements—Haw's withdrawal—His repentance—Prosperity—Thomas Williamson—Thomas Ware.

THE work progressed during the year 1788, and gave encouraging promise of glorious success. Mr. Masten was returned to Holston, having for a colleague Joseph Doddridge. Two new circuits appear in the Minutes this year—French Broad and New River. These are in the same District with Holston, and Edward Morris is the *Elder*. Daniel Asbury was sent to the former, and Thomas Ware and Jesse Richardson to the latter. French Broad is a branch of the Holston, having its source in the mountains of Western North Carolina. New River, as we have seen, is a tributuary of Kanawha, and both are mountain streams, passing through romantic regions. Many of the valleys on either side of these beautiful rivers are very fertile, and attracted attention at an early day in the settlement of this country; and almost as early did these mountains and valleys

become missionary ground, when the ministers of Jesus proclaimed the tidings of salvation. In the returns, we find on the Holston Circuit three hundred and sixty white and three colored members; and on the New River, called in the table of statistics "West New River," three hundred and seventy-two whites and eight colored. There is no printed report from French Broad. The reports in those days were necessarily defective in many instances. Sometimes it was almost impossible for the preachers to attend the Conferences, or to reach the places of meeting by letter. Mail facilities were very limited. The preachers who labored in these fields were faithful, but some of them were compelled soon to retire. Edward Morris, from weakness of body or family concerns, located. J. Doddridge located in 1791, and afterward took orders in the English Church. During the year 1788 a number of preachers were admitted on trial, who afterward became famous as missionaries in Tennessee, or prominent as distinguished ministers of the gospel. Of that number, we mention the names of Peter Massie, Henry Birchett, William McKendree, John McGee, and Valentine Cook.

In the printed Minutes for the year, it will be seen that David Combs and Barnabas McHenry are placed on the Cumberland Circuit. This is an error, and is thus explained by Mr. McHenry,

in a letter published in the Western Methodist, dated May 15, 1823. He says: "Soon after I reached the Kentucky settlement, which was on the 11th of June, 1788, Brother Haw formed the design of placing me on Cumberland Circuit, to which he then intended to accompany me and make a short stay, but before he had executed his purpose he was superseded by Brother Poythress. The consequence was, that Brothers Haw and Massie went to Cumberland and I continued in Kentucky that year, according to the original intention of that appointment. Brother Haw, it would seem, communicated his arrangements previous to the printing of the Minutes, which occasioned my name to be inserted as appointed to Cumberland Circuit. Brother Combs never went there. He was taken sick, and desisted from traveling."

According to the statement of Mr. McHenry, Mr. James Haw and Mr. Peter Massie succeeded Mr. Ogden on the Cumberland Circuit. They had much fruit, and returned at the next Conference three hundred and ninety-four white and ten colored members.

Mr. Haw was admitted on trial in 1782, at the Conference which was commenced at Ellis's Preaching-house, Virginia, and ended at Baltimore, and was appointed to the South Branch Circuit. In 1783, he was sent to the Amelia Circuit; 1784,

to the Bedford Circuit, Virginia; 1785, to the Brunswick Circuit; 1786 and 1787, he was *Elder* in Kentucky; 1788, his name stands on the printed Minutes in connection with the name of Francis Poythress, as *Elders;* but we have seen by Mr. McHenry's statement that he was sent to Cumberland in that year. Mr. Haw continued in the traveling ministry some two or three years subsequent to this period, and then located and settled in Sumner county, Tennessee.

The Rev Lewis Garrett thus writes of him: "James Haw was a man of zeal, rather bordering on enthusiasm; he had been very useful for several years in the West, but this year (1790) he married and located. It was thought that he indulged a little too much in jealousy and envy, and lost his influence and usefulness. In 1795, he joined Mr O'Kelly's party, appointed a meeting in Sumner county to find fault with the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to make proselytes; was met by William Burke, a traveling preacher, who defended against his attacks. Failing to get followers, he sunk down into silence, till in the great revival about 1801, he seemed to revive, joined the Presbyterians, preached occasionally, and did, it was thought, make a good end."

Mr. John Carr, in his "Early Times," makes this note in reference to Mr. Haw: "James Haw

came among us first in 1788. He traveled and preached also in 1790, with Peter Massie; and during that year he married a sister of General Thomas, of Nolin county, Kentucky, and afterward he labored but little in the itinerancy He was a preacher of great zeal and much usefulness for a season. I knew him well, as we lived neighbors on Drake's Creek, in Sumner county, where the people were so taken with him, they purchased for him a six-hundred-and-forty-acre tract of land. He settled on it, and in return promised to serve them as a Methodist preacher as long as he lived. Soon, however, he became dissatisfied with the Methodist Discipline, and began to preach against the Methodist Bishops; and besides, he did every thing in his power to induce the whole Church to go off to the O'Kelly party Very few joined with him, and even his wife was firm in her adherence to Methodism. In 1795, he engaged in a public debate with William Burke, whose services on that occasion saved the Church from ruin, while James Haw's usefulness as a preacher was destroyed for ever. After a few years, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and died a member of that communion."

The Rev William Burke, in his Autobiography, gives a detailed account of Mr. Haw's disaffection, and of his controversy with himself, and of the triumph of the principles of Methodism. Mr.

Burke believes that Mr. Haw ended his long life in peace. In Dr. Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky we have brought to light the testimony of Learner Blackman, that after Mr. Haw united with the Presbyterian Church, he made a public recantation of his charges against Bishop Asbury and the Methodist Church; that he in a measure regained the confidence of the people, and died in the faith of Jesus. The author well knew a branch of Mr. Haw's family, and found them to be strong friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church; indeed, several of them were members: he officiated as a minister in the family of his son, and found him and his household warm in their attachments to Methodism.

It is a very significant fact, that nearly every schism in the Methodist Episcopal Church in early times proved a failure. Mr. O'Kelly, with whom Mr. Haw sympathized for awhile, was a man of superior abilities and great influence, especially in Virginia. He had for many years been a very prominent preacher, and was likewise remarkably popular. He became dissatisfied with his Church, warred against Bishop Asbury, set up a Church of his own, and became the leader of his party—flourished for a season and then died out, and his organization will only be known to the future historian as a *failure*. These attempts to disturb the peace of the Church merely to gratify a whim, or

to resent a personal injury, is a great sin against God and against the Church which Christ bought with his own blood. The evil would not be so great, nor the sin so aggravating, if it affected the movers alone; but innocent and unoffending persons are often—unawares—drawn into the strife and caused to suffer loss by the undue influence of captious and ambitious leaders. Mr. Haw was a good man; he did much in the interests of Methodism, and was instrumental in the salvation of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of immortal souls; but in the hour of temptation he gave way to the power of the evil one, and brought sadness and sorrow upon the Church and upon his own heart. When a Church or congregation apostatizes by departing from the doctrines of revelation, or ingrafts upon its creed the traditions of men, making void the law, and rendering the gospel of Christ powerless, and will not be reclaimed, then it becomes the duty of the faithful to withdraw from such. This is not schism, but a firm adherence to the truth as it is in Jesus.

In 1789, the work went on in both East and Middle Tennessee. A District was formed in the East, consisting of Holston, West New River, Greenbrier, and Bottetourt Circuits. John Baldwin and Mark Whittaker were appointed to the Holston Circuit, and Jeremiah Abel and Joseph Doddridge were placed on the West New River;

John Tunnell, Presiding Elder. The returns showed a membership on Holston of four hundred and eleven whites and nine colored, and on the West New River two hundred and ninety-nine whites and six colored. On the Cumberland Circuit, Thomas Williamson and Joseph Hartly were the preachers, and Francis Poythress was Presiding Elder.* The statistics show on this circuit a membership of two hundred and twenty-five whites. This is a very handsome increase, and was truly encouraging to those self-sacrificing men who counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Mr. Abel located 1791. Mr. Williamson continued two years afterward in the regular work, and retired for want of health. William Burke says of him, "Thomas Williamson was a very successful and laborious preacher. He literally wore himself out in traveling and preaching, but ended his days in peace in the State of Kentucky, not far from Lexington."

By reference to the Appointments for this and the preceding year, we find the name of Thomas Ware, who became a prominent minister of the gospel. He was a native of New Jersey, and

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* Up till near this period, those who had the special oversight of Districts were called simply *Elders:* here they are called *Presiding Elders*—this is at present the custom.

commenced the work of the ministry in 1783. Dr. Bangs, in Sprague's Annals of Methodism, gives an interesting sketch of Mr. Ware, from which we make the following extract:

"At the Conference of 1787, Mr. Ware volunteered, with two other young men, to accompany the Rev Mr. Tunnell to the Holston country, now East Tennessee. Here he found a fine, productive region, sparsely settled; but among the settlers were not a few who at once greatly needed and strongly opposed the influence of the gospel. Still, however, their work prospered: societies were formed, and a number of log-chapels erected; and, on the circuit, three hundred members were received the first year.

"In the autumn of this year, (1787,) communications were received, by the Presiding Elder, from certain persons who lived far down the Holston and French Broad Rivers, earnestly requesting that, in view of their very destitute condition, a preacher might be sent to them. Mr. Ware consented to undertake this mission; but it involved great deprivations, hardships, and perils. His route lay through a region that was infested by hostile Indians, and several individuals, and even whole families, had been murdered by them, a short time before he made the journey Having visited the most distant settlement on the Holston, he crossed over to French Broad River, with

nothing else to guide him than marked trees. Here he found a few Methodists, who had come from distant parts, and were prepared to receive with great delight a preacher of their own Communion. At this place no danger was to be apprehended from the Indians, though he had serious opposition to encounter from certain Antinomian preachers, of scandalous lives, who not only succeeded in stirring up violent prejudices against himself, but did much to bring all religion into contempt.

"The first Conference in Holston was held in 1788. Bishop Asbury, owing to the danger of traveling, except in considerable companies, did not reach the place for a week after the time appointed for the Conference to commence its session. However, they improved the time in preaching, and among those who were reckoned as converts, were General Russell and his wife—the latter a sister of Patrick Henry From this Conference Mr. Ware was appointed to East New River, where he met with a most kindly reception, and had considerable success in his labors. Here he administered baptism to a large number of children, including not a few whose parents belonged to the Presbyterian Church—there being no minister of that denomination in the neighborhood. He passed two years in this new country, not indeed without many exposures and trials.

but, on the whole, in a way very satisfactory to him.

"In the spring of 1789, Bishop Asbury visited Mr. Ware's circuit, and took him to North Carolina. The Conference for that year was held at McKnight's Church, and was, on several accounts, one of great interest. Mr. Ware was appointed to Caswell Circuit, and, as soon as the Conference had closed its session, set out for his field of labor. Besides being nearly penniless, and without decent clothing, he lost his horse after a few days; but the brother with whom he had stopped furnished him a horse on trial; and another person — not a Methodist — with whom he came casually in contact, sent him to his store in Newbern, with directions to his clerk to furnish him clothing to the amount of twenty-five dollars. For this he declined all compensation.

"Soon after commencing his labors in North Carolina, he visited a settlement consisting almost exclusively of Episcopalians. As the Revolutionary War had driven away their ministers, and caused a suspension of the administration of Christian ordinances, large numbers of parents had requested that he would baptize their children. The scene was one of great interest, and much feeling was visible throughout the assembly At the close of the service, many followed him to the house where he lodged, and in the evening

he preached to them, and thus there commenced a revival of religion of great power.

"Mr. Ware's second year in this part of the country was on a District consisting of eight circuits, embracing a part of Virginia. At one of the quarterly-meetings held on New River, an attention to religion was awakened, at once so extensive and so powerful, that for many weeks almost all worldly concerns were suspended throughout quite a large district. Just before he left the State, he was confined, by indisposition, at the house of a very aged couple, who had no children, and who had been hopefully converted through his instrumentality. Being in possession of considerable property, and far advanced in life, they desired him to write their will; but he objected on the ground of being ignorant of the required form. They replied that their will was simple, and might easily be drawn—that it was nothing more nor less than that, on condition of his remaining with them, during their short stay in this world, all that they had should be his. But, tempting as the offer was, he could not accept it with a good conscience; and he therefore took leave, not only of these generous friends, but of the State in which they lived, and returned to visit his friends in New Jersey, after an absence of six years."

CHAPTER V.

New fields—New and distinguished preachers—McGee—Wilson Lee—Peter Massie—John West—Encouraging success—The field enlarges in Holston—Barnabas McHenry—John Sewell.

WE now enter upon the year 1790, which introduced into Tennessee several laborers who became famous as men of talents, zeal, and devotion to the work. In East Tennessee we find the name of Julius Conner on the Holston Circuit, and John McGee and John West on the Green Circuit. On the Cumberland Circuit, Wilson Lee, James Haw, and Peter Massie were the preachers. Green, the reader will observe, is a new circuit in the list of Appointments, and Messrs. McGee, Lee, and Massie are new preachers, having for the first time been appointed to this interesting and perilous field of toil. Green Circuit, as we shall see, was in after years traveled by eminent men; and Messrs. McGee, Lee, and Massie filled a large space in the history of the Church. Francis Poythress was again on the District, as Presiding Elder. The success attending the labors of these pioneer servants of the Church was encouraging,

notwithstanding the numerous hinderances. The numbers were reported as follows:—Holston: 450 whites, 14 colored. New River: 308 whites. 15 colored. Cumberland: 241 whites, 41 colored.

The following year Mr. Massie closed his useful and laborious life. Having accomplished much on the Cumberland Circuit, he was, in 1791, appointed to the Danville Circuit, in Kentucky During the year he made a visit to the neighborhood of Nashville, where he died at the house of Mr. Hodges, on the 19th of December.

The following is the brief memoir published in the General Minutes:

"Peter Massie was under the profession of religion for some years. He felt some declension in the spirit and practice of religion for a season, but was afterward restored. He labored faithfully in the ministry for upward of three years, confirmed and established in the grace of God, and useful: an afflicted man, who desired and obtained a sudden death—by falling from his seat—and expired on the 19th of December, 1791, in the morning, about nine o'clock, at Cumberland, on the Western waters."

The Rev. Lewis Garrett, in his Recollections of the West, gives the following brief but interesting sketch of this devoted minister of the cross:

"Peter Massie, who was appointed to labor this year (1790) in Cumberland, was a laborious,

useful preacher, but an afflicted man. There was something a little remarkable in the history we have heard of him. He had made a profession of religion, and felt impressed to preach the gospel. This call he resisted till he had declined in his religious feelings and enjoyments. Himself and two others crossed the Ohio River into the Indian country, and gathered some horses. On their return the Indians overtook them on the bank of the Ohio, fired on them, and killed all the company but Massie. Seeing no chance to escape by flight, he sprang into a sink, and concealed himself among the weeds. He could see the savages butchering his comrades, whom they cut to pieces and scattered around him. He called on God to preserve him, and covenanted in his heart that if the Lord would keep him from destruction, he would go and labor in his vineyard. His life was preserved, and he soon after entered the itinerant connection. He was a feeling, pathetic preacher—went forth weeping, bearing precious seed. The sympathetic tear often trickled down his manly cheek while pointing his audience to the Lamb of God slain for sinners. He traveled about three years, and felt the effects of his arduous employment. It is said he desired and obtained a sudden death He fell from his seat and expired, December 19, 1791, at the house of Mr Hodges, four miles from Nashville, where

his mortal remains rest in hope till the resurrection of the just."

"Mr. Massie," says Dr. Redford, "was the first itinerant minister to die who had identified his interests with the Methodists in Kentucky." He was converted in Kentucky, and, as we have seen, Jonah-like, tried to evade his duty, till he had well-nigh lost his soul. But he was strangely reclaimed, and devoted several years to the work of the ministry, warning the people day and night with tears in his eyes. The following interesting items we copy from Dr. Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky, Vol. I.:

"He died in the bounds of the Cumberland Circuit, on which he had traveled the previous year, and to which he had gone probably on a visit to his friends. On the evening of the 18th of December, 1791, he reached the house of Mr. Hodges, four miles west of Nashville. The family of Mr. Hodges was in the fort, for protection, and Mr. Hodges himself was in his cabin, alone, and quite ill. The only person at the cabin, besides, was a negro boy named Simeon, who had on that evening escaped from the Indians, and reached the house of Mr. Hodges. Simeon had become acquainted with the preacher on the Cumberland Circuit, and had been converted through his instrumentality Mr. Massie was 'an afflicted man.' His constitution, always feeble, had become greatly

impaired by his excessive labors, and, on reaching the house of his friend, he complained of indisposition. He suffered considerably during the night, but on the next morning was able to take his place at the table. While in conversation with Mr. Hodges, it was observed to him 'that he would soon be well enough to travel, if he recovered so fast.' To which he replied: 'If I am not well enough to travel, I am happy enough to die.'* These were his last words. In a few moments he fell from his seat, and suddenly expired. In any country the death of such a man would be deeply felt; but where the 'harvest was so plenteous, and the laborers so few,' the loss of so useful a minister would spread a shadow over the Church. But he has passed away—the first of a noble line of self-sacrificing and devoted ministers of Christ —'having washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"When nearly a half century had elapsed, the Tennessee Conference felt a considerable anxiety to find the place of his burial. No stone had been left to mark his grave; or, if so, it had fallen away. A committee was appointed to find the sacred spot; but, after an ineffectual search for years, the hope of success was abandoned. Seven years later, the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass was preaching

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* Rev. Learner Blackman's unpublished Manuscripts.

near Nashville, and in the close of his sermon referred with much feeling to the hope he anticipated of meeting in heaven with Wesley, Asbury, McKendree, and others who had passed over the flood. In the congregation there sat an aged African, with tears coursing their way down his furrowed cheeks, and the frosts of nearly eighty winters resting upon his brow. He too was deeply moved, and, thinking of another whom he hoped to see again, exclaimed in a clear voice: 'Yes, and Brother Massie!' and then, continuing his soliloquy, he added: 'Yes, Simeon, with these hands, with no one to help, you dug his grave, and laid him away in the cold earth; but you will see him again, for he lives in heaven!' A member of the Tennessee Conference* sat just in front of old Simeon, and heard what he said. After the close of the services, he took him aside, and inquired of him as to what he knew of the death and burial of Peter Massie. His eyes sparkling with the fire of other years, he replied that he was at Mr. Hodges at the time of the death of Mr. Massie; that Mr. Hodges himself was sick, and unable to assist in his burial, and that the painful pleasure of the interment devolved on him alone; that he had no plank of which to make a coffin; that he cut down an ash-tree and split it in slabs,

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* Rev. A. L. P. Green, D.D.

and placed them in the grave which he had dug, and, after depositing the body, placed a slab over it, and then filled the grave with the earth. He was under the impression that he could find the precise spot where the remains of Massie lay; but he could not. When he buried him, the whole country was a wilderness; but at the time he made the search for his grave, civilization had changed its entire appearance.

> 'His ashes lie,
> No marble tells us where. With his name
> No bard embalms nor sanctifies his song.'"

Wilson Lee traveled but one year in Tennessee, but he made an impression that remained with the people for years succeeding.

Mr. Garrett says: "Wilson Lee was a man eminent for talents, zeal, and usefulness; of rather feeble constitution, handsome address, and preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." He remained in the Conference till 1804, filling many of the most important stations in the whole Church. The following memoir appears in the Minutes for 1805:

"Wilson Lee was a native of Sussex county, Delaware; born November, 1761. He came into the line of traveling preachers in the year 1784, and was stationed in the following circuits: Alleghany, 1784; Redstone, 1785; Talbot, 1786; Kentucky, 1787; Danville, 1788; Lexington, 1789; Cum-

berland, Tennessee, 1790; Salt River, 1791; Danville, 1792; Salem, Jersey, 1793; New London, 1794; New York, 1795; Philadelphia, 1796, 1797, 1798; Montgomery, 1799; supernumerary, Montgomery, 1800; Baltimore District, 1801, 1802, 1803; sick and superannuated, 1804. As we are not in the habit of printing funeral-sermons for our preachers, it becomes necessary that we should lengthen the memoirs of those that have served the Church so long and so faithfully In so doing we may see how extensively they labored on the Western extremities, and in great danger of their lives, also the difficulties of accommodations in the early settlement of the country Wilson Lee was very correct in the economy and the discipline of himself and others, as an Elder, and a Presiding Elder. He showed himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, as those who labored with him will witness, and those that were under his pastoral charge. The District prospered under his administration, and a gracious revival has had a beginning and blessed continuance. Wilson Lee professed the justifying and sanctifying grace of God. He was neat in his dress, affable in his manners, fervent in his spirit, energetic in his ministry, and his discourses were fitted to the cases and characters of his hearers. From constitution he was very slender, but zeal—zeal for the Lord—would urge him on to surprising

constancy and great labors. It was thought that the charge of such an important District, and the labor consequent upon it, hastened his death; but a judicious friend observed that he had a call to visit a dying brother on the west side of the Alleghany Mountains, that the change of weather, and some other circumstances of his exposing himself, gave him his finishing stroke. In April, 1804, he was taken, while in prayer with a sick person, with a heavy discharge of blood from his lungs. At his death a blood-vessel of some magnitude was supposed to break, so that he was in a manner suffocated with his own blood in a few minutes. He died at Walter Worthington's, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, October 11, 1804.

"Wilson Lee's last resource was to have tried the Southern climate; but he rests not only from his labors, but his sufferings, and is gone a little before his brethren. May we follow him as he followed Christ, that we may sit together in glory! As to human honor, ease, or interest, he cheerfully gave up all these for Christ, his cause, and his cross, to meet the kingdom and the crown.

"As he died so suddenly, and in such a manner, we had not his last words, as some have given who have had a deliberate departure from time to eternity Yet we may add, although our faithful, laborious, and successful brother has left us, we are happy to say, after full trial, he has immortal-

ized his ministerial, Christian, and itinerant character. Many have done gloriously, in making generous and great sacrifices for the Church of God and the prosperity of Zion; and among these we must and will place our suffering, pious, and dedicated brother, who did actually cast his all into the treasury.

"His labors and life were laid down together. He has fought the good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, and we may with all confidence say to his brethren in the ministry, and in the Church: 'Follow him as he followed Christ, until we meet on Mount Zion, and help in swelling the triumph of free grace.'

"It may be truly said that Wilson Lee hazarded his life upon all the frontier stations he filled, from the Monongahela to the banks of the Ohio, Kentucky, Salt River, Green River, Great-barrens, and Cumberland River—in which stations there was savage cruelty and frequent deaths. He had to ride from station to station, and from fort to fort, sometimes with, and at other times without, a guard, as the inhabitants at those places and periods can witness."

The field, by 1791, began to enlarge in Holston. A District—consisting of West New River, Russell, Holston, Bertie, Greenville, Camden, and Portsmouth Circuits—appears in the Minutes. Mark Whittaker was the Elder. Charles Hardy

and John West were on West New River; John Ball on Russell (this lay mainly in Virginia); John Sewell on Holston; and Benton Riggin and William Spencer on Greenville. On the Cumberland Circuit two new preachers appear, both of whom become prominent in the ministry—namely, Barnabas McHenry and James O'Cull. "Mr. O'Cull," says Dr. Redford, "was a native of Pennsylvania, and, by birth and education, a Roman Catholic. He was converted, when he was young, under the ministry of the Methodists. He came to Kentucky in 1789, traveled two years under the Presiding Elder. He joined the Conference in 1791, and was sent to the Cumberland Circuit, where he was greatly beloved, and was the instrument, in the hands of God, of turning many to righteousness. His health did not hold out long, though he continued to live several years, and finally died in the faith."

Mr. McHenry was a man of mark, and long lived a bright and shining light in the Church. "He," says William Burke, "was one of the early fruits of Methodism in the Holston country His parents resided in Rich Valley, not far from the salt-works in Washington county, Virginia."

Mr. Garrett, in his Recollections of the West, says: "He was a pioneer, a missionary, a suffering traveling preacher, in the West, when there were no religious journals to tell of his talents, his

sufferings, or his achievements. In the days when Methodist preachers were few, little known, and little noticed—shared but little in the caresses of the world, and were only loved and prized by God and the really pious or really penitent—he rose up and passed unostentatiously through perils from the heathen, and perils in the wilderness, enduring hunger, poverty, and privation. The writer of these sketches knew him, and appreciated his worth early He has claimed him as his father in the gospel for forty-two years, received many useful and pious lessons from him at the house of a widowed mother, when a youth—marked then his mild and solemn aspect, his deep devotion, and his soothing sermons. We recollect to have heard a pious mother say that he was indeed a son of consolation."

Mr. McHenry's daughter, in a letter to Mr. Garrett, written in 1834, gives the following interesting details:

FATHER GARRETT:—As to father's early life in the ministry, perhaps you know as much, or more, than I do. He commenced traveling at the age of nineteen, but always advised young preachers not to be in a hurry to enter the ministry He thought himself qualified, from experience, to give advice on that subject. He thought, if he had waited a year or two before he commenced, he

would perhaps have been as useful, and been much better qualified to meet the many trials that a faithful minister is necessarily subject to. He married at twenty-six, and had to locate shortly after. He commenced traveling again, I think, in 1819; traveled some years, and sustained a supernumerary or superannuated relation to the Church until his death. He preached almost every Sabbath, when his health would admit of it, since my recollection. When he was supernumerary he had regular appointments, at a distance from home, sometimes twenty miles or more, which no inclemency of weather kept him from attending.

He always made it his care to hunt up the waste places; and if he had a dozen or twenty hearers at first, and two or three of them appeared interested, he could preach as well, and pray with as much fervor, as if he had a congregation of a thousand. Thus he often kept alive and increased the spark that was ready to die, in his own and other Churches, in congregations where other ministers thought the prospect too dull to waste their talents and time in attending them.

He had some difficulties in the Church when he was Presiding Elder last, which arose altogether from his firmness, independence, and attention to discipline. But he lived to verify the proverb: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

He died of cholera, on the 14th of June, 1833. It reached the village near where he lived on the 9th, and he went there the next day, and visited almost every person who was sick, and prayed with them. He was taken ill on the morning of the 14th, and died at one o'clock that night. He suffered no pain, but died as if a small vein had been opened, and his life had leaked out. There was no one present but a few of his own family His wife was extremely ill, and died a few hours after. He appeared to wish to take as little attention as possible—did not talk at all, but to inquire how his wife was—said not a word about dying, but remarked to his daughter that he wanted to be buried near by Susanna, (a daughter who had died some years before.) He and his wife lived together thirty-nine years, and were buried in one grave. S. W. H.

Nashville, March 25, 1834.

Mr. McHenry, in a letter which has been republished several times, gives some very interesting details, from which we make the following extracts. He says:

"In company with Brother James O'Cull, I reached Philip Trammell's, on one of the forks of Red River, not very far from the place which has since been called 'Cheek's Tavern,' on Wednesday, May 25, 1791. The circuit was a four-

weeks' circuit. Clarksville, near the mouth of Red River, was the lower extremity of the circuit *and of the settlement.* We had one stage between that place and Prince's Chapel, near the mouth of the Sulphur Fork. We had one or two preaching-places up the fork, besides one on Whippoorwill, a large creek that falls into it on the north side, whence we proceeded on, or near, to the northern limits of the settlement, (which did not then include all the upper waters of Red River,) preaching at a few places where we had some societies, till some distance above Trammell's we turned across to Sumner Court-house, which was *a cabin* near Station Camp Creek. The upper end of the circuit was the eastern extremity of the settlement, Colonel Isaac Bledsoe's, near Bledsoe's Lick. The population for some miles down consisted of a narrow string between the river and the ridge. Indeed, there was then no population on the south side of Cumberland River, Nashville and a very small part of the adjacent country excepted. There were but four regular preaching-places on that side of the river, although the preachers aimed so to regulate their stages that all the inhabitants of the country should have circuit-preaching convenient to them. I do not remember a single instance of their refusing to visit any neighborhood, nor even any *station*, on account of danger, though in some instances *guards*

met them, where risk was thought to be uncommonly great.

"I find in my old journal the following, viz.: 'As I had no company on Monday, July 18th, I yielded to persuasion, and deferred riding up to Colonel Sanders's until the next day; and perhaps it was well I did, for, not far to the right of the way I must have gone, the Indians fired upon four persons that evening, and killed Mr. Jones.' Again: '*Thursday, August* 4th.—The guard did not meet me at Mr. Hogan's, according to promise, so I tarried here till Saturday,' etc.

"I happened to be in the same part of the circuit when a man, much beloved—Major George Winchester—was killed, in the neighborhood of the place where Gallatin now stands.

"In one case the hand of God has appeared *to me* so evident in my preservation, that I cannot think it improper to give you the circumstances in detail. I have told you that Clarksville was the extreme point of the settlement down the river. Mr. Denning's, where I put up, was the upper house in the place—a cabin, standing fifty or sixty yards, I conjecture, from any other, near the bank, having the door fronting the river. Being much engaged with a book that had just fallen into my hands, when others had retired to rest one night, I again sat down to read, with my face toward the door, the table upon which my candle

was placed standing by the wall, between me and the door. Observing that the door was not closely shut, I rose, shut and bolted it, or rather barred it, and again sat down to my book till quite late. The next day I preached in one of the cabins in the town, (as it was even then called,) intending to spend the following night at Mr. Denning's, for the purpose of reading; but a young gentleman having come about fifteen miles in order to ride with me that afternoon, I changed my purpose, and went on with him. That very night the Indians attacked the house of Mr. Denning. Firing in at the door, which was standing a little open, (as it had stood the preceding night,) they shot a Mr. Boyd, who was sitting, or in some way resting, on the table, standing in the very place where it had stood when I sat reading at the end of it. It afterward appeared (the Indians relating it themselves to a white man with whom they were acquainted, and whom they met in the Spanish territory, where they were professedly at peace) that they had crossed the river the night before on purpose to murder the people in that house; but growing fearful that there were too many men in it, they shrunk from the attempt, lay concealed all the next day, and at night rose and made the assault.

"Had I tarried there that night, as I had designed to do, if Mr. Pennington had not come to

meet me, I had in all likelihood been their mark, sitting, with my breast toward them, on the opposite side of the candle, within a few feet of the muzzles of their guns. And how probable is it, that if the door had not been noticed and closely shut the preceding night, the light of the candle would have invited their approach! It would have shown, at a late hour, both that all was still, and that there was a favorable opportunity of looking in. But *the hairs of my head were numbered.* The *Strength of Israel was my refuge.*"

John Sewell,* who traveled the Holston Circuit this year, finally settled in Middle Tennessee. The following interesting sketch we copy from Mr. Carr's Early Times in Middle Tennessee:

"John Sewell was a native of North Carolina; embraced religion when quite young, as I have understood. He was from one of the first families in that country—a son of old Colonel Benjamin Sewell. He moved to this country, and I knew him well. At what time John Sewell joined the traveling connection I do not know, but I should judge it must have been as early as 1787 or 1788,† for he had traveled in North Carolina and East Tennessee, as I have been informed; and he accompanied Bishop Asbury, in 1790, on his first

* The author knew his son, Benjamin P. Sewell, of whom more will be said in future.

† In 1791.

visit to Kentucky, in company with that noted preacher, Hope Hull. Brother Sewell was a man of the first order of talents. Not having the Minutes of Conference to guide me, I cannot state the different circuits that he rode. He emigrated to Tennessee about 1797 or 1798, and settled in Cage's Bend, in Sumner county He was literally worn down by excessive preaching, and was predisposed to consumption. He labored among us faithfully as a local preacher, and took an active part, according to his strength, in the great revival of 1800. In fact, he was such a favorite of mine that I named one of my sons after him. Whether he is any better man by that, I cannot tell; but I trust he is none the worse for the name. I have a hope that John Sewell Carr may meet John Sewell in heaven. About 1801 or 1802, Brother Sewell's health so failed him that he was able to preach but seldom. The exact date of his death I do not recollect, but I believe that he died in 1804 or 1805—it might have been later than that. There is one circumstance that occurred on the day of his death that is worthy of notice. His physician was Dr. Hamilton. It was said that Dr. Hamilton was a deist. He paid Brother Sewell a visit. When he got there, he evidently saw that he was dying, and was for hastening off immediately Brother Sewell, like a Christian philosopher, said to him: 'Stay, doctor, and see

a Christian die.' It struck Dr. Hamilton with such terror that he became dejected, and had scarcely any thing to say to anybody. The doctor was inquired of by his friends what was the matter; his answer was, that the words of that good man, Mr. Sewell, were continually ringing in his ears, and pierced his heart: 'Stay, doctor, and see a Christian die!' Dr. Hamilton died himself some few years afterward. Brother Sewell left a wife and a few children. One of his sons, Benjamin Sewell, was a Methodist preacher. He also died of consumption some twelve or fifteen years ago."

CHAPTER VI.

Early fruits—Tobias Gibson—John Page—Stephen Brooks—James Ward—William Burke—His sketch of Methodism in Holston—Bishop Asbury's visit—The Earnest family—Letters from Messrs. Earnest and Miles.

We have already seen some of the ripe fruits of early Methodism in the West. Up to this date (1792) the reader will perceive that not only thousands had been converted, many of whom had died in the faith, but that able and distinguished preachers had been raised up, who had gone forth as flames of fire, spreading light and exerting a powerful influence upon the multitudes who flocked to hear the gospel as they proclaimed it. This year, several preachers were received on trial into the Conferences, whose names are household words in the West, and whose memories are precious. William Burke, Tobias Gibson, and John Page deserve to be especially mentioned, as they all had intimate connection with the work in Tennessee. The names of Stephen Brooks and James Ward occur in connection with the work in East Tennessee this year, and merit a special notice. The appointments stood thus: Barnabas

McHenry, *Elder;* Holston, Salathiel Weeks and James Ward; Green, Stephen Brooks and William Burke; New River, David Haggard and Daniel Lockett; Russell, Jeremiah Norman.

In the West, Francis Poythress is still continued Presiding Elder; while John Ball and Jonathan Stephenson are on Cumberland Circuit.

The numbers returned were: Holston, 214 whites, 13 colored; Green, 226 whites, 8 colored; Russell, 115 whites, 2 colored; Cumberland, 370 whites, 57 colored.

The reader cannot be denied the privilege of perusing the following long extract from the Autobiography of the late Rev William Burke. Giving in detail his history as an itinerant preacher, he penned the following in regard to the work in Holston:

"The first preachers that visited that country was in the year 1783. It was then called the Holston country The head-waters of the South Fork of the Holston extended as far east as Wythe and the borders of Grayson counties, extending west as far as the Three Islands. In this tract of country the first preachers began their operations. They were Jeremiah Lambert, Henry Willis, Mark Whittaker, Mark Moore, and Reuben Ellis, the Elder. The District included Salisbury and Yadkin Circuits, in North Carolina, and Holston in the west. In 1787, the Holston Circuit

was divided into two circuits—Holston and Nolichucky—and Philip Bruce appointed Elder. Two new preachers were sent—Jeremiah Masten and Thomas Ware—in 1788. Two new circuits were made out of the old ones this year; the Holston Circuit embracing all the settlements on the East and North Forks of Holston, and all the settlements on the Clinch River, including the counties of Washington and Russell, in Virginia, and Blount county, in the Western territory French Broad included all the settlements west and south of the main Holston to the frontiers bordering on the Cherokee Nation. West New River was this year made a circuit, and Greenbrier added, which was composed of the new settlements on Greenbrier River, and part of the head-waters of the James River; Edward Morris, Elder.

"In 1789, John Tunnell was Presiding Elder, and Bottetourt Circuit added. In 1790, two Districts were formed: one was composed of West New River, Russell, Holston, and Green Circuits—Charles Hardy, Presiding Elder. This year John McGee and John West were on Green Circuit: John West is still living in the bounds of the Pittsburgh Conference [1854.] Bottetourt, Greenbrier, and Kanawha Circuits—Jeremiah Able, Presiding Elder. This year the Little Kanawha Circuit was formed, and Jacob Lurton was the preacher in charge. In 1793, he was on Salt

River Circuit, Kentucky, and married a Miss Tooley, on Bear Grass, Jefferson county, and located, and for many years lived on Floyd's Fork of Salt River. He was an original genius, and a useful preacher. In 1791, Mark Whittaker was Presiding Elder, and Charles Hardy and John West were on the West New River Circuit. Charles Hardy located this year, and the latter part of the year I succeeded him. John West remained with me on the circuit till the Holston Conference, on the 15th of May, 1792. Nothing material transpired while on this circuit. The state of religion was at a low ebb in all the circuits. Most of the preachers had not been much in the work for several years, and discipline had been much neglected. Mr. Asbury, on his return from the Kentucky Conference, met the Conference at Huffaker's, Rich Valley of Holston, on the 15th April, 1792. Hope Hull, who had accompanied him from Georgia, and Wilson Lee, who was now returning from Kentucky, and accompanying the Bishop on to the East, were with him. Both preached at this Conference with great success. General William Russell, who had married the widow of General Campbell, and sister of Patrick Henry, who had embraced religion, together with his amiable lady, and who lived at the salt-works, on the North Fork of Holston, attended this Conference and accommo-

dated a number of the preachers. Upon the whole, we had a good time for those days. Stephen Brooks, from the Kentucky Conference, was appointed to Green Circuit, in charge, and I was appointed with him, and Barnabas McHenry, who came also with the Bishop from Kentucky, was the Presiding Elder. We had an entire set of new preachers for the whole District—Salathiel Weeks and James Ward on the Holston Circuit, both from Virginia; David Haggard, Daniel Lockett, and Jeremiah Norman, from North Carolina. Brother Normán was on Russell, and Brothers Haggard and Lockett on West New River. The Presiding Elder and all the preachers entered into a covenant to attend strictly to the Discipline. When Brother Brooks and myself arrived at our charge, which was in a few days after the Conference rose, we mutually agreed to enforce the rules of the Society; and by midsummer we had the satisfaction of seeing a gracious work in many places on the circuit.

"A very peculiar circumstance took place some time in July. On Nolichucky there was a rich and thickly-settled neighborhood, which afterward went by the name of Earnest's neighborhood. There was but one Methodist in the neighborhood, the wife of Felix Earnest, who attended preaching when she could, being about five or six miles distant from the appointment.

Felix was a very wicked man. Being one day at a distilllery, and partially intoxicated, the Spirit of God arrested him. He immediately went home, and inquired of his wife if she knew of any Methodist meeting anywhere on that day It happened to be the day that Brother Brooks preached, in the adjoining neighborhood, and he immediately put off for the meeting. He arrived there after meeting had begun, and stood in the door, with his shirt-collar open, and his face red, and the tears streaming down his cheeks. He invited Brother Brooks to bring preaching into the neighborhood. He did so, and in two weeks I came round and preached to a good congregation. The word of God had free course, and was glorified. The whole family of the Earnests was brought into the Church, with many others, and by the first of September we had a large society formed. I left the circuit in September, but the work continued. In a short time they built a meeting-house; and in the spring of 1795, the Western Conference had their annual sitting at the meeting-house, and Felix was a local preacher. Our second quarterly-meeting was in the beginning of August, at the Pine Chapel, south of the French Broad River, and below the mouth of Little Pigeon River. It was a good time. It was given up by all that it was the best love-feast that they had ever seen. On my next round,

which was in September, the Cherokee war was just breaking out. After I crossed the French Broad and Little Rivers, and arrived at the extreme point of the settlement, I found the inhabitants in a state of alarm on account of the war. I preached that day, and at night the whole neighborhood collected, bringing intelligence that the Indians were in the settlement. In the morning I started for my next appointment, on the south bank of Little River, having a guard of two brothers, who piloted me through the woods part of the way, but becoming alarmed for the safety of their families, left me to make the best of my way I arrived a little before noon, but found it would be impossible to collect a congregation. The people were moving in and concentrating at a certain point, for the purpose of fortifying, and by night we were the frontier house. After dark the lights were all put out, and each one sat down with his gun on his lap. One of the company started about nine o'clock to go where the Indians were collected for fortifying, but soon returned, and said the Indians were plenty in the neighborhood.

"I immediately determined to make my journey to the next preaching-place, which was about ten miles, and I was obliged to travel under cover of the night; but I had one difficulty to encounter, having nothing but a small path, and the river

to cross, and an island to reach in the river. The night was dark, and the timber very thick on the island, and I could not prevail on any of them to leave the house, or give me any assistance; however, I put my trust in God and set off. After having passed the first part of the river, I alighted from my horse, and undertook to keep the path on foot. I succeeded beyond my expectation, reached the shore at the proper point, and proceeded without meeting with any difficulty. About two o'clock I arrived at the house, where my appointment was for that day, proceeded to the door, and sought admittance, but found no inmates. I knew there were cabins on the opposite side of a marsh, and I commenced hallooing as loud as I could. I soon brought some of them out, who wished to know who I was, and what I wanted. They suspected that the Indians wished to decoy them, and were preparing to give me a warm reception of powder and lead, when the lady, at whose house we preached, came out and knew my voice. They then came over and conducted me to the place where the whole neighborhood was collected, and the next day I recrossed the French Broad River, which placed me beyond the reach of danger. I passed up through the circuit, leaving the frontier appointments on the south side of the river, which were Pine Chapel, Little and Big Pigeon. The first intelli-

gence I had from that quarter was, that all the inhabitants in the neighborhood of the Pine Chapel were massacred in one night by the Indians.

"The first General Conference in the United States met late in the fall of this year. The Presiding Elder and S. Weeks, from the Holston Circuit, both left for the General Conference; and the Presiding Elder moved me from Green Circuit and put me in charge of the Holston, and sent Brother J Ward to fill my place. Brother Ward had but moderate talents, but was a devoted and good man, and through his instrumentality good was done on the Holston Circuit. In the neighborhood of the salt-works a number had been added to the Church. Among the number was the heiress, Miss Sally Campbell, daughter of General Campbell, who distinguished himself at the battle of King's Mountain. Her mother, Mrs. Russell, had, for some time, been a member of the Church, and was among the most excellent ones of the earth. Late in the fall of this year, General Russell and family made a visit to the eastern part of Virginia, among their old friends and relations. The General was taken sick and died. His daughter, Chloe Russell, had just married a circuit preacher by the name of Hubbard Saunders. During their visit, Miss Sarah Campbell was married to Francis Preston, Esq., of Virginia,

whose son is now Senator in Congress from South Carolina. The surviving part of the family did not return during my stay on the circuit. We had some good times on our field of labor, at Baker's, near the Three Islands, and at Acuff's. I remained on the circuit till Christmas, when, by the direction of the Presiding Elder, Brother Norman and myself changed, and I was on Clinch Circuit. This was a frontier circuit, the whole north side of it being exposed to the savages. On this circuit I first began to eat bear meat and buffalo tongues. I entered this circuit with a determination, by the help of God, to have a revival of religion, and in some degree succeeded. It was a three-weeks' circuit, and I was alone, without even a local preacher to help me. Through the winter we had a considerable revival at Elk Garden, head of Clinch River, at Bickley's Station, and at several other preaching-places. On the last Saturday and Sunday in March, 1793, we held our quarterly-meeting at Bickley's Station. We had a good time. During the past year we had many conflicts—a new country Indian warfare going on all the winter on our southern borders. The preachers had received about enough quarterage to keep soul and body together. On Monday morning, after the quarterly-meeting, I started for the Annual Conference, which met on the third day of April. We met Bishop Asbury and Wil-

liam Spencer, from the Virginia Conference, and Henry Hill, from North Carolina. The Conference business concluded on Saturday; Sunday was taken up in preaching; and on Monday morning we started for Kentucky Several of our friends volunteered to guide us through the wilderness. Francis Asbury, Barnabas McHenry, Henry Hill, James Ward, and William Burke, were all the preachers. These, together with some who met us at Bean's Station, on Holston, made our company up to sixteen. We were all pretty well armed except the Bishop. It was about one hundred and thirty miles through the wilderness, with but one house in Powell's Valley, where we stayed the first night. Next morning, by sunrise, we crossed Cumberland Mountain, and entered into the bosom of the wilderness."*

The author has the pleasure of introducing some interesting letters addressed to him—one from F. W Earnest, Esq., and the others from the Rev. G. W Miles, of the Holston Conference:

Mr. Earnest, writing from Blountville, East Tennessee, April 9, 1869, says:

"It is with pleasure that I respond to your letter inquiring about the connection that the Earnest family of East Tennessee had with the first Methodism of this State. There is no family

* Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 28–34.

in the State more directly connected with the introduction and growth of Methodism within the Holston country than that of which I am a member, as you will see from my statements.

"My grandfather, Henry Earnest, who was born in 1732, moved with his family to what is now Greene county, East Tennessee, on the Nolichucky River, in the year 1778 or 1779. At this time there were but few families west and north of the mountains, and these were compelled at times to flee their homes to avoid the Indians, that were still troublesome in this section.

"He had not been here long, however, until the faithful itinerant preachers made their appearance, and began the work of organizing the Church. Among the very first was the Rev. Jeremiah Lambert, whose name has been handed down to us, and is as familiar as household words.

"My father, Henry Earnest, Jr., made a profession of religion at home in the field at work, when he was about nineteen years of age, which would be in the year 1790, about which time a society was formed and a church established at Ebenezer, on my grandfather's land.* Probably four-fifths of this first Methodist society consisted of my Grandmother Earnest and her eleven

* Mr. Burke places the date earlier.

children, including my father, except one or two of the younger children. This is one of the first (if not the very first) churches established within the limits of East Tennessee, and was built on the banks of the Nolichucky River, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots to be found in all that section. The original house, and those who erected it, have all passed away, and the one erected in its place is fast going to decay My grandfather had eleven children, as before stated, five of whom were boys, and all of them, with one or two exceptions, joined the Methodist Church with their mother previous to 1800, thus forming in that section a nucleus around which the after Church of this section gathered. This Earnestville Church was a central point in the Holston country, as is evinced by the fact, that at this Church, from 1795 to 1821, some six sessions of the Annual Conferences were held. My father and his four brothers (except probably one) joined this Church in early life—all of whom lived to a ripe old age, and died in the triumphs of the gospel. Felix Earnest, his eldest brother, was licensed to preach shortly after he professed religion, and at the Conference of 1795, held at Ebenezer Church, he is spoken of as being present as a local preacher. I find from his ordination papers that he was ordained Deacon by Bishop F. Asbury on the 16th day of September,

1806, at a Conference held at Ebenezer, and on the 3d day of October, 1825, he was ordained Elder, at Jonesboro, East Tennessee, by Bishop Soule. He died a local preacher in 1842, at the age of eighty years. His son, Stephen Earnest, was also licensed to preach at an early age, and joined the Holston Conference in the year 1827 He died in the ministry, loved by all who knew him.

"The five brothers referred to, including my father, all raised large families in the immediate neighborhood of the old church, and nearly all joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in early life, and have since gone out into the world, carrying with them their love for the Church of their fathers.

"Four of the six sisters of my father married Methodist preachers, an account of whose labors you will get from their descendants, as they were all pioneer men in their day The first was the Rev Stephen Brooks, who married Anna Earnest, and was for more than half a century a Methodist preacher. The next was the Rev. George Wells, who married Mary Earnest, and only died a few years ago, full of years and full of honors. The third was the Rev Charles Warren, who married Sarah Earnest, and was probably local all his life. The fourth, the Rev Mr. Evans, who married Elizabeth Earnest, and who died before my time,

and whose given name I do not know. These persons have all died, with many of their representatives; but all, or nearly all, are represented in the ministry of to-day Two of my Uncle Lawrence Earnest's daughters married Methodist preachers, and I suppose no two men did more to plant and establish Methodism in the country than they: I mean the Rev. James Axley, who married Cynthia Earnest, and his colleague, Enoch Moore, who married Elizabeth Earnest. It would be useless for me to more than refer to these men here, as a History of Methodism in Tennessee would be incomplete without a notice of them.

"One of the largest camp-grounds ever built within the bounds of the Holston Conference was erected about one or one and a half mile from the Ebnezer Church, near what is now Henderson Depot, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, six miles east of Greenville, Tennessee. Among the first to erect large and comfortable tents at this place were the five Earnest brothers, who for nearly forty years annually left their comfortable homes and farms to spend a week or two at the camp-meeting. Thousands were converted at this camp-ground, among whom were nearly all of the children of the Earnest families. Although the camp-ground has been abandoned since the commencement of the late war, it is too sacred a spot to be lost sight of by the

Church. The name of the place originated from a stone-dam across the creek at a mill near by, and the name of Stone-dam Camp-ground touches many a pleasant chord in the thousands who were converted there, as well as the older members of the present Holston Conference. Never will I forget the solemn manner in which my father would invoke Heaven's blessings upon the approaching camp-meeting, for the few days preceding its commencement, as we knelt around the family altar. He saw every one of his children converted at this camp-ground, who had arrived at the age of accountability previous to the time he ceased to camp there.

"I have in my possession the Ebenezer class-book, commencing with the year 1819, when the Rev. James Axley was Presiding Elder on the Holston District, and E. K. Moore and J. Cummings in charge of the circuit. At this time my Grandmother Earnest, who was then a widow, (grandfather having died in 1809,) with my father and sixteen other Earnests, were members of this class. On this same book, up to 1843, I find the names of sixty-nine Earnests who belonged to this Church, to say nothing of those who married, and thereby changed their names previous to joining the Church. This will clearly indicate the Church-relations of the family No minister who has ever labored in this section of the country, but has kind

memories of the family My father married Kitty D. Reeve, who, with nearly the entire family of her father, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. My Grandmother Reeve joined the first Methodist Church of this country, and lived to be very old. The most distinct recollection I have of her, is seeing her happy at camp-meeting. Two of her daughters married Methodist preachers. My father and mother, with several members of the family, have died, and all died most triumphantly I believe I can safely say, that of all the deaths in this numerous family of Earnests, not one has ever died without leaving some hope of a better future; and, if it would honor Methodism any, I would say that, among them all down to the present day, I never knew one of them to be charged with a crime or misdemeanor before the courts of the country. What a debt of gratitude we owe our parents for their holy lives and teachings! and if we follow them as they followed Christ, we may, yea, will enjoy the same blissful end."

Mr. Miles writes, Bristol, Tennessee, March 11, 1869:

"The first societies organized in this country I find were at the following points: Pine Chapel, O'Haver's Meeting-house, Old Bethcar, County Line, Carter Station, Ebenezer, Brush Creek, and Acuff's Meeting-house. There is a history of

each of these points full of interest, if we had time to get it up. From the best information received, it appears that the first society was organized at Pine Chapel, in Jefferson county, Tennessee, on the south bank of the French Broad River, then in the Indian Nation. Emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina settled here about the year 1786. The society was organized in 1787 or '88, and composed of John Winton and wife Arabella, Amos Lewis and wife Mary, George Lewis and wife Rachel, Arabella Cunnyngham and daughter Charlotte. John Winton was a local preacher, and did much in planting the gospel in this wilderness. He raised a large family—all of whom were members of the Methodist Church, and some of them were and are preachers. Arabella Cunnyngham was the widow of a Methodist preacher. She was a lady of superior mind, acted as class-leader in the society. Charlotte (her daughter) had (for her time) considerable advantages—was deeply pious. In 1791, she was married to George Turnley, a gentleman of promise in the community, but not a member of the Church. Charlotte was soon summoned before the Church for marrying a man out of the society

"The day of trial came, and she, accompanied by her husband, was there. After the case was called, and considered for some time, Mr. Turnley proposed, if it would be any relief to his wife, and

they would admit him, that he would unite with the Church. This was agreed to, and he made a faithful and useful member.

"Charlotte died in great peace, July 24, 1834. Her husband lived till September 3, 1848, when he too passed away

"From this society went the Wintons and Cunnynghams, who afterward and to this time have places in the Church. Here Bishop Asbury, and afterward Bishop Soule, preached.

"County Line was situated north of the Holston River, on the line between Hawkins and Jefferson (now Grainger.)

"About the year 1792, a company of Virginians settled in this community (Methodists,) and being without the means of grace, they united in organizing a society This was between the years 1792 and 1795. Among the original members of this society were Martin Stubblefield and wife Sallie, Richard Thompson and wife Mary, White Moore and wife, and John McAnally and wife. These men were all mighty in exhortation. Mr. Moore afterward became one of the most useful local preachers. From these men descended many traveling and local preachers. Their wives, too, labored as 'elect ladies' indeed. Their prayer and class-meetings were kept up regularly from house to house. Sometimes it would happen that the men would all be off in other neighborhoods holding

meeting: in that event, Sallie Stubblefield would lead the meeting, and would often deliver exhortations. She was gifted in prayer, and at times powerful in exhortation.

"There is one remarkable fact, that all these families have been represented in the ministry of our Church ever since."

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Miles gives the following interesting items:

"In the year 1785, there was a class organized in Sullivan county, near where Blountville now stands, and the following year a house of worship was built. This, from the best information I can get, was the first Methodist Church built in the State. A part of the old wall still stands—logs 20x30. This house being located on the main thoroughfare along which Mr. Asbury traveled, was where he preached oftener than elsewhere. He mentions in his Journal 'Acuff's Chapel.' The society was composed chiefly of emigrants from Virginia, among whom were the Acuffs, Hamiltons, Vincents, and Crafts. Here Granade for the first time preached in Tennessee. It seems that about the year 1790, it was announced that a stranger, 'the wild man,' would preach at Acuff's Chapel on a certain day The day arrived, and with it a vast concourse of people were assembled, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the 'wild man.' At length Mr. Granade came, and after

spending a little time in the grove near by, came forth shouting and praising God. The effect was wonderful on the congregation. He told the people that he had been driving the devil before him for three hundred miles, he (the devil) closely contesting every inch, till in the grove, just up there, (pointing with his finger to the hill whence he came,) 'I obtained a complete victory over his infernal majesty He is now routed in complete disorder, and I, thank God, have the field without a rival!' Then announcing his text, he proceeded to preach the 'unsearchable riches of Christ!'

"The meeting was protracted for ten days with great effect. Scores of mourners crowded the *mourner's bench*—the first time they had heard of such a thing. At this meeting Francis Acuff was converted; he entered the traveling connection two years later, and died in great peace, (if I mistake not,) in Kentucky, 1797 or 1798.

"In fact, this was the beginning of the 'wonderful revival' that spread all over Upper East Tennessee in the years 1790–91, from which so many of the old preachers were gathered as the fruit.

"Where Mr. Granade went, and where he was, from this year until 1801–2, when his name appears as appointed to the work, I do not know.

"It is said by one of the historians of Tennes-

see, that Dr. Doak, a Presbyterian clergyman, brought the 'jerks' to Tennessee, and that Mr. Granade, a Methodist minister, brought the 'shouts.' I suppose this is true.

"At Old County Line, Miss Mary Etter was converted, and joined the Church in 1807 She was afterward the wife of Jesse Cunnyngham, and mother of Dr. W G. E. Cunnyngham, our late missionary to China.

"Prominent among the first Methodists of East Tennessee was Edward Cox; in fact, he was the first Methodist of whom I have been able to learn any thing.

"Mr. Cox was born in Baltimore county, Maryland, in the year 1750. Of his parents we know but little: all that is known is taken from what is remembered of Mr. Cox's reference to his father and mother. They were among the first adherents to Methodism in Maryland, and opened the doors of their humble home for Methodist preaching in the days of Mr. Asbury's first work in Maryland. In the year 1773, Mr. Cox and family, including Edward, were converted and received into the Church by Mr. Asbury. Soon after his conversion, Edward left his father's house for the West, traveled through Virginia, and stopped in the vicinity of where Bristol now stands. In this country he remained two years. He entered a valuable section of land on the north bank of the

Holston River, in what is now called Sullivan county, Tennessee, (then in North Carolina.)

"He had left behind him one that had agreed to share his fortunes, whenever he thought proper to return to Maryland. He consequently returned to his father's house in the winter of 1775, and, after staying just long enough to have the banns published, was united in marriage to Sallie Meredith, a lady of great fortitude and extraordinary native intellect. Every necessary arrangement had been made beforehand, and, the morning after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom set out for the wilds of North Carolina, (now Tennessee.) Edward had a fine horse, and Sallie's father mounted her on one equally fine. With saddle-bags and sacks crammed, these young adventurers traveled about six hundred miles, and settled in the deep forests of what is now called East Tennessee, not far from the Virginia line. Here Mr. Cox soon opened a little land for cultivation, and reared a comfortable cabin for a residence.

"But I will return to an item of interest in the history of this family. When Edward left for the West the first time, he pledged himself to pray for Sallie's conversion, she in the meantime earnestly desiring to flee from the wrath to come. During his absence she was happily converted, and received into the Church by Mr. Asbury. Thus God had graciously prepared this noble

couple for the work and destiny that awaited them, in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom among the rude inhabitants of the Western country.

"The first evening they pitched their tents in the forest, upon their own homestead, Edward and Sallie raised their family altar, and there afresh consecrated themselves and all they had to God; nor did they ever take therefrom that which they then and there laid thereon. This first prayer by a Methodist family in Tennessee was offered upon a little hill near where the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad now passes, about one mile north-east of Union Depot.

"The Revolutionary War soon broke out; and though Mr. Cox was a decided Whig, he thought that the position of himself and family was such as to justify him in staying at home to protect his wife and child. Especially was this demanded, as they were then on the frontier, and exposed to the ravages of hostile Indians. The war went on, and increased in magnitude and fury, until Mr. Cox felt that every arm was needed in the establishment of American independence. Nor was Sallie unwilling to make the sacrifice. She said: 'Go, Edward, and fight for independence; if need be, die for liberty! God will take care of me and the child.' He enlisted, and continued in the service until the war ended, leaving his family in a

wild, hostile country, with but here and there a settlement of whites. These united, and erected a fort near Mr. Cox's residence, in which the few men that remained would gather the women and children at night for protection. Depredations became so common in this section, that General Washington sent a detachment of soldiers to defend the settlements in Western Virginia. Among the soldiers thus sent was Edward Cox, who knew the country, and who felt a special interest in it, as here his Sallie and child still lived. For several nights before the soldiers arrived, the Indians had been roaming over the settlement without let or hinderance. Several women and children had been murdered and scalped. Sallie escaped by taking her child and leaving her cabin after dark, and spending the night in the stack-yard, between two stacks of grain that stood closely together. The savages were all through the yard, and plundered the house, but God preserved the lives of the mother and child.

"The next day the news spread all over the settlement that regular soldiers had arrived at Fort Wommack, for the protection of the inhabitants. Sallie heard it, and, with her child, set out for the fort, principally for protection, but hoping to get some news from her husband, of whom she had heard nothing for long and perilous months past.

"As she neared the fort, imagine her joyous surprise when, coming out from a group of bronzed and dirty soldiers, her own dear Edward advanced to meet her! His praise to God was heard throughout the entire encampment: his joy was past expressing, especially as he had been told, since he came to the fort, that his wife and child had been murdered the night before.

"That night, when all was calm in the fort, Mr. Cox proposed to his fellow-soldiers, and his old neighbors, that they offer up thanks to God for his goodness. The proposition was agreed to. There being none present who were professors of religion, but Mr. Cox and wife, he conducted the services by singing and prayer While he was praying, the Spirit of the Most High came down. Sallie was made to shout the praise of God, many were convicted, and not a few were crying for mercy They continued to sing, and pray, and shout all night, Sallie alternating with him in prayer. Several were converted, among whom was a noble young lady (Barsha Cobb) who had been brought to the fort for protection. Barsha was afterward very zealous in the service of God. Mr. Cox, though not an officer in the Church, took the responsibility to receive the lady and several others as candidates for membership in the Church. In fact, this he continued to do all through life, though never more than a class-leader.

"The war passed away, and American independence came. Mr. Cox returned to his home, and continued his work as a farmer. He soon opened his house for his neighbors, in which to meet and worship God on the Sabbath-day He would conduct the meetings—sing, pray, and exhort—and Sally would get happy and shout. These meetings became so famous, that persons would go twenty-five miles to spend the Sabbath with these servants of God. Many were converted, and gave their names to Mr. Cox as 'members of the Church,' he promising to do all he could to get a preacher to take charge of them and administer to them the sacraments of the Church; indeed, it is said that Mr Cox himself, having been a professor of religion now for many years, and his wife, without the privilege of taking the sacrament of the Lord's-supper, did at different times consecrate the elements, according to the Ritual, and administer the sacrament to those who 'desired to flee from the wrath to come.'

"The preachers came at last. Who was the first, or at what time they began to preach, we cannot tell; but among the first was the great itinerant, Bishop Asbury. On his first trip 'through the wilderness,' he found the rude cabin of his former young friends, Edward and Sallie Cox. He tarried and rested with them. Subse-

quently he never passed them without giving a call, and several times he preached in their house—at one time held a Conference there. The preachers all boarded with Mr. Cox, lodging in his barn, except Bishop Asbury, who lodged in the house of Mr. Cox, where the room was filled with ladies. The Bishop's bed was separated from the large room by hanging sheets around, making him a *private* apartment. Mr. Cox was a man of mighty faith, living in constant communion with God. This gave him unusual power over the hearts of sinners. He has been known to commence talking with a sinner on the subject of his soul's interests, break into a flood of tears, call his friend to his knees, and pray with him till he was converted.

"For many years, when the Methodist preachers first held camp-meetings in East Tennessee, Mr. Cox would take his wagon and team and go for many miles to those meetings, taking a load of the young people of his community, and return them home converted. On one occasion he took two daughters of a wicked neighbor, among several others, to a camp-meeting, and returned with them all converted. The two girls went home shouting the praises of God. The father was much enraged at the scene, and threatened to wreak vengeance on 'Ned Cox' at sight. Some days passed, when he met Mr. Cox in the road, and commenced

his abuse, with threats of violence. Mr. Cox heard him for a time, and commenced talking to him of the responsibility he assumed by throwing difficulties in the way of his children, instead of helping them in the service of God. He told him that God would bring him to judgment for his conduct, and closed by looking him in the face and breaking into tears, appealing to him to give God his heart, and go with his children to heaven, instead of trying to take them with him to hell. The man fell on his knees in the road, and begged Mr. Cox to pray for him, which he gladly did. In a short time he was happily converted, and arose and returned to his house in company with Mr. Cox, praising God at the top of his voice.

"Mr. Cox was a man of enlarged views of Christian beneficence, for the times in which he lived. He was not penurious in the support of the Church; but, from the early days of the introduction of Methodism in this country, he contributed largely to the support of the ministry, and gave annually the proceeds of the sale of the best ox in his herd to the missionary cause. This he did as long as he was able to carry on his farm; and when too old and feeble to do this, he would take ten dollars annually from his *pension-money* and give it to the cause of missions, besides paying liberally for the support of the gospel at home.

"At one time, when old and infirm, a young

man of his neighborhood was converted. He soon felt that he was called to the office and work of the ministry; but he was poor, had but little education, and no outfit for a traveling preacher, and was, of course, much discouraged. The friends of the young man at length thought of a wealthy neighbor of his, who was then quite prominent in the Church, and seemed to want to be foremost in good works. They approached him, and asked him to assist in getting an outfit for Brother —— to join the Conference. The wealthy neighbor at once said, that God had never called that man to any thing but to make rails, that he wanted several hundred rails made, and requested them to tell the young man to go at that, and he would give him *twenty-five cents* per hundred. This discouragement had well-nigh driven the young man to abandon the hope of getting to his work, when Mr. Cox (then known as Uncle Neddy) heard of it, sent for the young man, comforted him with words of commendation, and, taking him to the barn-yard, told him to take the best young horse, gave him means to purchase a saddle and other equipage, and said to him: 'Go, do the work you are called to do, and the only recompense I desire is, never to do any thing that may bring reproach upon the sacred office of the ministry.'

"The young man did go, and has been going ever since, and is likely to do so for years to come.

His voice has been heard in almost every valley, and upon nearly every mountain, in the Holston Conference. He stands in the front rank of that noble band of Christian heroes known as Holston preachers.

"Edward Cox lived to a good old age, and died at his residence, in Sullivan county, Tennessee, in 1852, aged one hundred and two years. He went to meet his wife, Sallie, who had preceded him to the kingdom but a few years."

Mr. Burke was a man of superior talents, and of great power in the pulpit. He continued in the traveling connection till the year 1821, filling many of the most important appointments in the Church. He spent much of his time as Presiding Elder on large and popular Districts. Finally he became a superannuated member of the Ohio Conference, but, according to the Minutes, was expelled in 1821. What the charges presented against Mr. Burke were, the author is not fully prepared to say, but there was nothing involving his moral character. Mr. Burke continued to preach, having formed an independent Methodist Church in the city of Cincinnati. He was at one time elected mayor of the city, and for a term of years served as postmaster in Cincinnati. He was highly respected by all classes of his fellow-citizens, and maintained to the last an excellent reputation as a Christian and a minister. At the

General Conference of 1836, which convened in Cincinnati, a communication was received from Mr. Burke and read, when, on motion of the Rev. T. L. Douglass, the Secretary of the Conference, it was "Resolved, that, in order to facilitate William Burke's reünion with the Church, the Ohio Annual Conference is hereby respectfully recommended, at its next session, to restore the said William Burke to his former ministerial standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, if said Conference should think it expedient to do so." This request met a hearty response from the Ohio Conference, and Mr. Burke resumed his position in the Church of his early love. The writer remembers well the interest taken in this case by Bishop Soule, who had confidence in the integrity and purity of Mr. Burke. Though an aged man, Mr. Burke lived a number of years after this reünion. He maintained an unblemished reputation, and died in peace. In the separation between the North and the South, in 1844, he took position with his Southern brethren, and died a member and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Another prominent and useful minister in the early history of Tennessee was the Rev Stephen Brooks.* He traveled with William Burke, and

* Of Mr. Brooks, and many of his contemporaries in East Tennessee, we have a most interesting account in a com-

was the senior preacher on the Green Circuit in 1792. In 1793, he located and settled in East Tennessee, and became a prominent man in the State. Mr. Carr, in his Early Times in Middle Tennessee, says:

"This eminent man of God was with us in 1792, if my memory fail me not. He labored faithfully, patiently enduring hardships and perils incident at that day, warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I know nothing relative to his parentage and early life. He was universally beloved by all who knew him. He was a man of excellent sense, gentlemanly deportment, and one of the first order of ministers. His labors were owned and blessed of God by the turning of many from darkness to light. Indeed, he was such a favorite with the people, that I heard my brother-in-law, Wilson Cage, say that if he had to hear but one sermon before dying, he would choose Stephen Brooks to preach it. I think he settled in East Tennessee. He was one of the delegates, in 1796, who framed our State Constitution."

The following letter, dated Greene county, Tennessee, June 15, 1869, details several very interesting facts in the history of this great and good

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munication from an esteemed friend, Colonel William Garrett, of Alabama, which will appear in its proper place, in a succeeding volume.

man. It was written by his son, the Rev. Jacob F. Brooks.

"My father, the Rev Stephen Brooks, was born February 18, 1764, on Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. When he was quite young, his father, Stephen Brooks, removed to Hide county, North Carolina, and settled near Mattamuskeet. He was brought up a High-churchman; was educated for a sea-faring life; spent some time at sea, and obtained a captain's commission.

"While young, through the instrumentality of a young Methodist minister, probably Israel Watson, he became convicted of sin, and one night, while alone in his father's corn-field, he obtained the pardon of his sins, but he did not let it be known at the time. Not many nights after, there was a prayer-meeting held at his father's, and during its progress he was observed to be under religious excitement: he was called on to pray, and while praying, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters were awakened, obtained religion, and joined the Methodist Church. He soon after abandoned the sea, obtained license to preach, and set out in the work of the ministry In the year 1789, he went to Newbern, North Carolina, where he was admitted into the Conference, and immediately set out in company with Bishop Asbury for Kentucky, passing through Upper East Tennessee and Cumberland Gap to the Lexington Circuit.

"In the year 1790, he was on the Danville Circuit. In 1791, he was admitted into full connection, and labored in Middle Tennessee. In 1792, he was on the Green Circuit, in East Tennessee. While on this circuit he 'broke down,' and located. On the 26th of March, 1793, he was married to Anna Earnest. After his marriage, he settled in Greene county, East Tennessee, on a small stream near the place where the old Stone-dam Camp-ground was afterward erected. November 1, 1797, his wife died. On the 6th of January, 1800, he was married to a second wife, Margaret Whittenberg. In 1801, he removed some eight miles distant, and settled on a considerable tract of land on Nolichucky River, five miles south of Greenville, where he lived and died. His wife died January 20, 1854, and he, January 1, 1855.

"While he was at Newbern attending the Conference, where he was admitted on trial, when the Conference was about coming to a close, he approached Bishop Asbury and asked where he was appointed to work. The Bishop inquired his name, and on hearing it, put his arm around his neck and said, 'You will go with me to Kentucky,' and asked him if he was not afraid the Indians would kill him. He replied, 'If they kill one part, they cannot kill the other.' While he was in Kentucky, the Indians were very trouble-

some—killed a great many people, and did much other mischief. He was guarded frequently from fort to fort to preach to the people, but God mercifully preserved him, so that he never came in contact with any Indians, or even saw one. During the years of his itineracy, he was most of the time on the frontier; was much exposed; often camped out at night, or slept in open houses, and by hard labor laid the foundation for a great deal of suffering and affliction in after life. After his location, he labored hard and preached much with acceptance. Many souls were brought to God under his ministry in East Tennessee.

"His house was a resting-place for the weary itinerants. In the fall of 1833, the wife of the Rev. Creed Fulton died at his house. He gave a lot of land for the erection of a meeting-house and burying-ground. He now sleeps in this graveyard.

"The Earnest family, into which my father intermarried, are well and favorably known in this country as Methodists. There were two preachers among them. Felix Earnest, a brother-in-law to my father, was a local preacher. Stephen Brooks Earnest, a son of Felix, was for several years a traveling preacher in the Holston Conference: he is dead.

"The Whittenberg family, into which he married the second time, were among the first Meth-

odists that settled in this country, and were staunch supporters of the Church. There were three local preachers among them, namely, Christopher, Wesley, and Isaac. Christopher is still living.

"My father had twelve children—two by his first wife, and ten by his last. Henry was drowned when he was fifteen years old. The rest all lived to be grown, and became pious while young, and all were members of the Methodist Church. Harrison died at thirty-one; he was an exhorter; died triumphantly Mary intermarried with John K. Harris, and brought up eight children; lived to see them all converted, and then died in peace. The rest are still living and striving for the kingdom of heaven. Two of the sons became preachers. Asbury, who was a member of the Holston Conference for seven years, was very acceptable; he then became afflicted; he is now a local elder in the Church, South, but is still under affliction. Jacob F Brooks is a local elder, and has been preaching thirty-seven years—he trusts with some degree of success. All my father's grandchildren —thirty-six in number—who have arrived at sufficient age, are pious, save one. There are among these three preachers: Joshua S. Brooks, son of William Brooks, a member of the Holston Conference four years; he is now located, and preaches with great zeal and acceptability Stephen H.

Brooks, son of Asbury Brooks, is a Baptist preacher; and Stephen J. Harrison, son of John K. Harrison, is a deacon in the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

"There were two popular camp-grounds in Greene county—Salem, or Stone-dam, and Carter's Station: Salem, in the east part of the county, six miles above Greenville; Carter's Station, eight miles west of Greenville. The one at the Station was erected probably in the year 1822 or 1823. At this many souls have been converted, who are now in heaven, and many are still on their way. I think it probable that the first camp-ground laid out in East Tennessee was Stone-dam. This occurred about the year 1800 or 1805. It had rotted down, and had gone before the year 1818. That year there was a new camp-ground erected at Stone-dam. My father yearly camped there with his family There has been much good done on that consecrated ground. It was there all his children but one were converted and joined the Church. It was there that the writer, in 1820, obtained religion, and gave his hand to the Rev James Axley to join the Church."

James Ward was admitted on trial in 1792, and, as we have seen, was appointed to the Holston Circuit. In 1793, he traveled the Salt River Circuit, in Kentucky; from thence he has transferred to the work east of the mountains,

where he spent many years. In 1807, he was returned to Kentucky, and in 1808, upon the election of William McKendree to the Episcopal office, he was assigned to the Cumberland District as Mr. McKendree's successor. His field embraced a portion of Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, and extended into Illinois and Missouri. Mr. Ward was a faithful and very useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He continued to labor both in the itinerant and local ranks as long as he had physical strength for the work, and finally died a member of the Baltimore Conference, near Floydsburg, Kentucky, in April, 1855, in his eighty-fourth year, having been a minister of the gospel nearly sixty-three years. He was a good man, and left the savor of a good name. His son, the Rev. J. G. Ward, is at the time of this writing (1869) an esteemed member of the Little Rock Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Mrs. Burke, one of the "elect ladies," deserves a page in history With pleasure we copy the following from the Western Christian Advocate, June 17, 1842:

Died, March 6, 1842, Mrs. Rachel Burke, consort of the Rev. William Burke, of Cincinnati. It may not be generally known that this lady and her family were among the early pioneers of the

West. Her father, Abraham Cooper, of Culpepper county, Virginia, was a man of undaunted fortitude and resolution. He came to the determination to move with his family, and settle in Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. They accordingly left the land of their nativity, and arrived on the frontier settlements in Russell county, where he took up his residence at Bleckley's Station, on Clinch River, there being no opportunity to pass the wilderness in safety, from the incursions of the Indians. Here he remained for several years. In the fall of 1782, he determined to move for Kentucky; and early one morning he, in company with his son John, went out with the intention of getting the horses and cattle together, preparatory to their journey When but a short distance from the fort, they were both killed and scalped by the Indians, and soon afterward brought into the fort by their friends. The subject of this memoir was thus left fatherless, in care of a widowed mother: the remainder of the family were two sons and seven daughters: Rachel was the youngest, and was born on the 12th of April, 1773. The widow, with part of her family, returned to Henry county, where they remained some time, and then went back to Bleckley's Station. She was among the first that joined the Methodist Society in that country Here she remained until the fall of 1790, when

her oldest son, Christopher Cooper, together with several sons-in-law, moved to Cumberland, and settled in Nashville, then called Mero District, composed of the counties of Davidson, Sumner, and Robertson. Nashville was at that time within six miles of the frontier station, in which neighborhood they lived during the Cherokee war of 1792, 1793, and 1794. The spring of 1795 terminated that war. In this exposed situation the ministers of the cross in the Methodist Connection proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. Our sister was privileged to sit under the ministry of Wilson Lee of precious memory. She was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, joined the Methodist Church, and was among the first-fruits of that wilderness country. In the spring of 1795, the Rev. William Burke was appointed to the charge of Cumberland Circuit, and soon became acquainted with Rachel Cooper, whose praise was then in all the Churches, renowned among the brethren for her exemplary piety and Christian deportment; and on the 9th day of January, 1796, they were united in marriage, in Sumner county, Tennessee. From the commencement of their union, she felt no disposition to prevent him continuing as an itinerant. In the spring of 1796, they started to attend the Annual Conference at Holston. In order to reach this point, they had to pass a wilderness of one

hundred and fifty miles, and to encamp in the open air several nights without any covering. When they arrived at Conference, they were received very coldly; for be it known, at that period it was considered little short of a crime for a Methodist preacher to marry, and no provision being made for a preacher's wife, it was considered next to impossible for him to remain in the traveling connection, their allowance being only $60 a year; but they determined to persevere in the good work, and secured an appointment to Guilford Circuit, North Carolina, in the bounds of the Virginia Conference. In 1797, he was appointed to Holston Circuit, and traveled Holston and Clinch united. In 1798, he traveled Cumberland again, where Sister Burke had the opportunity of seeing her mother, and being with her in her last moments, and administering to her comfort. In 1799, he traveled Danville Circuit, Kentucky In 1800, he was appointed to Hinkstone Circuit, and had the whole District to attend. Here Sister Burke suffered many privations: she labored with her own hands, spinning and weaving such clothes as were needed for herself and others; and in numerous instances was in weariness and want—thankful to obtain a little bread and milk, often supping upon parched corn, and making their bed on the cold ground, with the saddle-bags for their pillow. In 1801 and 1802,

he traveled Hinkstone and Lexington united, at which time they first began housekeeping in Lexington, where they had many kind friends. In 1803, he was appointed to Limestone Circuit. In the fall of 1803, he was appointed Presiding Elder, and sent to a District in Ohio, including the whole State, and a part of Virginia. During the years 1804 and 1805, she endured many privations, but bore up under them with Christian fortitude. In 1806, 1807, and 1808, he presided in Kentucky District. In 1809, he was supernumerary on Lexington Circuit. In 1810 and 1811, on Green River. And in the fall of 1811, he was appointed to Cincinnati Circuit, which included the city In 1812, Cincinnati was made a station, and he was the first stationed preacher in the city. Here he labored night and day, until his health failed. In that year he lost his voice, which prevented him from discharging his ministerial duties. We mention these travels of her husband, in order to show more clearly the exercises of our sister, inasmuch as she was with him during the time; and it was during these seasons that the Lord prepared her for greater usefulness. It was in these travels that she became acquainted with Bishops Asbury, Whatcoat, McKendree, and many others of our elder brethren, who have all given such pleasing testimony to her usefulness and piety. It was

her great delight to promote the comfort of the traveling ministers; to them she devoted all her energies. These facts I obtained myself from Bishop McKendree, when he was last in Cincinnati. It pleased God to extend her usefulness while in Cincinnati, by pouring upon her the horn of plenty. Prosperous in circumstances, she became a nursing mother to the poor and helpless. Without ostentation, and living almost unknown, she continued to distribute liberally to the last of her days. Shortly before her death, she addressed me in the following language: Brother, my time is come, and I am ready to go. I now discover, after we have done all, we are unprofitable servants. Bless the Lord for Jesus Christ! He is my Saviour, my King, my Shepherd, my Lord, and my all.

Let the world their virtue boast,
  Their works of righteousness:
I, a wretch undone and lost,
  Am freely saved by grace.

Yes, brother,

Other knowledge I disdain:
  'T is all but vanity:
Christ the Lamb of God was slain:
  He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
  The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

As in life, so in death, she gave evidence of her devotion to God. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. We can feel for the bereavement of our brother, whose loss of a faithful companion of nearly half a century cannot be made up; but we sorrow not as those without hope. The time is fast approaching when all the faithful shall meet in a world where sickness and sorrow, separation and death, shall be known no more. May the Lord in mercy prepare us for the event, that by patient continuance in well-doing, we may be ready whenever the Lord may call for us!

Yours, etc., ROBERT PUNSHON.

"This year Bishop Asbury again passed through the Holston country Entering across the mountains from North Carolina, east of New River, he passed on by way of the salt-works, Abingdon, Hawkins Court-house, (Rogersville,) to the Cumberland Gap, and thence to the settlements in Kentucky This was about the first of April. Early in May, he returned by pretty nearly the same route, and on the 13th of the same month commenced Conference at Huffaker's, in Washington county, Virginia, and then went to hold another Conference of preachers at Greenbrier, a few weeks afterward." *

* Life and Times of Patton.

CHAPTER VII.

Opposition to Methodism—Still the cause advances—Extraordinary ability of the early preachers—Progress in the South—Hubbard Saunders—Saunders's Chapel—John Kobler—A thrilling sketch—Stith Meade—John Ray—Slavery and antislavery sentiments.

As we proceed with our work, (1793,) the reader will be impressed with several things that perhaps had before escaped his mind. First, he will observe that the progress of Methodism in America was not only opposed by sin and Satan, but also by many who called themselves Christians. Secondly, he will observe that, without popular favor or Christian sympathy, and despite the hate and persecution of their enemies, the work of God, through their instrumentality, went forward in a most marvelous manner. Thirdly, that not the least remarkable fact in the early history of Methodism in this country, which cannot fail to secure the attention of the thoughtful and unprejudiced, is the great talent and extraordinary ability of many of the early American Methodist preachers: like the fathers of our country, they seem to have been a peculiar race, raised up, under God,

for the special work to which they were called. Fourthly, it will be observed that many of the most distinguished and successful ministers of early Methodism were reared in the South. Indeed, Methodism seemed to have been admirably adapted to the Southern people. Hence in Maryland and Virginia, in the Carolinas and in Georgia, the Methodists made much greater progress, for many years, than they did in the more northern of the original thirteen States.

If the reader will consult a bound copy of the Minutes of the several Annual Conferences, published at the Methodist Book Concern, in New York, by order of the General Conference, he will see that for many years after the organization of the first Conference, nine-tenths of all the Conferences met in the South; and yet no Methodist historian in the North has given fair statements of those facts in Methodist history. Dr. Poisal, of the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist, referring to the history of Methodism in Tennessee, pertinently remarks:

"It is to be regretted, that in nearly all the histories which have been published in this country, the Methodism of the South has been either ignored or presented in a manner merely incidental to this great reformation. In some respects they have resembled Southey's Life of Wesley—not, indeed, in a *literary* point of view, but in a sys-

tematic disregard of the merits, as well as the philosophy, of history The picture is sadly defective, and the moral effect essentially impaired by making the subject sectional and arrogating to the North almost all that is meritorious in American Methodism! This is as unfair as it is false to the facts of history The men who, under God, have effected a moral revolution in the opinions and habits of millions of their countrymen, were chiefly from the Southern States. Jesse Lee and Joshua Wells, the apostles of Methodism to New England, were both of the South—the first a Virginian, the other a native of Maryland. William Watters, Freeborn Garrettson, and George Pickering, were all sons of our own Maryland. John Easter, Edward Drumgoole, and Wilson Lee, were natives of Virginia. Let us have a correct history of Methodism in Maryland and Virginia, in the Carolinas and Georgia. Such a history should be written, not from a sectional stand-point, but by those who represent the Methodism of our fathers, pure and simple, as it came from the halls of Oxford in the days of the Wesleys. This wonderful system is not a human contrivance, but a providential arrangement for the spread of scriptural holiness through the world. It is a common cause, and the Christian public have a right to demand an impartial history of such benefactors of the race—of the men who have been instrumental in

arousing a slumbering Church and nation to the concerns of true religion."

In the year 1793 we note the movements of Methodism in Tennessee. New River Circuit, now mostly in Virginia, returned 278 white and 17 colored members; Holston, 271 white and 15 colored; Green, 266 white and 8 colored; Cumberland, 270 white and 50 colored.

In some of the circuits there was at this time an increase, in others a decrease, of members. This may be accounted for in several ways. First, the population was very unsettled in those early times; hence many who were members one year, were off to the receding frontiers, and consequently were not returned in the annual report for the ensuing year. Secondly, the circuits, in their boundary lines, were perpetually changing: two or more circuits were made out of one, or one portion of the territory might be in one pastoral charge one year and transferred to another the next year. Thirdly, nor was it to be supposed that the ministry were all equally successful, nor that the same ministers were alike successful each and every year. Many too, in revivals, were like stony-ground hearers, and did not endure long. The work on the Cumberland Circuit was retarded by the leaven of the O'Kellyites, which entered into the ministry to some extent, and distracted the membership for a season; but it was ulti-

mately purged out, and the Church went on to prosper

The Annual Conference from which the preachers were sent out for the year 1793, was held, says Mr. Burke, at McKnight's, on the Yadkin River, North Carolina. The Appointments for Tennessee were:—Holston, John Simmons and Stith Meade; Green, Samuel Rudder and John Ray; New River (still partly in Tennessee and partly in Virginia), Jacob Peck; Cumberland, Henry Birchett. John Kobler was Presiding Elder in Holston, and Francis Poythress still presided in Cumberland, his District reaching into Kentucky—lying, in fact, mostly in that State.

This was Mr. Birchett's last year in the ministry. The following, from the General Minutes of 1794, is the official notice of his death, with a few very interesting remarks accompanying:

"Henry Birchett—from Brunswick county, State of Virginia; between five and six years in the ministry—was a gracious, happy, useful man, who freely offered himself for four years' service on the dangerous stations of Kentucky and Cumberland. He might have returned at the Kentucky Conference, 1793, but finding there was a probability of Cumberland being vacated by the preachers, notwithstanding the pain in his breast and spitting of blood, the danger of the Indians and prevalency of the small-pox, he went a will-

ing martyr, after asking the consent of the Bishop and the Conference. We hoped his life would have been preserved, but report saith he departed in peace, at Cumberland, on the Western waters, in February, 1794. He was one among the worthies who freely left safety, ease, and prosperity to seek after and suffer faithfully for souls. His meekness, love, labors, prayers, tears, sermons, and exhortations will not be soon forgotten. He wanted no appeal from labor, danger, or suffering. His willing heart said, with Isaiah, 'Here am I, send me.' Notwithstanding the Presiding Elder told him he thought it was more than could be required of him, expressing his fears of his life, his willing heart apparently said, 'If I perish, I perish.' Thus nobly he for Jesus stood, bold to seal the truth and his labors with his blood. This was the language of his heart and practice:

> 'No cross, no suffering, I decline;
> Only let all my heart be thine.'

Who can doubt of his eternal rest, or fail to say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his'?"

The Rev. William Burke, in his Autobiography, pays the following tribute to the memory of this faithful and beloved minister of Christ:

"In 1791, Henry Birchett was sent from the Virginia Conference, and stationed on Lexington

Circuit; in 1792, on Salt River. On both those circuits he was eminently useful. He was very zealous, and declined no labor or suffering, but offered himself a willing sacrifice to the cause of his Redeemer. He was among the first preachers in the West who took a deep interest in the rising generation. In every neighborhood where it was practicable, he formed the children into classes, sang and prayed with them, catechised them, and exhorted them. For this work he had a peculiar turn, and was successful in carrying out his plan of instruction. Many years after, I have heard the young people in Kentucky and Cumberland speak in the highest terms of Henry Birchett. At the Conference held at Masterson's Station, in May, 1793, our beloved Brother Birchett was in a poor state of health. He had labored the preceding year on Salt River Circuit, the most extensive in the District, requiring more labor and suffering than any other in the country Before the close of the year, he felt a great weakness in his breast, and spitting of blood. At the Conference it appeared that Cumberland must be left to be provided for hereafter. Brother Birchett said, 'Here am I, send me.' His friends remonstrated against his going. The distance was great; considerable danger from Indians; the small-pox prevailing in the country—all was urged against his going; but, after asking the consent of Bishop

Asbury and the Conference, he said, 'If I perish, who can doubt of my eternal rest, or fail to say, Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his'? He labored with great success in Cumberland. Though weak and much afflicted in his breast, he held on his way till late in the fall, when he was obliged to stop traveling.

"He was a welcome guest at the house of a rich planter, two miles west of Nashville, by the name of James Hoggatt, where he remained, enjoying the hospitality of the family and the visits of his numerous friends, till the month of February, 1794, when he departed this life, in hope of eternal blessedness in the kingdom of God. At his request, he was wrapped in white flannel and committed to the silent grave. I often visited his grave in 1795 and 1798; but I suppose, since that day, strangers are in possession of the premises, and every vestige of the spot where he lies is obliterated, and, with the exception of a few, his name is forgotten."

Mr. John Carr, in his Early Times in Middle Tennessee, gives the following account of Mr. Birchett:

"Henry Birchett was with us in 1793. He was from Brunswick county, Virginia. He was an excellent preacher, and I do not hesitate in saying that I believe he was the most holy, de-

voted Christian I have ever known. He was a man of great faith, of which I will give an example that came under my own notice. Once on the Sabbath-day, at Norris's Meeting-house, on Big Station Camp Creek, he was preaching to a large congregation. The preaching was from a stand erected in the woods. Soon after he had begun his sermon, a most fearful cloud, dark and angry, appeared and spread over the heavens, just above the heads of the people, and from it issued most terrific thunder and lightning. The people became alarmed, panic-struck, and were in the act of scattering from the place. But just then the preacher succeeded in gaining their attention, and told them to stay and unite with him in prayer to God. He bowed, and I have never heard such a prayer! He prayed for the clouds to be dispersed, that they might have a peaceable and quiet waiting upon God. At length, when we arose from our knees, the cloud had changed its course, and passed away, and we were not interrupted by rain. This direct answer to prayer, so evident to all, had a most gracious effect upon the congregation, even the wicked believing God had heard the prayer of the preacher. Thus great good was done on that day"

The Rev. Lewis Garrett wrote, that in February, 1834, his burial-place could hardly be found: it is now totally lost. But when the trumpet

shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, he will come forth clothed with immortality

The name of Hubbard Saunders occurs in the extract from William Burke's Autobiography. He was a traveling preacher in early times, and continued in the itinerant ranks a few years, and was, as we have seen, married to Miss Russell, daughter of General Russell, of South-western Virginia. He removed to Tennessee, and settled in Sumner county, at an early day, and lived to an advanced age, laboring all the time as a local preacher. Mr. Saunders was of good family, and maintained a fine reputation as a citizen and minister. He was a brother of the Rev. Turner Saunders, for many years a citizen of Franklin, Tennessee, then of Northern Alabama, and finally of Aberdeen, Mississippi, where, a few years prior to the time of this writing, he fell asleep in Jesus. More will be said of Mr. Turner Saunders before this work shall have been completed.

The Rev Hubbard Saunders brought up a large and respectable family, all of whom, at an early age, became members of the Methodist Church. He was a man of wealth, for those days, and did much in support of the cause of Christ. On his land was erected a church and a very large encampment, where for many years in succession the Methodists held camp-meetings. These annual convocations were great blessings, and were the

nurseries of Methodism in Sumner county Here thousands of souls were converted, and from this grand center Methodism radiated, and revival followed revival till many societies were organized in the surrounding country.

Saunders's Chapel, as it has been familiarly known for many years, stands about eighteen miles from Nashville, about half a mile from the turnpike-road leading to Gallatin, and about eight miles from the latter place. The first log meeting-house was superseded by a brick chapel, and this gave way to a neat and comfortable house of two stories—the first of brick, the second frame. This house was dedicated years ago by the author. In the meantime the beautiful village of Saundersville sprang up on the main thoroughfare, and became the center of a populous neighborhood. It was determined to supersede the chapel with a new house, to be situated at a more convenient and central point in the village. This was done, and the author dedicated the Saundersville Church in the year 1867 The house still bears the name of Saunders's Chapel, in honor of the reverend man of God who had moved in the erection of the first house of worship. One of the trustees of the new building is Hubbard Saunders, the youngest son of his honored father, and a staunch Methodist and worthy citizen. The old church went into the hands of Professor Callender, a worthy Meth-

odist, who conducts in it a school of high grade. He married the granddaughter of the Rev Hubbard Saunders. The whole family cling to the Church of their parents, and are pillars in the temple of God. Thus we see the seed sown in the Holston country, more than three-quarters of a century ago, reproducing itself in Tennessee in the third and fourth generations.

John Kobler, as we have seen, was this year appointed Presiding Elder on the District embracing Holston. He continued on this District for four years, after which, in 1797, his name appears in the Minutes as Elder on the Cumberland District, in connection with Francis Poythress, supernumerary One writer says he did not remain on this District during the year, but was called away by Bishop Asbury to fill another station. In 1798, he was on the Cumberland Circuit with William Burke. He therefore labored five or six consecutive years in Tennessee, where he did a noble work. He was a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, a preacher of more than ordinary ability, and was a devout Christian. After leaving the Cumberland country, he labored in Kentucky, and was the first missionary to Ohio. Here, in what was then called the North-western Territory, he proclaimed the gospel of Christ. He volunteered for that field, and God made him wise in winning souls. Mr. Kobler, it is said, and no

doubt correctly, preached the first sermon ever delivered in what is now the great city of Cincinnati. He was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, August 29, 1768, was there converted, and commenced preaching. In this case, as in many others, a preacher from the South was the first to carry the tidings of salvation to those who lived north of Mason and Dixon's line; and yet the successors of those faithful pioneers are represented by their younger brethren as schismatics, and discarded as not entitled to equal standing and privileges with themselves. But in the morning of the great day it will be seen who are acknowledged as the faithful servants of the great Head of the Church.

Mr. Kobler's constitution, though strong, finally gave way under his arduous labors, and he was compelled to retire from the active work. In his feebleness his heart turned to his native land, and he sought and found a home in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he spent his declining years in laboring to build up the Church, visiting the sick and those who were in prison. He died on the 26th of July, 1843, in connection with the Baltimore Conference.

Mr. Carr, in his notice of the early Methodist preachers in Tennessee, speaks thus of Mr. Kobler: "He was a perfect gentleman, a most devoted Christian, the best of preachers, and a most fin-

ished scholar. He labored ardently with us, with great success, being exceedingly faithful in the discharge of every ministerial duty He returned to Virginia, and died at an advanced age, a happy and triumphant death."

The following thrilling narrative is recorded in Mr. Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism, as given by Mr. Kobler himself:

"In Powell's Valley he became acquainted with a lady who had been captured by the Indians, and who related to him her sufferings, an account of which he gave to Bishop Asbury when on a visit to his circuit. The maiden name of the lady was Dickenson. She had married a gentleman by the name of Scott, and was living in the valley. On a certain evening, her husband and children being in bed, eight or nine Indians rushed into the house full of threatening and slaughter. Startled by their terrific yells, Mr. Scott sprang from his bed, when instantly every gun they had was fired at him. Although badly wounded, he broke through them all, and ran out of the house into the woods. Several of them immediately started in pursuit, and, soon overtaking him, being faint from loss of blood, they butchered him and took off his scalp. The mother gathered her helpless children in her arms, and, convulsed with fear, awaited the result. Soon they returned, and, wresting her children from her grasp, they cruelly murdered them be-

fore her eyes. They then plundered the house, and took her prisoner. From the cabin they went out into the depths of the forest, and, kindling a fire, they spent the night in drinking, shouting, and dancing. The next day they divided the plunder among themselves as equally as possible. Among the number of articles taken was one of Mr. Wesley's hymn-books. For this they had no use, and, no one seeming to care for it, the distracted woman, by signs, desired that it might be given to her. To this they assented, and, taking the book, from whose appropriate hymns she had often derived courage and comfort, she opened its pages and began to read. When the Indians saw this, they were greatly displeased, and, snatching it from her, they gave her to understand that they believed her a conjurer. After this they started in the direction of the Indian towns, and traveled several days through the wilderness. The grief and sorrow of this afflicted woman was so great that she could scarcely realize the horrid scenes through which she had passed, and thought she was dreaming. To aggravate that grief, if possible, these fiends took the scalps of her husband and children and hung them around her neck. Thus she walked along, through tangled thickets and over rugged mountains, almost fainting from fatigue, and worn down with anguish. When they saw her panting for breath, and almost ready to

sink from exhaustion in her weary marches, they would laugh at her calamity and mock her feebleness. Every spark of humanity, however, was not extinct in this savage band. There was one Indian who, in the hour of her extremity, procured for her some water to quench her burning thirst, and, when she was ready to sink, made the remainder stop for her to rest. For eleven days they traveled on, and when almost famished with hunger, they called a halt, and, committing her to the care of an old Indian, they started off to hunt for food. After resting awhile, the old Indian went to work to dress a deer-skin. Mrs. Scott observing that his mind was wholly absorbed in his employment, walked about from place to place, and, watching her opportunity, she fled, and was soon out of sight in the forest. After running for some time, she came to a canebrake, and, entering it, was securely hidden. The Indians, on returning at night, and finding their prisoner gone, started out in pursuit of her. It seems that they had taken the direction in which she had gone; for during the night she frequently heard them searching for her, and answering one another with an owl-like hoot. In the darkness of the night, alone in the wilderness, and hunted by the savages like a beast of prey, this poor woman fell upon her knees, and poured out her soul in supplication to her Father, God. She spent the night in prayer,

and the savages, not being able to find her hiding-place, left for other parts. In the morning she started in the direction, as she supposed, of Kentucky, almost despairing of ever being permitted to look upon a white face again. One day, while wandering in the wilderness, not knowing whither she was going, almost ready to sink from want of food and rest, having nothing to subsist upon but roots, young grape-vines, and sweet cane, she heard, not far from her, a loud yell and a tremendous noise, like the furious tramping of many horses. She instantly secreted herself in a thicket close by, and in a few moments, from her hiding-place she saw a large company of Indians rush by with a drove of horses, which they had stolen from the whites. When the sound had died away, and all was still, she left her retreat, and journeyed on. After traveling a short distance, she came in sight of a huge bear, who was devouring a deer, and so pressed was she with hunger, that she drew near in hopes of getting some. At her approach the bear looked up and growled hideously Fearing an attack, she hastened away At length night came on, and she lay down, and all through its gloomy hours she dreamed of eating; but morning came, and she was sick and faint with hunger. As she pursued her journey, she came to a rocky region, and, finding a cave in which there were some leaves, she concluded, as

all hope had nearly deserted her, to go in and lie down, and resign herself to her fate. For several hours she occupied this den of wild beasts, and wept and prayed for deliverance from her pain and sorrow. Her whole system was racked with pain, so much so that she could not rest, and she was obliged to rise and pursue her journey She thought of home, and the dear ones who had been rudely snatched from her embrace, and the fountains of her grief were opened afresh, while her moans and lamentations waked the echoes of the wilderness, and reached the ears of her Father in heaven.

"Day after day she traveled on, until she finally came to the spot where the Cumberland River breaks through the mountains. She crawled down the cliffs a considerable distance, till the darkening defiles around her filled her with dismay. Far down below her rolled the rapid river—around her were craggy rocks, and above her the steep, precipitous cliffs, which her insensibility to fear had enabled her to descend, but which her strength would never allow her to scale. She was now on the edge of a frightful precipice, formed by a rock which rose up perpendicularly from the bank of the river. Go back she could not, and to descend that precipice would crush her by the fall. But it was the only alternative, and, falling upon her knees, she prayed most fervently, and commended

her soul to God. On rising, she seized a bush which grew out of the fissures of the rock, on the very edge, and letting herself down as far as it would reach, she let go, and fell to the bottom on the jagged rocks. Wonderful as it was, she was not killed; but, bruised and mangled, she lay in a state of insensibility for several hours. When she revived, she considered that her end was near, and soon her sufferings would end with her life. But her time had not yet come, and she was immortal till that hour. A sensation of thirst came on her that was insupportable. The waters were before her, dashing their spray almost at her feet, but, in her wounded and helpless condition, how could she reach them? Feeling that she must drink or die, she made an effort, and by slow and painful progress she at last crawled to the brink, and quenched her burning thirst. This greatly revived her, and, after a short time, she was able to get up and walk. Following along the bank of the river, she came to a path, and, entering it, she pursued it a short distance, when it branched off in two directions—one leading back into the wilderness, the other to the settlements. Which path to take she knew not. She, however, unfortunately determined to take the one leading to the wilderness. Before proceeding many steps, a little bird, of a dove color, flew close by her face, and fluttered along into the other path. She stopped

and gazed upon it, when it flew toward her, and then returned to the path a second time. Taking this to be a providential interference, she took the path of the bird, which flew on before her, and arrived at length among the abodes of humanity and civilization.

"Soon after, under the preaching of the gospel pioneer, she embraced religion, led a consistent life, and died in the triumphs of the Christian faith. Brother Kobler preached her funeral discourse, in which he related the wonderful trials and deliverances of this pioneer mother."

Stith Meade was on the Holston Circuit in 1793. He was a Virginian by birth, and long lived a faithful, zealous, acceptable, and useful minister of the gospel. He died, in 1835, in his native State, leaving the savor of a good name. He was not remarkable as a man of superior talents, but his piety was deep, his example excellent, and his life and character blameless. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

John Ray was on the Green Circuit this year. He lived to a good old age, having labored in Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana; and died in Indiana in 1837, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Mr. Ray was a man of considerable ability and strong feeling, full of courage, with an iron will. He was antislavery in his sentiments, and, it is said, removed to Indiana on that account.

His record as a good man and faithful minister is clear. He died in Christ. The author, however, is forced in candor to say that the strong and determined manner in which some of the early Methodist preachers opposed the institution of slavery closed the door of access to many families in Kentucky and Tennessee. Slavery, whether in itself right or wrong, was found among the people, and they, having the right by the Constitution of the Federal Government, and the Constitutions of the several States, to hold men in bondage, were firmly persuaded that ministers of the gospel had no right to interfere, by Church-discipline, with the civil institutions of the country. When, therefore, non-slave-holding was made a test of Church-membership, or, as some strenuously urged, a condition of salvation, many were turned away from the Methodists, and sought connection with those Churches that were less strenuous on this subject. The men who preached against slavery were no doubt honest and conscientious, and, believing slavery to be a sin, they allowed it no quarters; while, on the other hand, those who had no scruples on the subject, chose to form Church-alliances that would produce no friction. Hence they were lost to the Methodist Church.

CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Bruce—Sketches by Dr. Bangs and Dr. Clark—The work progresses slowly—Numbers in Society—Francis Acuff—Lewis Garrett—Copious extracts from "Recollections"—Williams Kavanaugh: his family—Jacob Lurton—Moses Speer: his family.

BEFORE progressing farther, it is proper to introduce to the reader, Philip Bruce, who for many years filled a prominent place in the Church.

Mr. Bruce was of French descent, and a native of North Carolina. His ancestors were Huguenots, and fled to America because of persecution for religious principles. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. In early life he was converted, and, with his mother, joined the Methodist Church. In 1781, he entered the traveling ministry, and continued in the active work nearly forty years, filling many of the most important and responsible positions in the Church. He preached in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. He labored in the principal cities, and traveled many of the largest Districts in the Connection. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston,

Norfolk, and Raleigh, were all honored with his labors. In the mountains of Virginia, and in the swamps of the South, he preached the gospel with power and with great success. He was a prominent member of the General Conference in 1800, and was in every subsequent General Conference till his health failed, and he retired from active labor.

He never married, but declined a matrimonial alliance by which he could have entered upon the possession of a large estate. He continued single, that he might in those early times the more efficiently serve the Church which he so dearly loved.

In 1817, his health failed, and he was placed upon the superannuated list, as a member of the Virginia Conference.

His family had removed in the meantime to Giles county, Tennessee. Mr. Bruce followed them, and remained with his relatives till he went to join the family above. But as long as he lived, he never dissolved his connection with the Virginia Conference: he died honored by his brethren, with whom he had spent the vigor of his manhood. The Conference ordered a monument to be placed at his grave, and made the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass the agent to have the work performed. He died at the house of his brother, Joel Bruce, in Lincoln county, Tennessee, on the 10th

of May, 1826, the oldest traveling preacher in the Connection at the time, except the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. He sleeps near Elk River, but his name is precious to many in Tennessee, who heard him preach in his old age.

Mr. Bruce was no ordinary man. His vigor of intellect placed him in the foremost rank, and his sound judgment and consistent piety gave him an influence in the pulpit and in deliberative bodies enjoyed only by few.

The following tribute to his memory was written by the Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D.:

"Mr. Bruce was, I should suppose, about five feet ten inches in height, and had an expression of countenance which would give you the idea of a symmetrical, well-balanced, and stable mind. His movements were easy and natural, and his whole manner gentlemanly and courteous. He was social and cheerful in private intercourse, and though never forgetting the appropriate dignity of a Christian minister, his presence would always be hailed with pleasure by any circle into which he might be thrown.

"Mr. Bruce's mind was distinguished rather for solid than showy qualities. He had excellent common sense and a sound judgment, which gave him great influence, not only in his ordinary intercourse with men, but in the Conference, and the management of the concerns of the Church at

large. Indeed, so highly was he esteemed, that he was at one time a prominent candidate for the office of Bishop, though another person was chosen.

"As a preacher, Mr. Bruce was highly respectable, though not marked by any of those striking characteristics which are apt to attract and entrance the multitude. His voice, though rather feeble, was very distinct, and capable of being easily heard by a large audience. His discourses were sensible and instructive, exhibiting divine truth in a luminous and impressive manner, though with very little of rhetorical display. He occasionally hesitated for the right word in the delivery of his discourse; and he has been known to pause, and offer a short prayer for the desired aid, and then to proceed with his accustomed fluency." *

The Rev. Laban Clark, D.D., says:

"Philip Bruce was a man of a decidedly vigorous intellect. He saw things clearly, and through the right medium. He acted conscientiously, and with great firmness of purpose. His heart was evidently set upon the promotion of the best interests of the Church; and to that end he was ready to subordinate all private considerations. His preaching was bold and earnest, but he never

* Sprague's Annals, p. 75.

uttered a sentence merely to gratify the taste of his hearers, or for any other purpose than to benefit their souls. As a member of Conference, he was always listened to with profound attention and respect; for, though he spoke frequently, his voice was never heard, unless he had something to say worth listening to. In his private intercourse he was cheerful and social, but always sufficiently sedate. He impressed you as a man who was well fitted to be at the helm in times of darkness and difficulty. I must not omit to say that he possessed a truly magnanimous spirit, for of this I happen to have had personal experience. When the subject of the ordination of local elders was before the Conference, I offered a resolution not in accordance with his views, and he felt himself called upon to oppose it. In doing so, he spoke with a little more warmth than he thought, upon mature reflection, was justified by the circumstances of the case; and, after the discussion was over, he came to me, and, in the most manly spirit, apologized for what he considered his unreasonable warmth. I hardly need say that if what he had said had been far more objectionable than it was, the fact that he was so ready to make the *amende honorable*, left him standing much higher in my estimation even than he had done before."*

* Sprague's Annals, pp. 75, 76.

The work during this year (1794) seems to have progressed rather slowly; yet the number of laborers increased, and the membership in some places multiplied. The numbers returned were as follows: Holston, 257 whites, 18 colored; New River, 255 whites, 18 colored; Green, 300 whites, 7 colored; Cumberland, 400 whites, 30 colored. Some of the former circuits appear to have been dropped from the Minutes, or they were swallowed up in other fields.

The following are the Appointments for this year: John Kobler, *Elder;* Holston, Francis Acuff and John Lindsey; New River, Samuel Rudder and John Ray; Russell, Jacob Peck; Green, Williams Kavanaugh and Lewis Garrett; Cumberland, Jacob Lurton and Moses Speer; Francis Poythress, *Elder*.

The Conference for this year convened at Lewis's Chapel, in Jessamine county, Kentucky. From the list of Appointments it will be seen that several new preachers were appointed to the work in Tennessee.

The fruit of the toil of the first preachers in Holston soon began to ripen. Francis Acuff was brought to God, and was called to the work of the ministry: his race, though short, was brilliant. The following beautiful tribute to his memory we copy from the printed Minutes:

"Francis Acuff was three years a traveling

preacher; a young man of genius and improvable parts, and apparently of a firm constitution; was much beloved, and greatly lamented by his family and Christian friends. He was born in Culpepper county, and brought up in Sullivan county, near Holston, in the State of Tennessee. He died in August, 1795, near Danville, in the State of Kentucky, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Thus dropped the morning flower: though flourishing in the morning, in the evening cut down and withered. He was soon called away from his labors in the vineyard to the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

This year the name of Lewis Garrett first appears in the Minutes. He was for many long years closely identified with the Church in Tennessee, and therefore demands more than a passing notice. Mr. Garrett, as well as many of his relatives bearing his name, have been, and are now, prominent Methodists. We copy from Mr. Garrett's own pen a brief sketch of his early life and his entrance upon the work of the ministry:

"In the year 1779, (in the midst of the Revolutionary War,) my father sold his possessions in Bottetourt county, Virginia, and removed to Kentucky, which was then thinly settled: very few ventured to settle any other way than in stations or forts—being perpetually exposed to the hostile attacks of the savage Indians. He,

however, died before he reached the place of his destination, and left a widow and eight children, the eldest about sixteen years, in the wilderness. We were obliged to settle in camps until log-cabins could be built. The winter was very cold; it was long remembered in Kentucky as the '*hard winter.*' This was a trying scene to a woman who had been educated and spent her early life near Philadelphia, and who had been accustomed to better days. The Indians stole her horses; her funds were in Continental money, which became depreciated; breadstuffs were hardly to be procured at any price, and many ate no bread till it grew and matured the next season—having nothing to sustain nature but wild meat, and that without salt. She did sometimes procure a little corn at the rate of seventy dollars per bushel, (depreciated currency,) but it was a scanty supply.

"In the spring of 1780, her second son, about eleven years of age, went out to catch a horse, and never returned. It was supposed that he was taken by the Indians, but no trace of him could ever be discovered. About 1783, her eldest son, fifteen or sixteen years old, went on a hunting excursion in company with two men: both the men were killed, and himself taken prisoner by the Shawnee Indians. Their dogs returned home; the horses and bones of the men were found some time afterward; but she was compelled to remain

full eighteen months in a state of painful suspense respecting his destiny, until all unexpectedly, like one raised from the dead, he arrived at home to cheer the almost broken heart of a widowed mother. His account of his captivity was a tale of interest. After having been dragged on through the wild-wood, with little or no nourishment, to the Shawnee towns, he was adopted into an Indian family, where he remained about six months. He was then taken to Detroit on a trading expedition; and while he was left to keep a camp on the bank of the river, was taken in a canoe by a white man, and conveyed to the house of a Frenchman. The savages sought him diligently for some time, and threatened to burn him if they found him. The Frenchman conveyed him to the house of his brother, several miles distant, where he was hospitably treated, and where he remained nearly one year, when there was an exchange of prisoners, and he was permitted to return home.

"Although fifty years* have fled away, and I have passed through a great variety of scenes and changes, yet are many of the afflicting circumstances attendant on the early settlements of Kentucky fresh in my recollection. The few emigrants, mostly pent up in stations or forts, in almost a perpetual state of alarm from the savages

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* Written 1834.

—the war-whoop, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife—short of provisions, and very little chance to cultivate the soil. To retreat to the old States was hazardous, and almost impossible—and even there the revolutionary struggle was spreading terror and dismay. There was no alternative for these hapless adventurers but to brave the dangers which thickened around, and seemed, sometimes, to threaten their entire overthrow. Little do a great proportion of the present race, who enjoy the benefits of a rich soil in the West, know of the sufferings of the first adventurers; and perhaps too few advert with humble gratitude to that superintending Providence which so manifestly stayed the hand of savage violence, and exercised his fostering care over these scattered and defenseless pioneers.

"A Baptist preacher by the name of James Smith settled a station, which assumed his name, in the fork between Dick's and Kentucky Rivers. Through his instrumentality a revival of religion was commenced, which spread all over this new and thinly-settled region. My mother, who had been raised a Presbyterian, was a subject of this revival. Amidst the din of war, and the terror of savage depredations, the work of the Lord went on, and many were the subjects of saving grace. The Baptists were almost the only denomination of Christians then known in Kentucky. They

were then very zealous, and God owned and prospered their efforts. This revival, however, had gone on but a few years, before disputation arose about the doctrines of *general* and of *limited* atonement. A heated controversy ensued, in which Smith, Tanner, two or three of the Craggs, Bledsoe, and Bailey, were prominent actors. It resulted in a separation—and the parties were designated by the names of *regular* and *separate* Baptists.

"In the spring season of this year, (1780,) my eldest brother and myself went a few hundred yards from the station, to procure a piece of timber of some kind: while he was cutting the timber, the cattle passed us grazing; suddenly they returned, apparently affrighted, with their heads and tails raised: we at this took the alarm and fled to the fort. It was discovered that a party of Indians had passed that way, by their trail being seen in the grass. It is known that cattle and horses were generally alarmed at the approach of savages in those days, and these cattle were doubtless a means in the hands of a good Providence of saving us from massacre or captivity

"When the dreariness and severity of the winter had passed away, and vegetation began to spring up, there was a kind of ground-pea, that seemed to be the peculiar product of this new

and fertile region, which was sought as food by the almost famished inhabitants, many of whom had survived through the winter without bread. This pea, dug out of the earth and roasted, possessed nourishing properties, and was a useful substitute for bread. Buffalo, elk, deer, and bear were abundant, and there was no lack of wild meat; but this being eaten alone, without salt, produced dysentery and other attendant diseases, for which there were no remedies but such as nature furnished or artless simplicity suggested. The females among these early pioneers were either constitutionally or from habit hardy, brave, and intrepid, or else they were rendered so by being placed between dreadful alternatives. Early impressions are apt to be permanent, and many of the occurrences of these trying times have not yet been effaced from my recollection.

"In April, 1794, the Western Conference convened at Lewis's, near the Kentucky River, in the neighborhood where Bethel Academy was then building. But it did not require much room or much preparation to accommodate the whole Western Conference then, which consisted of seven traveling preachers. The Bishop was not there—the Presiding Elder, Francis Poythress, was President. The great religious excitement had considerably abated in Kentucky.

"At this Conference the writer of these sketches was admitted on trial, and appointed to Green Circuit, in what is now termed East Tennessee. He left a pious widowed mother, whom he saw no more in time, with the words of the apostle bearing strongly on his mind, '*Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.*' The wilderness had to be passed through, which was difficult and dangerous. Agreeably to an appointment verbally published, which was then the custom, a company met at the Crab Orchard on a set day—there were about sixty men, six of whom were traveling preachers. They divided into two distinct companies, and a captain was elected for each, to travel in the front and rear alternately; for owing to the narrowness of the road, and the danger of attack from the lurking savages, who frequently laid in ambuscade to surprise the traveler, we were compelled to travel in what was called Indian file. The first day we reached a fort that had been established for the accommodation and safety of emigrants and travelers, and soldiers were stationed here for defense; but from the limited and rude state of the fort, and the dissipation of its inmates, the preachers and many others preferred encamping in the woods and keeping outguards. We had prayers at our fires, (for we had no tents,) and John Ray, an intrepid, fearless, zealous preacher, sung and prayed so loud, that the people of the

fort came running out to see what was the matter. His addresses to the God of providence and grace were ardent and impressive.

"The next day we traveled hard—passed the gloomy spot where, a short time before, a company had been defeated by the Indians, and two Baptist preachers killed: the sign was fresh—a gloom seemed to rest on the place and to pervade our company as we passed on. About sunset we halted on the bank of a deep, muddy creek to take up our encampment for the night. I had just time to strip my horse, tie him by the neck, give him a little of the food he carried, and eat a morsel myself, before I was placed on guard. The position I occupied was in a thick wood on the bank of the creek, with not a ray of light. Having slept very little for several nights, and being very weary, I found it difficult to keep awake standing on my feet. I had not been long there before I heard advancing toward me something like a man walking—I cocked my rifle, presented it at the noise, placed my finger on the trigger, and deliberately determined, believing it to be an Indian, to wait till he touched the muzzle of my gun, and then fire. It came pretty near, and then ran off. It was probably a wild beast.

"Shortly afterward, I was called off guard, and when I reached the camp, the whole company were upon the point of marching. We

crossed the creek in a state of confusion—some horses, riders and all, fell down the bank and plunged into the mud and water. We, however, all got over, and took up the line of march, having to feel our way, for we could not see. Mr. Ray, of whom we made mention, was our pilot, having often traveled the road; but it was so difficult to keep the track, that he declared he would leave the road and go to sleep: accordingly he turned off—all followed, and presently halted, and each kept guard for himself. I lay down at the root of a tree, with my gun on one arm and my horse hitched on the other, and slept soundly When I awoke, I was so chilled with the cold that I could not get up; after struggling a little, my system recovered its wonted energies. At daybreak we moved on, crossed the Cumberland Mountains, and reached the settlement on Clinch River, where we rested till the next day. My colleague, Williams Kavanaugh, and myself proceeded to Green Circuit; but there was not yet an end of difficulty and danger. This circuit was, for the most part, a frontier. It lay along the Holston and French Broad Rivers: there were few settlers south of French Broad, and what there were, either lived in forts cooped up in dread, or lived in strongly-built houses, with thick puncheon doors, barred up strongly when night approached. The Cherokee Indians, who were their near neighbors,

were in a state of hostility. We visited those forts and scattering settlers in quest of perishing souls. The Presiding Elder, John Kobler, on his return from one of those excursions, rode up to a cabin and saw the family lying bleeding, just butchered by the savages. Alone and defenseless, he passed on, and was mercifully preserved. The writer of these sketches frequently passed those dreary tenements, from which the inhabitants had fled for fear, alone and unattended, to preach to the inhabitants of those gloomy forts, some of whom were pious, and loved the gospel and the means of grace." *

After having traveled the Green Circuit one year, Mr. Garrett was appointed to the Russell and Orange Circuits, Virginia; Haw River and Caswell, North Carolina; Gloucester, Mecklenburg, and Greensville, Virginia; and then in 1802, he was transferred to the West, and appointed to Lexington Circuit, Kentucky, as the colleague of William Burke. In 1803, he was on the Danville Circuit, Kentucky In 1804, he was Presiding Elder on the Cumberland District. This field of labor was extensive—namely, Nashville, Red River, in Tennessee; Barren, Wayne, Lexington, in Kentucky; Natchez, Mississippi; and Illinois. Though the details of Mr. Garrett will

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* Recollections of the West. pp. 5–9, 21–25.

extend ahead of the period now under consideration, we will run the risk of making the following copious extracts from his reminiscences:

"In October, 1803, the Western Conference was held at Mount Gerizim, Harrison county, Kentucky Bishop Asbury was present in tolerable good health. The work was greatly enlarging in the West: the tide of emigration was astonishingly rapid; new settlements were constantly forming, and the revival of religion, the spread of the gospel, the enlargement of circuits and Districts, and the formation of new ones, by means of itinerant preaching, kept pace with the spreading population.

"At this Conference a new District was formed north-west of the Ohio River, called the Ohio District, and William Burke was appointed Presiding Elder. At this Conference, the writer of these sketches was appointed Presiding Elder on Cumberland District. This District was new, covered a large tract of country, a great proportion of which was newly and thinly settled. It extended east to the Cumberland Mountains, north to Green River, south as far as there were settlements, south-west to Natchez, and north-west to Illinois. The previous year, Moses Floyd had been sent to Natchez to assist Tobias Gibson in his missionary labors; and this year, H. Harriman and A. Amos were added. Benjamin Young

was sent to Illinois to preach the gospel and form societies in that then new and uncultivated region. The previous year, Barren Circuit was formed by James Gwin, and Wayne Circuit by Jacob Young. This year, Jesse Walker was sent to form a circuit in Livingston, Kentucky, near the junction of the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers; and Z. B. Thaxton to form Roaring River Circuit along the base of the Cumberland Mountain. Thus was this whole field embraced and put under moral and religious culture, thirty years ago, taking in that 'populous valley,' about which an officious ignoramus wrote some two or three years ago to the East, representing it as 'a moral waste,' and the inhabitants in a state of the most degrading ignorance.

"The writer of these sketches, about thirty years ago, traversed this valley and crossed these hills from the mouth of Cumberland River to the mountains — through the canebreaks of Caney Fork and Smith's Fork—passed through every part of the Green River Barrens, and visited almost every settlement. The settlers, though struggling with the difficulties and inconveniences necessarily connected with a new and thinly-populated country, seemed to be generally much alive to the importance of religion and the eternal interests of their souls. The revival which commenced among the Methodists and Presby-

terians in the year 1800, had spread all over this country; for each had at this time traveling preachers carrying the news of heavenly grace to almost every neighborhood. Many yet remember the zealous and useful labors of Anderson, the amiable and powerful Presbyterian traveling preacher, who fell in the field of labor, and soon went to reap an eternal reward. Here Page, Wilkerson, John and William McGee, McGready, Hodge, Gwin, etc., etc., had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed: here camp-meetings were held in their original, simple, artless style; no ostentatious show; no fine tables spread with dainties, or loaded with luxuries—a simple repast to satisfy the cravings of nature; and then preaching a plain, unsophisticated gospel, prayer and songs of praise were the delightful employments. The woods resounded with the shouts of the converted, and the responding hallelujahs of the happy

"It was then difficult to discriminate between a Presbyterian and a Methodist preacher, or member: they preached together, and shouted together—for stiff, sullen, dry formality was then not much in vogue. The gospel preached was the power of God to salvation; and the religion which was experienced warmed, and animated, and kindled into rapture. Its possessors felt it, 'pressed down, shaken together, and running over.'

"These were pleasant days, refreshing and joyous seasons. All was harmony and love. It was indeed a verification of that prediction, 'The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.'

"Here the forests were clearing, the canebrakes rooting out, school-houses building, meeting-houses erecting — cut or hewn out of the forest; settlements filling up and extending; the work of civilization and moral and religious culture going forward, in a degree that would perhaps have astonished a student from an Eastern seminary, who still may dream that it is a 'moral desolation.' In fine, these hardy pioneers were religious, shrewd, and enterprising, and the God of providence and grace smiled propitiously upon them, prospered their efforts, enlarged their coasts, took many of them joyfully to heaven, and left their children to enjoy the fruits of their adventures and enterprising toil.

"On Cumberland District—some account of the extent and prospects of which we have given on a general scale—there was much, in 1804, to exercise the patience, try the fortitude, and call forth the energies of traveling preachers. The country was for the most part newly and thinly settled; the rides long; the pathways narrow, and dim, and sometimes through the woods; deep and

rapid streams to cross; no bridges—it was swim or lie in the woods; and then, wet and weary, hungry and cold, lodge in an open cabin, and after a scanty repast of the coarsest kind, sleep on the floor or a hard bed, exposed to the bleak winds of winter, or the ravages of vermin in summer.

"But what of all this? These itinerant missionaries were not looking at the things that are seen; they had respect to a better reward, and a more durable inheritance. They were getting souls for their hire, and they counted not their sufferings great or their lives dear, so that they might win Christ, and save souls from eternal death. The traveling preachers of those days were *traveling* preachers in reality They did not think that, when they had ridden so many miles, or preached so many times, their work was done—that they might 'stay longer at any place than was strictly necessary' They did not hurry on to their homes, their favorite places, or their secular employments, and neglect their appointments, their class-meetings, or their pastoral visits, and their labors of love among the poor of the flock. They did not seek to please men by conforming to the customs or fashions of the world, or by shunning honest, blunt truth, for fear of offending delicate and itching ears.

"It is true that they got but little money,

had but little ease, and spent no idle time. The good people who loved the gospel, sometimes gave them homespun clothes, and if their clothes were ragged, and their pockets penniless, these things did not move them. Their way was onward. That zeal and courage which the gospel inspires enabled them to overleap every barrier. 'To die in the field of battle' was their motto, and God gave them the victories of the cross, and the spread, growth, and prosperity of the Church in this widely-extended Western region.

"Here, indeed, the harvest was great and the laborers few Six circuits and two missions comprised in Cumberland District about eight or nine traveling preachers, nearly all of whom were young and unordained — very few local preachers; and this covering a vast extent of country, where were widely scattered the purchase of a Redeemer's blood, and where there was much religious excitement and pressing calls for gospel labors.

"In the spring of the year 1804, the writer of these sketches, and that laborious, useful pioneer, Jesse Walker, designed visiting Illinois, to which place a missionary had been sent the preceding fall; but the season being wet, the Ohio had overflowed its banks and obstructed our passage, so that we could not proceed. We, however, turned up the Ohio, swam our horses across Tradewater,

Pond River, penetrated the swamps, searched out the new settlements, crossed Green River to Hartford, formed a circuit, constituted societies, and saw an opening prospect of doing much good. In the neighborhood of Hartford we found a local preacher by the name of Taylor, who had emigrated from the East, and settled here; and though a plain blacksmith, he had been instrumental in getting up a considerable revival: many were made the subjects of converting grace, and a large society was formed in the neighborhood.

"In Henderson county, between Pond River and the Ohio, we found an old Methodist, by the name of Browder, in a settlement making no pretensions to religion, and destitute of the means of grace. Here we appointed a camp-meeting to be held the following summer in the woods. The old man built a shelter at a spring. A local preacher by the name of Hollace went with me sixty or seventy miles. Jesse Walker arrived. The people gathered from twenty to forty miles around—brought their provisions in their wallets and saddle-bags: in this simple style we labored three or four days, and the power of the Lord was present to heal. Many were awakened and converted, and a society was raised in this new settlement of thirty or forty members.

"This kind of labor, and such homely fare, to

be sure, would not so well suit effeminate dandies, who seem scarcely to think souls worth saving, unless they can be found in towns, or among the rich, or in fashionable circles. The polished academician who, under some circumstances, would assume the title of missionary, could perhaps hardly be prevailed on so far to imitate the example of Him who had 'not where to lay his head,' as to go into the woods and preach the gospel to the poor, lodge upon the ground, eat a morsel of meat and bread, and toil day and night to save souls." *

Mr. Garrett continued on the Cumberland District in 1805, and then located. He remained local a number of years, residing in Middle Tennessee and North Alabama, preaching and teaching, devoting a portion of his time to farming. In 1824, he was reädmitted into the Tennessee Conference, and was stationed in the town of Nashville. In 1825, he was on the Nashville District, as Presiding Elder, where he was continued for two years. He then sustained a supernumerary relation for a few years, and was again appointed to the Nashville District. The following sketch was prepared by the author, and published in Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky:

"Lewis Garrett was one of the early preachers

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* Recollections of the West, pp. 40–47.

who bore a conspicuous part in planting Methodism and establishing the cause of Christianity in the West. His labors were not confined to this new and inviting field of toil, though some of the best days of his early life and ministry were spent in Kentucky.

"Mr. Garrett was a native of Pennsylvania—born April 24, 1772—but while he was yet a child, his parents removed to Virginia. There they continued only a few years before they set out for the fertile valley of the 'far West.' On the way the father, Lewis Garrett, died, leaving a widow and eight children in the wilderness. They, however, pressed forward with sad hearts, and, accompanied by other immigrant families, reached Scott's Station, between Dick's and Kentucky Rivers, where they halted and erected temporary cabins. This was in the autumn of 1779. Here the family encountered sore difficulties. The winter was extremely cold, provisions were very scarce, and the Indians hostile. Two of his brothers were captured by the savages, one of whom was a prisoner for eighteen months, and the other was never heard from.

"The family of Mr. Garrett became identified with the Methodists in 1786; but in 1790, a great revival prevailed in the settlements, under the ministry of Benjamin Ogden, James Haw, and Barnabas McHenry. It was in this revival that

young Garrett was awakened and converted. In 1794, he entered the traveling connection. The Conference for the West was held that year at Lewis's, near the Kentucky River. Moses Speer and Williams Kavanaugh were admitted at the same Conference.

"For twelve consecutive years Mr. Garrett traveled and preached in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky In 1802, he was on the Lexington Circuit; 1803, Danville; 1804, Presiding Elder on the Cumberland District.

"His health having failed, he located for a season, and settled in Tennessee. He afterward returned to the itinerant work, and spent many days in the ministry, preaching on circuits, in towns, and on large districts. He was for many years a leading member of the Tennessee Conference, and filled many important appointments.

"He finally, in connection with the Rev John N Maffit, commenced in Nashville the publication of the Western Methodist, a popular weekly sheet, advocating the claims of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He also established a book-store, where he for years did an extensive business.

"He became somewhat involved in difficulties and serious strife with some of his brethren, which resulted in a severance from the Church for a few years. He, however, came back to the bosom of his mother, became a member of the Mississippi

Conference, where he labored and preached with great success till 'the wheels of nature stood still,' and he 'ceased at once to work and live.'

"He died at the home of his son, M. Garrett, Esq., near Vernon, Mississippi, April 28, 1857, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

"Mr. Garrett was in person rather under size; slender, but well formed. His face was finely chiseled, and his features were indicative of strength and sprightliness of intellect. His eye was a dark brown, and very piercing; his voice was full and mellow, his accent and articulation superior, his manner very deliberate, and his sermons at times overpowering. Indeed, he was an extraordinary man, and accomplished much for the Church. He died in peace—yea, in triumph—and now rests from his labors, while his works do follow him."

We copy the following from the General Minutes for the year 1857:

"Lewis Garrett was born April 24, 1772, in Pennsylvania, and died April 28, 1857, near Vernon, Mississippi, in the full assurance of faith, aged eighty-five years and four days. Soon after the birth of our brother, his father, Mr. Lewis Garrett, removed to Virginia; but in 1779 sold out his possessions in that State, and started, with his wife and eight children, in quest of a home in what was then called the far West. In some

Recollections published by our departed brother of himself and others, during the year 1848, he refers to the vivid impressions of those days, and the many difficulties this emigrant family had to encounter in its passage over the mountains to seek a home on the rich lands of Kentucky On the way his father died, at a station on Clinch River; but his mother continued her journey, under the protection of her brother, Morris Gwin, and other emigrant families, and took up her residence at Scott's Station, between Dick's and the Kentucky Rivers, in the autumn of 1779. There they erected temporary cabins, and remained during what was long called the 'hard winter,' getting their corn, at the hazard of life, from the Ohio, which, when procured, they had to pound, in order to obtain from it bread. As all could not get even this, many lived chiefly on wild meat and a wild pea growing in the country. In the spring of 1780, the prowling savages commenced their attacks on the whites. The second son of Mrs. Garrett, named Phinehas, about eleven years old, was captured by the Indians; and, in 1783, her eldest son, Eli, then about sixteen years old, being out on a hunting expedition, was also captured. The former was never heard of; the latter was not recovered until eighteen months after. During the year 1782, Mr. Garrett's mother and sister became the subjects of a revival then in progress

in their vicinity; but in 1786, a revival far more extensive and powerful commenced through the instrumentality of James Haw and Benjamin Ogden, both of whom visited the widowed mother of young Garrett, who, although but a boy, was even then accustomed to mark and observe upon the pious and upright walk of these holy men. In 1787, Barnabas McHenry was appointed, in connection with James Haw, to Cumberland Circuit; and through the instrumentality of this good young man, who went about daily doing good, at the hazard of his life, young Garrett was first impressed with the necessity of religion. At what particular time or place he was converted we do not find recorded in his recollections of those times, but in 1794, at the meeting of the Western Conference at Lewis's, near the Kentucky River, he, Moses Speer, and Williams Kavanaugh, were admitted on trial, and Brother Garrett appointed, with Brother Kavanaugh, to Green Circuit, in what is now called East Tennessee. He, with four other preachers, met at the Crab Orchard, and, attended by about sixty men, proceeded on their way to their appointments, in imminent danger, almost every hour, of losing their lives by the Indians constantly prowling about for murder and plunder. The description given by Mr. Garrett of their difficulties and dangers is truly interesting, and displays the courage and deep devotion

of the men of that day In 1795, he was appointed to Russell Circuit; in 1796, to Orange; 1797, Haw River; 1798, Caswell; 1799, Portsmouth; 1800, Gloucester; 1801, Mecklenburg; 1802, Lexington, Ky.; 1803, Danville, 1804, Presiding Elder on Cumberland District, in what was then called the Western Conference; 1805, the same District. It appears in the General Minutes that Mr. Garrett located at the Conference of October, 1805. Of this act he has the following printed account: 'At this Conference (1805) the writer [L. G.] of these sketches found it necessary to desist from traveling at large. Twelve years' incessant travel and labor, upon an extensive scale, had considerably enfeebled a once robust constitution.' These, with family considerations, induced him to locate. In connection with the account of his location, he dilates on the happiness he enjoyed in those days of primitive Methodism in his associations with many of those pioneers of the gospel whilst he traveled extensively through Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina; and especially does he mention the ever-venerated names of Asbury and M'Kendree. But, in a located condition, he was not idle. Ever active, when not pressed by family considerations, he was abundant in the work of the ministry; and, as evidence of this fact, we need only say that he was an active and a zealous participant

in the extensive revivals in Kentucky and Tennessee which occurred about the time, and soon after his location. These sketches of himself and others were first published in the Western Methodist; afterward, when corrected, they appeared in a small volume, printed at Yazoo City. In 1816, Brother Garrett reëntered the traveling connection, and was appointed to Stone's River Circuit; 1817, Dixon; 1818 and 1819, Cumberland; 1820, Duck River; 1821, Missionary to Jackson's Purchase; 1822, Duck River District; 1823, Forked Deer District; 1824, Nashville; 1825–1829, in a supernumerary relation; 1830–1832, Presiding Elder of Nashville District; in 1834 and 1835, at the Book Depository, Nashville; 1836, as a supernumerary; 1837, he located; but in 1848, Brother Garrett appears as a superannuated minister in the Mississippi Conference, which relation he sustained to that Conference until the time of his death. Our venerable brother was a man of more than ordinary mind. In our opinion, he possessed deep and undissembled piety; generally of few words, and remarkable for his industry and zeal, as well as his attachment to what he considered the ancient landmarks of Methodism. Having settled near Vernon, Madison county, Mississippi, he was employed as a missionary among the colored people, to whom he preached, and among whom he labored zealously as long as

he was able to do so. At last, after having been a preacher for at least sixty-three years, it was apparent to all his friends who visited him that he was sinking apace. It is said that the last time he attended church he was extremely happy, and he remarked to a brother who called to see and pray with him and his venerable wife, in the language of Wesley, 'The best of all is, God is with us.' He had but three sons: one of them had already departed, leaving behind an interesting family, that had endeared itself to him by very many kind attentions, and who now revere his memory and recur to him as a model of piety; another son was distant; but the third, M. Garrett, Esq., seeing the low condition of the health of his father, removed him to his own house, where he shortly after died in great peace. When evidently fast sinking to the grave, he was frequently roused up and asked respecting his feelings in prospect of death. He always assured his kind and attentive son, and other friends who came to see him, that 'all was well with Lewis Garrett.' On one occasion, and just before his death, a local minister called to see him, and, addressing him, asked, 'Brother Garrett, do you know me? Tell me, and let me know if all is well, and you are ready to die.' To which he replied, in his own laconic style, 'To be sure, Brother Goodloe, I know you well; and I know

the Lord Jesus Christ too. His blood and righteousness I make my only plea.' These were the last words he spoke. Soon after, he became speechless, but by signs gave testimony to the last that God was with him. We might expatiate on the many virtues of this venerable servant of God—his deep and undissembled piety, his zeal, his usefulness—of which there is abundant evidence, but it would extend this notice to an unreasonable length. He leaves a wife, two sons, and several grandchildren to mourn his departure. It is not saying too much in praise of our departed brother, that there have lived but very few such men as Lewis Garrett, habitually pious, and 'holy in all manner of conversation and godliness.' How applicable to such a man and such a course the text selected for his funeral-sermon: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' Amen."

There are several errors in the foregoing admirable memoir, which we note here for the truth of history:

1. Neither Barnabas McHenry nor James Haw

was on the Cumberland Circuit in 1787, but Benjamin Ogden was.

2. It was in Kentucky, and not in the Cumberland Circuit, where Mr. Garrett embraced religion.

3. This memoir states that Mr. Garrett located in 1805, and returned to the Conference in 1816, and was successively on the Stone's River, Dixon, Cumberland, and Duck River Circuits, and on the Jackson's Purchase Mission, Duck River, and Forked Deer Districts. This is all incorrect. It was Lewis Garrett, Jr., a nephew of Lewis Garrett, Sr., who filled the above-named appointments. Lewis Garrett, Sr., as we have seen, reëntered the Conference in 1824.

Williams Kavanaugh, the colleague of Mr. Garrett, was a promising man, but at an early period married, and retired from the itinerant work. He afterward joined the Protestant Episcopal Church. His family, however, adhered to the Methodists, and to this day his name is honored in the Church by his posterity. Bishop Kavanaugh, Dr. Benjamin T. Kavanaugh, the Rev Williams B. Kavanaugh, and other younger members of the family, are in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The name is a household word in the Methodist Connection.

Jacob Lurton, whose name stands in connection with the Cumberland Circuit this year, was a laborious and successful minister of Christ. He

traveled the West Jersey Circuit, in Virginia, in Pennsylvania, in Maryland, and in the West. He witnessed a gracious revival on the Cumberland Circuit, which extended into Kentucky His health, however, failed, and he retired at the end of this year from the itinerant work. He resided for awhile in Kentucky, but afterward removed to Illinois, where he ended his days in peace.

Moses Speer was the colleague of Mr. Lurton on the Cumberland Circuit. He was a native of Maryland, but removed with his father to Kentucky while he was very young, and lived near to where the city of Louisville now stands. Here he commenced preaching. On the Cumberland Circuit he was very useful, and witnessed the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the people. During this year he was married to Miss Ewing, a lady of excellent family He located and lived for many years in the vicinity of Nashville, where he labored as a local preacher. He brought up a large and respectable family Two of his sons entered the ministry The Rev James G. H. Speer was admitted into the Tennessee Conference in 1822, and was appointed to the Lebanon Circuit; in 1823, to Knox Circuit; and in 1824, to Little River, in East Tennessee. This year the Conference was divided, and the Holston Conference set off. Mr. Speer fell into the Holston division, where he filled the Blountville Circuit

in 1825. Here his health failed, and he was placed on the superannuated list. He continued in this relation till 1833. Having married Miss O'Bryan, he removed to Robertson county, where he died in the faith. He left a widow (now Mrs. Gooch) and a small family of children, who are an honor to his name.

The Rev. Samuel W Speer, D.D., now a member of the Louisville Conference, is also a son of the Rev. Moses Speer. It is a singular fact, that Moses Speer was the first Protestant minister who preached the gospel in Indiana, and that his son, Dr. Speer, is now, at the time of this writing, the first preacher of the South to visit the same State to establish a Southern Methodist Church therein.

Miss Mary Speer, a daughter of the Rev Moses Speer, became the wife of the Rev. Greenberry Garrett, then a member of the Tennessee Conference. She was a noble Christian woman, and, years afterward, died in Christ. She sleeps in South Alabama. Mr. Speer, in his old age, reëntered the itinerant ranks, and labored in the bounds of the Red River Circuit, Arkansas Conference, in 1838, and in the Montgomery Circuit, Texas, in 1839. This year closed his earthly toil. He died in Christ, having passed his three-score years and ten.

CHAPTER IX.

Decrease in the membership—The reasons why—Revolutionary War—Indian troubles—Civil history—State formed and admitted into the Union—Legislature—Colonel Weakley—Samuel Weakley and family—Tobias Gibson—Benjamin Lakin—Ebenezer Conference—General fast and thanksgiving.

THERE was a decrease in most of the circuits this year (1795.) Indeed, the work seemed almost at a stand-still, if really the cause was not losing ground. This, however, is not to be wondered at, if the state of the country be borne in mind. It was not till this year that the Indian war was suspended—up to this date every thing seemed to be unfavorable, and the inhabitants labored under serious embarrassments. "Their frequent conflicts with the Indians, the War of the Revolution, and the exciting scenes through which the pioneers of Tennessee had passed during the formation at several periods of their civil government, had been accompanied with a necessary relaxation of morals. Religious instruction and worship were necessarily neglected, and the forms even of religion were most imperfectly

maintained. The march of armies and the excitement of a soldier's life are little favorable to the culture of the moral sense: vice and immorality follow their train. The same may be said of the clamor and tumult attending upon political antagonism and faction: they have little tendency to make men better. The standard of morality is lowered, and the sacred fire of conscience burns less purely both in the congregation and the family Scenes of bloodshed and partisan animosity steel the heart against the commands of God." * Such is the picture drawn of the state of society in the early settlement of Tennessee, and such were the surroundings, which made it very difficult to advance the cause of religion among the early settlers. The few ministers who came out as missionaries had to be guarded from fort to fort and from block-house to block-house. They had to carry their fire-arms, and often preach while the men of their congregations heard the word with their rifles in their hands, ready at a moment's warning to enter into deadly conflict with a merciless foe.

A new order of things now arrests the attention of the reader. Up to this time, Tennessee had been a Territory, not well defined in its boundaries, and very unsettled in its government.

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* Ramsey's History of Tennessee.

Now the country is about to assume a more important and imposing attitude. William Blount, Governor of the Territory, in accordance with provisions of an act of the Territorial Government, passed July 11, 1795, ordered an enumeration of the inhabitants of the Territory south of the Ohio River. The results are found in the following table, viz.:

		Slaves.	Total.
Washington	county	978	10,105
Jefferson	"	776	7,840
Hawkins	"	2,472	13,331
Greene	"	466	7,638
Knox	"	2,365	11,573
Sullivan	"	777	8,457
Sevier	"	129	3,578
Blount	"	183	2,816
Davidson	"	992	3,613
Sumner	"	1,076	6,370
Tennessee	"	398	1,941
		10,612	77,262

The population was sufficiently large to allow the Territory to be formed into a State; hence a convention was called, a constitution formed, and application was made for admission as a State into the Federal Union.

The first Legislature, under the new constitution, assembled at Knoxville, in March, 1796. The Representatives from Davidson county were Robert Weakley and Seth Lewis. Colonel Weak-

ley was an early settler on the Cumberland; was an excellent surveyor, and located many valuable lands in this new and fertile region. He lived to old age, and died at his residence, on the north side of the Cumberland, about two miles from Nashville. The author preached his funeral-sermon. Colonel Weakley was a man of iron will and untiring energy He accumulated large property, and was considered one of the wealthy citizens of the State. He always maintained a good reputation, and was honored by his fellow-citizens. Not long after the introduction of Methodism into this country, he was converted, and united with the Church, and was a zealous member. He soon afterward was married to Miss Locke, of North Carolina—a most excellent lady, of a distinguished family Miss Locke, however, was not a member of the Church, though piously trained among the Presbyterians. The preacher having pastoral charge of Colonel Weakley was a rigid administrator, and in enforcing an old rule in the Discipline, which did not allow the members of the Church to intermarry with "*unbelievers*," he arraigned the Colonel. Mrs. Weakley was sorely afflicted, and though not a Church-communicant, she honored Christianity and highly esteemed Christians, and said that one reason which moved her to marry Mr. Weakley was, that he was a member of the Church. All this

had no influence with the inflexible preacher, and Colonel Weakley was separated from the Church. This harsh administration exerted a very pernicious influence upon his mind, and for many years alienated him from the Church and from religion. His wife in the meantime united with the Presbyterian Church, and became a devout Christian. Finally, the Colonel was reclaimed, reünited with the Church, lived many years a faithful and zealous member, and finally died in the faith.

The following letter, dated Nashville, April 23, 1869, was written by Robert W Brown, Esq., which the author incorporates with pleasure into this notice:

"At your request, and with much pleasure to me, I give you a few incidents and facts in the life of your devoted friend, and my grandfather, the late Colonel Robert Weakley, who was the third son of Robert Weakley, Sr., of Halifax county, Virginia, a Welshman by birth, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Robert Weakley, Jr., was born July 2, 1764. At the age of sixteen, he fought in the battles of Guilford Courthouse and Alamance. Sickness, from camp-fever, prevented his being at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

"April 18, with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and one dollar and seventy five cents, he left his

paternal home in Halifax, and repaired to his cousin, General Rutherford's, in North Carolina, to study surveying. He came to Nashville, I think, about the year 1783 or 1784.

"He was early impressed with the great importance of his soul's salvation, and while riding along the road all alone, save to the All-seeing Eye, experienced the forgiveness of his sins, and shortly thereafter united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"In 1791, he married the daughter of General Matthew Locke, near Salisbury, North Carolina, who was not a member of any Church. For this act he was brought before the Church. The minister remarked, if he would express his regret at marrying his wife, he would not be excommunicated from the Church. At this remark he became so indignant that he withdrew from the Church; but, thanks be to God, many years before his death, he was brought back to the fold again, and died an humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Robert Weakley was a member, from Davidson county, of the first General Assembly of Tennessee, under the constitution of 1796. He was elected a member of Congress, from the Nashville District, in 1809. In 1811, his private affairs requiring his presence at home, he was not a candidate for reëlection, and was succeeded by the Hon. Felix Grundy I have often listened

with pleasure to my grandfather's description of the peculiarities or eccentricities of John Randolph, of Roanoke.

"My grandfather heard Mr. Clay deliver his celebrated speech against the recharter of the United States Bank, which greatly increased his admiration of the distinguished Kentuckian. My grandfather was a 'hard-money man'—opposed to all banks—and a democrat of 'the State rights, strict constitutional construction school.' He was a member of the North Carolina Convention of 1788, that rejected the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

"In 1815, Robert Weakley, R. C. Foster, Sr., Jesse Wharton, and General Johnson, (father of the late Hon. Cave Johnson,) all from Middle Tennessee, and McMinn, of East Tennessee, were candidates for the gubernatorial chair. McMinn was elected, Robert Weakley receiving the next highest number of votes cast. In 1819, my grandfather was elected Speaker of the Senate, and was the principal friend of the late President James K. Polk in securing his election as Clerk of the House. My grandfather was reëlected Speaker in 1823. The venerable Francis B. Fogg and my grandfather were the members from Davidson county to the Revised Constitutional Convention of 1834. My grandfather was frequently an acting Justice of the Quorum Court, which, if I mis-

take not, was succeeded by the present Circuit Court. He, as you know, was a great financier, and left to his descendants large possessions in real estate, near Nashville and Memphis; and, although a man of towering ambition, yet integrity and uprightness were his polar stars. Like General Washington, he always believed 'honesty was the best policy' He possessed strong prejudices, for and against. He was devoted to his friends. When a little boy, my grandfather and General Jackson made impressions on my youthful mind which have not been made by any I have known in later years. Robert Weakley's faults were incident to human frailty—his virtues few possessed. If my devotion to his memory borders too much on man-worship, I feel, Brother McFerrin, that you, who were his favorite minister, and the one selected by his family to preach his funeral-sermon, will at least pardon the fault, if fault it be.

"P S. In 1791, General James Robertson, Major Edwin Hickman, Colonel Robert Weakley, and three chain-carriers, were surveying land in what is now Hickman county, Tennessee. The party encamped one night in a canebrake. Just before day, Major Hickman was awakened by a remarkable dream. He awoke Colonel Weakley, and, while telling him he dreamed the Indians had killed him, the two were startled by the rustling

or cracking of the cane, and on looking round, saw two Indians with guns leveled at them. One fired and killed Major Hickman; the one aimed at Colonel Weakley snapped his gun, and he saw the Indian's fiendish grin of disappointment. The remaining five made their way home. Colonel Weakley reached Nashville, about sixty miles, raised a body of men, returned, found the body of Major Hickman, and gave it the best interment in their power.

"I received these facts from my grandfather."

His brother, Samuel Weakley, was also converted, and with his charming wife united with the Methodists. Their son, now the Rev. Dr. B. F Weakley, and their grandson, the Rev. Wickliff Weakley, of the Tennessee Conference, are some of the fruits of early Methodism. Some of Colonel Weakley's grandchildren* are now honored members of the Methodist Church, and have great reverence for the memory of their sainted grandfather.

Seth Lewis, Colonel Weakley's colleague, afterward removed to Louisiana, where he lived till old age. He was a gentleman of wealth and cultivation, and was a zealous Methodist, and brought up a large family, who occupied an elevated position. One of his daughters was the first wife of

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* Robert W Brown, Esq., and his sister.

the Rev. William McMahon, D.D.; another married the Rev. John Menifee, the father of Mrs. Huston, wife of the Rev. L. D. Huston, D.D., now of Baltimore. Judge Lewis was well known in the South, and highly honored.

The change in the civil condition of the country seemed to have been a previous preparation for the great revival of religion, which followed a few years subsequently The population increased rapidly by immigration: new settlements were formed, and more effectual doors were opened for the spread of the gospel. In the meantime the ministers continued faithful in their vocation, and persevered in sowing the good seed, which sprung up after many days, bringing forth abundant fruit.

Among the preachers of this year, we mention Peter Guthrie, who was appointed to the Cumberland Circuit with William Burke. Benjamin Lakin and Nathanael Munsey were on the Green Circuit. Holston, Tobias Gibson and Aquila Jones.

Among these, perhaps, the most prominent was Mr. Gibson. Many notices have been made of this devout servant of Jesus Christ, but no writer has presented an overwrought portrait. It would be difficult to exaggerate while speaking of the zeal, piety, or sufferings of Tobias Gibson. The following very full and satisfactory sketch we copy from the Minutes:

"Tobias Gibson was a native of South Carolina, born in Liberty county, on Great Pee Dee, November 10, 1771. He was admitted on trial in 1792, and filled the following stations: Bush River, 1792; Santee, 1793; Union, 1794; Holston, 1795; Edisto, 1796; Santee, 1797; Charleston, 1798; Anson, 1799; missionary to Natchez, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804. The 5th day of April, 1804, he died at Natchez, Claiborne county And what shall we say of this good man? What motive was it that induced him to travel, and labor, and suffer so much, and so long? He had a small patrimony of his own, that improved, might have yielded him support. The promise of sixty-four dollars per annum, or two-thirds, or the half of that sum, just as the quarterly collections might be made in the circuits, could not be an object with him. His person and manners were soft, affectionate, and agreeable. His life was a life of devotion to God. He was greatly given to reading, meditation, and prayer. He very early began to feel such exertions, exposures, and changes as the first Methodist missionaries had to go through in spreading the gospel in South Carolina and Georgia, preaching day and night: his feeble body began to fail, and he appeared to be superannuated, a few years before he went to the Natchez country It is reported that when he

found his difficulties, after traveling six hundred miles to Cumberland, he took a canoe and put his saddle and equipage on board, and paddled himself out of Cumberland into the Ohio River, and took his passage, six or eight hundred miles, in the meanders of the Great River: what he met with on his passage is not known—whether he went in his own vessel, or was taken up by some other boat, but he arrived safe at his port. Afterward, it was reported to the Conference that he said he was taken up by a boat. Four times he passed through the wilderness, a journey of six hundred miles, amidst Indian nations and guides, in his land-passages from the Cumberland settlement to Natchez. He continued upon his station till he had relief sent him from the Western Conference, where he came and solicited help in his own person, and in the habit of a very sick man.

"A correspondent writes, 'He preached his last sermon on New-year's-day, 1804; that it was blessed to many that heard him; that he visited him in his sickness; that Tobias Gibson said he was not afraid to die, and appeared to wish for the hour; that he was a pattern of patience, humility, and devotion, through his life and death at Natchez; that the fruits of his labors are visible to this day; that he was greatly esteemed by the people of God, and respected

and revered in some degree by the people of the world, as a Christian and a minister.' When Elijah was taken away, there was an Elisha: we have two valuable men that will supply his place; but still Gibson opened the way: like a Brainard, he labored and fainted not, nor dared to leave his station till death gave him an honorable discharge. The writer of these memoirs has been more explicit than usual, to show the modern preachers how some of their elder brethren have labored and suffered, and how extensively they have traveled, that they may see how ancient fields and vineyards, now delightful and fruitful spots, were won by the sword of the Lord and Gideon; and think how their brethren lodged upon the cold ground, exposed to savages; of their want of water, food, sleep, and friends; passing hills, vales, mountains, rivers, and rocks; of a man's taking down his bag of corn for his bed, and his saddle for his pillow, not knowing but he might feel the Indian death-blow, or hear the dying groans of one of his fellow-travelers, or be himself the victim. Thanks be to the Most High, who hath now stilled the heathen round about! Hark! as if we heard the voice of Tobias Gibson, crying in the wilderness between Cumberland and Natchez—a voice of prayer, preaching, exhortation, and praise; but O now in heavenly songs he joins to praise the eternal

Trinity, in eternal unity in the land of rest, the saints' delight, the heaven prepared for all faithful, holy preachers, and people!

"The author of these memoirs thought he had gone far in the character and praise of Tobias Gibson; but by appealing to the yearly Conference in South Carolina, some of the elders present thought it was far too low; that Tobias Gibson did for many years preach, profess, possess, and practice Christian perfection; and that those who were acquainted with him, must be impressed with his depth of piety; that infidelity itself would stagger before such a holy, loving, and devoted man of God."

The colleague of Mr. Gibson, Aquila Jones, traveled a year or two after this, and then retired from the active work.

Benjamin Lakin was born in Maryland, August 23, 1767; was of an English family; was left an orphan when nine years old; removed with his mother to Kentucky about the year 1793. In 1794, he began to preach, and in 1795, he was admitted on trial and placed on the Green Circuit. He afterward labored in the great revival in Kentucky, and in Ohio a few years as a local preacher, but generally as an active, successful, and faithful itinerant. He won many souls to Christ, and was a zealous and able advocate of Methodism. He received Bishop Kavanaugh and

Dr. J. P Durbin into the Church. He died in peace, in the State of Ohio, in the year 1846. His name has left a sweet savor.

"The Conference this year was held at Ebenezer—Earnest's neighborhood—on the Nolichucky, the last week in April. We passed through the wilderness this year without much apprehension of danger. The most of the preachers from Kentucky met their brethren on the Holston District. This was the largest Annual Conference we had ever seen in the West. Bishop Asbury attended, and it was a Conference of considerable interest." *

There were Conferences held this year also in Baltimore, in Virginia, in Charleston, in Connecticut, in New York, and in Philadelphia, and a General Conference at Baltimore. To give the reader some idea of the spirit of those times, we copy the following from the General Minutes:

GENERAL FAST.

It is recommended by the general traveling ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that the first Friday in March, 1796, should be held as a most solemn day of fasting, humiliation, prayer, and supplication. It is desired that it should be attended to in all our societies and congregations, with sabbatical strictness; that we

* William Burke.

should bewail our manifold sins and iniquities; our growing idolatry, which is covetousness and the prevailing love of the world; our shameful breach of promises, and irreligious habits of making contracts, even without the intention of honest heathens to fulfill them; our superstition, the trusting in ceremonial and legal righteousness, and substituting means and opinions for religion; the profanation of the name of the Lord; the contempt of the Sabbath, even by those who acknowledge the obligation we are under to keep it holy, for many make no distinction between this and a common day, and others make a very bad distinction, by sleeping, walking, visiting, talking about the world, and taking their pleasure; too many also, in many parts of the country, profane the sacred day, by running their land and water-stages, wagons, etc.; disobedience to parents, various debaucheries, drunkenness, and such like; to lament the deep-rooted vassalage that still reigneth in many parts of these free, independent United States; to call upon the Lord to direct our rulers, and teach our senators wisdom; that the Lord would teach our people a just and lawful submission to their rulers; that America may not commit abominations with other corrupt nations of the earth, and partake of their sins and their plagues; that the gospel may be preached with more purity, and be heard with more affec-

tion; and that he would stop the growing infidelity of this age, by calling out men who shall preach and live the gospel; that the professors may believe the truths, feel the power, partake of the blessings, breathe the spirit, and obey the precepts of this glorious gospel dispensation; that Africans and Indians may help to fill the pure Church of God.

GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

It is recommended by the general ministry, to all our dearly beloved brethren and sisters that compose our societies and sacred assemblies, to observe the last Thursday in October, 1796, as a day of holy gratitude and thanksgiving; to lay aside the cares of the world, and to spend the day in acts of devotional gratitude: as a Society, to give glory to God for his late goodness to the ancient parent Society from whom we are derived; that they have been honored with the conversion of hundreds and thousands within these two years last past; for such a signal display of his power in the Methodist Society, within the space of twenty-six years, through the continent of America, as may be seen in the volume of our Annual Minutes, published in 1795; for the late glorious and powerful work we have had in Virginia and Maryland, and which still continues in an eminent and special manner in some parts of our American

Connection; for the many faithful public witnesses which have been raised up, and that so few (comparatively speaking) have dishonored their holy calling; that we have had so many drawn from the depth of sin and misery to the heights of love and holiness among the subjects of grace, numbers of whom are now living, and others have died in the full and glorious triumph of faith; to take into remembrance the goodness and wisdom of God displayed toward America, by making it an asylum for those who are distressed in Europe with war and want, and oppressed with ecclesiastic and civil tyranny; the merciful termination of our various wars, the pacifications of the savage tribes, and the rapid settlement and wonderful population of the continent; that we have been able to feed so many thousands at home and abroad; that we have had such faithful, wise, and skillful rulers; that we have such good constitutions formed for the respective States; for the general Union and Government, that this may be kept pure and permanent; for the admirable revolution, obtained and established at so small a price of blood and treasure; that religious establishments by law are condemned and exploded in almost every spot of this extensive empire; and for African liberty: we feel gratitude that many thousands of these poor people are free and pious.

The numbers in Society were: Holston, 269 whites, 15 colored; Green, 300 whites, 15 colored; Cumberland, 230 whites, 47 colored.

The whole membership in America this year amounted to—whites, 48,121; colored, 12,170; preachers, 313.

Thus in twenty-two years the Church had increased from 1,160 members and 10 preachers to the numbers above given. This advance was made amidst the most troublous times. The Revolutionary War had taken place and passed away; the Indian wars had deluged the frontiers with blood, and sorrow and sadness had shrouded the land. The Methodists were persecuted, and many of their preachers threatened and denounced as Tories. And all this, because Mr. Wesley, a citizen of England, and a subject of Great Britain, was at the head of the societies, and expressed loyal sentiments to his home-government. But the reader need not be astonished at this. Such is the frailty of human nature, the corruption of the human heart, and such the prejudice that sways the human mind, that men are censured, denounced, condemned, excommunicated, martyred, because of opinion's sake. Many who peruse these pages will appreciate these remarks.

It is not generally understood, however, that Mr. Wesley saw reason to change his views concerning "the rebellion." We hope it will not be

considered out of place to copy the following letter from Mr. Wesley to Lord North, dated Armagh, June 15, 1775:

My Lord:—I would not speak, as it may seem to be concerning myself with things that lie out of my province; but I dare not refrain from it any longer. I think silence in the present case would be a sin against God, against my country, and against my own soul. But what hope can I have of doing good, of making the least impression upon your lordship, when so many have spoken in vain, and those far better qualified to speak on so delicate a subject? They were better qualified in some respects; in others they were not. They had not less bias upon their minds; they were not free from worldly hopes and fears. Their passions were engaged; and how easily do those blind the eyes of their understanding! They were not more impartial; most of them were prejudiced in the highest degree. They neither loved the king nor his ministers; rather they hated them with a perfect hatred; and your lordship knows that you could not, if you were a man, avoid having some prejudice to them. In this case it would be hardly possible to feel the full force of their arguments. They had not better means of information, of knowing the real tempers and sentiments either of the Americans

on the one hand, or the English, Irish, or Scots on the other. Above all, they trusted in themselves, in their own power of convincing and persuading; I trust only in the living God, who hath the hearts of all men in his hands. And whether my writing do any good or no, it need do no harm; for it rests within your lordship's breast whether any eye but your own shall see it. I do not intend to enter upon the question, whether the Americans are in the right or in the wrong. Here all my prejudices are against the Americans; for I am a High-churchman, the son of a High-churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of passive obedience and non-resistance; and yet, in spite of all my long-rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, these, an oppressed people, asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow. But waving this, waving all considerations of right and wrong, I ask, Is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? A letter now before me, which I received yesterday, says, "Four hundred of the regulars and forty of the militia were killed in the late skirmish." What a disproportion is this! And this is the first essay of raw men against regular troops. You see, my lord, whatever has been affirmed, these

men will not be frightened; and it seems they will not be conquered so easily as was at first imagined. They will probably dispute every inch of ground, and, if they die, die sword in hand. Indeed, some of our valiant officers say, "Two thousand men will clear America of these rebels." No, nor twenty thousand, be they rebels or not, nor perhaps treble that number. They are as strong men as you; they are as valiant as you, if not abundantly more valiant, for they are one and all enthusiasts—enthusiasts for liberty. They are calm, deliberate enthusiasts; and we know how this principle breathes into softer souls stern love of war, and thirst of vengeance, and contempt of death. We know men, animated with this spirit, will leap into a fire, or rush into a cannon's mouth.

"But they have no experience in war." And how much more have our troops? Very few of them ever saw a battle. "But they have no discipline." That is an entire mistake. Already they have near as much as our army, and they will learn more of it every day; so that in a short time, if the fatal occasion continue, they will understand it as well as their assailants. "But they are divided amongst themselves." So you are informed by various letters and memorials. So, doubt not, was poor Rehoboam informed concerning the ten tribes. So, nearer our own times,

was Philip informed concerning the people of the Netherlands. No, my lord, they are terribly united. Not in the province of New England only, but down as low as the Jerseys and Pennsylvania. The bulk of the people are so united that to speak a word in favor of the present English measures would almost endanger a man's life. Those who informed me of this, one of whom was with me last week, lately come from Philadelphia, are no sycophants; they say nothing to curry favor; they have nothing to gain or lose by me. But they speak with sorrow of heart what they have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears.

These men think, one and all, be it right or wrong, that they are contending *pro aris et focis;* for their wives, children, and liberty. What an advantage have they herein over many that fight only for pay! none of whom care a straw for the cause wherein they are engaged; most of whom strongly disapprove of it. Have they not another considerable advantage? Is there occasion to recruit the troops? Their supplies are at hand, and all round about them. Ours are three thousand miles off! Are we then able to conquer the Americans, suppose they are left to themselves? suppose all our neighbors should stand stock-still, and leave us and them to fight it out? But we are not sure of this. Nor

are we sure that all our neighbors will stand stock-still. I doubt they have not promised it; and, if they had, could we rely upon those promises? Yet it is not probable they will send ships or men to America. Is there not a shorter way? Do they not know where England and Ireland lie? And have they not troops, as well as ships, in readiness? All Europe is well apprised of this: only the English know nothing of the matter! What if they find means to land but ten thousand men? Where are the troops in England or Ireland to oppose them? Why, cutting the throats of their brethren in America! Poor England, in the meantime! "But we have our militia—our valiant, disciplined militia. These will effectually oppose them." Give me leave, my lord, to relate a little circumstance, of which I was informed by a clergyman who knew the fact. In 1716, a large body of militia were marching toward Preston against the rebels. In a wood which they were passing by, a boy happened to discharge his fowling-piece. The soldiers gave in all for lost, and, by common consent, threw down their arms and ran for life. So much dependence is to be placed on our valorous militia.

But, my lord, this is not all. We have thousands of enemies, perhaps more dangerous than French or Spaniards. As I travel four or five

thousand miles every year, I have an opportunity of conversing freely with more persons of every denomination than any one else in the three kingdoms. I cannot but know the general disposition of the people—English, Scots, and Irish; and I know a large majority of them are exasperated almost to madness. Exactly so they were throughout England and Scotland about the year 1640, and in a great measure by the same means; by inflammatory papers which were spread, as they are now, with the utmost diligence, in every corner of the land. Hereby the bulk of the population were effectually cured of all love and reverence for the king. So that, first despising, then hating him, they were just ripe for open rebellion. And, I assure your lordship, so they are now. They want nothing but a leader. Two circumstances more are deserving to be considered: the one, that there was at that time a decay of general trade almost throughout the kingdom; the other, there was a common dearness of provisions. The case is the same in both respects at this day. So that even now there are multitudes of people, that, having nothing to do, and nothing to eat, are ready for the first bidder; and that, without inquiring into the merits of the cause, would flock to any who would give them bread. Upon the whole, I am really sometimes afraid that this evil is from the Lord. When I consider the astonish-

ing luxury of the rich, and the shocking impiety of rich and poor, I doubt whether general dissoluteness of manners does not demand a general visitation. Perhaps the decree is already gone forth from the Governor of the world. Perhaps even now,

> "As he that buys surveys a ground,
> So the destroying angel measures it around.
> Calm he surveys the perishing nation;
> Ruin behind him stalks, and empty desolation."

JOHN WESLEY.

CHAPTER X.

Conference at Nelson's—Conference in Kentucky—Scarcity of preachers—A new circuit—Bishop Asbury visits the country east of the mountains—Members returned by States—God with his Church in the wilderness—John Page: his labors and influence—Francis Poythress: his labors and popularity—Obadiah Strange—John Buxton—W Duzan.

THE Conference for the year 1796, Mr. Burke says, was held at Nelson's, near Jonesboro, in what was still called Western Territory It met in April. The Minutes of 1795 say that the Conference would convene in New Territory, April 20, 1796.* Bishop Asbury was present, having reached the place by his old route, crossing the mountains between Burke county, North Carolina, and Washington county, Tennessee. In Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism, Mr. Burke says:

"In order to reach this Conference, we had a long and tedious journey through the wilderness of upward of one hundred miles, without a house.

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* It appears that a Conference was held at Masterson's Chapel, Kentucky, on the 20th of April, Francis Poythress presiding, in the absence of Bishop Asbury.

We had to pack on our horses the provisions necessary for ourselves and horses for three days and nights, and to camp out in the open air. The company consisted of James Campbell and Joseph Dunn, preachers, myself and wife, and a nephew of my wife. The last night we encamped we were very apprehensive that the Indians would rob us, consequently some of us kept awake through the night; but we had no interruption, and the next day we reached the settlement in the neighborhood of where Knoxville is now situated. The day after we entered the bounds of Green Circuit, where I had traveled in the year 1792, and were now among our old friends. We arrived at Nelson's the day before the Conference commenced, and met Bishop Asbury The business of the Conference was done in peace and harmony. I shall always remember what Mr. Asbury said while my character was under examination before the Conference, and before I withdrew He stated to the Conference that Brother Burke had accomplished two important things the past year—'the defeat of the O'Kellyites, and he had married a wife.' It was well known to the preachers in those days that Mr. Asbury did not approve of their marrying, and, if they did marry, that it was necessary to locate; but, notwithstanding the opposition of the preachers and people, I felt it my duty to travel as long as Providence opened

my way Accordingly, I received my appointment that year on Guilford Circuit, North Carolina. I immediately proceeded to my appointment, my wife accompanying me."

In the Life and Times of Dr. Patton, the author, Dr. McAnally, states "that the Bishop complained of a scarcity of preachers, and could only send one to each circuit, though the Minutes show two on the Green Circuit: perhaps he was sent after the entry was made in Mr. Asbury's Journal. The District in Holston was changed back to what it had been in 1794. John Kobler continued Elder, and Green Circuit was supplied by John Page and Nathanael Munsey" On the Holston Circuit, Obadiah Strange was the preacher. Francis Poythress was reäppointed to the District embracing Middle Tennessee, and John Buxton and William Duzan were placed on the Cumberland Circuit. A new circuit appears in the Appointments for this year, which was doubtless set off from the Cumberland Circuit—viz., Logan, lying just across the State line, in Kentucky. Aquila Sugg was the preacher.

"While in the Holston country this year, Bishop Asbury visited the frontier settlements in the northern part of Russell county, Virginia, and preached to such as could be from time to time gathered together. He notes, while on this trip, that he had been on the waters of the Nolichucky

to the mouth of Clinch, all along the north, middle, and south branches of the Holston, at the settlements on New River, and was now hunting up the scattered ones near the head-waters of Clinch River." *

The returns of the numbers were given this year by States as well as by circuits. Had this plan been continued, it would have saved much confusion in the minds of those who have been employed in collecting the statistics of the Church. The numbers returned for 1796 were as follows: Cumberland, 190 whites, 30 colored; Green, 313 whites, 13 colored; total in Tennessee, 503 whites, 43 colored. It will appear from the above figures, first, that many of the members who had heretofore been returned with the circuits in Tennessee were now numbered with circuits lying in Virginia and Kentucky; and, secondly, that up to this time there had not been a great increase in the membership in the New Territory The reasons are obvious to the reader, if he has considered the unsettled state of the country, as heretofore noted in these pages. The marvel is, that the Church, amidst so many conflicting and unfriendly elements, lived at all. But God was with "the Church in the wilderness," and she was not devoured by the beast; and when she came out,

* Dr. McAnally.

"she was fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

A new name appears on the list of the Tennessee Appointments this year, which became familiar in all the West. John Page, as we have seen, was placed on the Green Circuit. Mr. Page was a native of Fauquier county, Virginia—born Nov. 22, 1766; died June 17, 1859. In 1791, he was married to Miss Celia Douglass, who was a lady of an excellent and influential family; and in 1792, he entered the Conference as a traveling preacher. It was very remarkable, that a married man, in those days, should attempt to continue in the itinerant work. The settlements were sparse, the circuits very extensive and far apart, the support meager, and the perils numerous; yet Mr. Page, in the face of all these embarrassments, obeyed the divine call, and, conferring not with flesh and blood, he went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither he went. Now he was in Kentucky, then across the mountains in Virginia and East Tennessee, again in Kentucky and in the Cumberland country—on large circuits, extensive Districts, and uncultivated missions—preaching day and night, and building up the infant Church in the faith of Jesus. Mr. Page was an able minister, a strong doctrinal preacher, and defended Methodism with a will. He was very popular with the masses, and wielded a powerful influence with the multi-

tudes. He was often forced into controversy, and never failed of conquest. He was an original thinker, and possessed a clear, logical mind, and being well skilled in debate, fluent in language, and eloquent and forcible in style, it was a risk for any one to engage with him in discussion. As he lived so long, and labored so extensively and successfully, and did perhaps not less, if not more, than any other man in establishing Methodism in Tennessee, and confirming the churches, the reader will expect an extensive notice of him.

Mr. Carr, in his Early Times in Middle Tennessee, says:

"John Page was among the early pioneers of the West, and was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher in 1792, and stationed on the Lexington Circuit, Kentucky He traveled various circuits in Kentucky—for those were days of real itinerancy, preachers seldom remaining on one station more than three or six months. He then had to learn how to endure hardships, suffer afflictions, and brave the dangers of the wilderness—to traverse the frontiers, follow the by-paths along which the Indians frequently skulked, or lay in ambush, to bear privations, and labor with no other prospect of notice or reward than that promised by his Divine Master, who had sent him, and who himself had not where to lay his head. He continued to travel in Kentucky and Tennessee until

the great revival of religion in 1800, in which he acted a conspicuous and useful part. I was an eye-witness to the labors and usefulness of John Page. He was ranked among the first order of preachers of his day The Church was under stronger obligations to John Page than to any man I knew of his day. He was a strong defender of the doctrines held by the Methodist Church; he possessed a great deal of originality, and was devoted to the itinerant system, and continued to travel and preach as long as he was able. At the Conference of 1802, which I have noticed in a former chapter, a new District was laid off, called the Cumberland District. John Page was appointed Presiding Elder, which appointment he filled with a great deal of usefulness. The District was very large: if I am not mistaken, it embraced all Middle Tennessee and the southern part of Kentucky I believe that Lewis Garrett followed him as Presiding Elder; and after Garrett, William McKendree, afterward Bishop McKendree. John Page was such a lover of the itinerant system, that, after he became worn out with age and hard labor, he still held a supernumerary relation to the Conference, and attended, I believe, the Annual Conferences, as long as he was able to get to them. He was living, a few weeks ago, [1857,] in Smith county, at the advanced age of near ninety, I think, and, I am told, so entirely

superannuated that there is a guardian appointed to take care of him and his property. I am not capable of portraying the worth of this excellent man of God. I knew him long and well, our wives being pretty nearly related. He raised a pretty large—and, I am told, a very respectable —family of children, who are all grown; and he is in possession of a handsome property, enough to make him entirely comfortable through life."

In 1834, Mr. Garrett, in his Recollections of the West, wrote thus of Mr. Page:

"John Page was one of the early pioneers of the West—was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher in 1792, and stationed on Lexington Circuit, Kentucky He traveled the various circuits in Kentucky, for these were days of real itinerancy: preachers seldom remained on one station more than three or six months. He then had to learn how to 'endure hardness,' suffer affliction, brave the dangers of the wilderness, traverse the frontier, follow the by-paths, along which the ferocious savage frequently skulked or lay in ambush, bear poverty, bear privation and labor, with no other prospect of notice or reward than that promised by his Divine Master, who had sent him, and who himself had 'not where to lay his head.' He continued to travel in the West till the time of the great revival of religion in 1800, in which he acted a conspicuous and useful

part. He is now superannuated, unable to sustain the labors of an itinerant life."

Dr. Redford, in his Methodism in Kentucky, says of Mr. Page:

"Of his early life and training we have no record, nor are we informed in reference to the date of his conversion, nor of the instrumentality through which he was brought to Christ. He was twenty-six years old when his name first appears on the roll of the Conference.

"Judge Scott, from whom we have already quoted, says: 'The Rev John Page was a large, splendid-looking man, of an open, manly countenance. He possessed a sound, discriminating judgment, and was regarded as an able, useful minister of the gospel, wherever he traveled.'

"From 1792 to 1859, his name is found on the roll of the Conference, with the exception of the period embraced in the years between 1804 and 1825—during which time he sustained the relation to the Church of a local preacher.

"The first four years of his itinerant ministry were spent in Kentucky, on the Lexington, Danville, Salt River, and Limestone Circuits. In 1796, he was appointed to Green Circuit, in East Tennessee; but in 1797, he was returned to Kentucky, and appointed to the Hinkstone Circuit; and, the following year, to the Salt River and Shelby

"In 1799, he had the distinguished honor of succeeding William Burke on the Cumberland Circuit, lying partly in Tennessee and partly in Southern Kentucky.

"The General Minutes of 1800 place him on the Holston, Russell, and New River Circuits,* embracing a large extent of territory in East Tennessee and Western Virginia; but we learn from a letter written by himself, as well as one written by Bishop Asbury—both of which are published in the South-western Christian Advocate, of March 22, 1844—that his removal from the Cumberland Circuit met with the dissatisfaction of the people whom he had served with much usefulness and success. He had hardly entered upon his new field of labor until Episcopal prerogative called him away.†

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* In the South-western Christian Advocate, of March 22, 1844, Mr. Page calls this appointment New River, Holston, and Clinch.

† Rev. Learner Blackman, in his manuscript, says: "In the year 1800, Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, accompanied by Elder McKendree, in their visit to the western country, passed through the settlements of Cumberland. The work of the Lord was going on in the most pleasing manner; but they saw that the Methodist cause was most likely to suffer in consequence of the neglect of Methodist discipline. They immediately transferred John Page from New River Circuit, in Virginia. He had previously been stationed in Cumberland, and was one of the principal instruments, under God,

"He says: 'I was in New River Circuit when the letters of Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat were handed me, urging me to hasten to Cumberland with all speed. I had just finished my sermon. I took my dinner and started, and reached my destined place as soon as I could. The work—as it had been—was still going on.'

"The work to which he alludes was that extraordinary display of divine power, which began in 1799, in the Cumberland Circuit, and spread with unparalleled success throughout the settled portions of Northern or Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky If this remarkable revival of religion did not owe its origin to the instrumentality of John Page, it certainly was promoted and extended through his pious labors and exertions. In the section of Kentucky and Tennessee in which he labored, among the many distinguished ministers of his day, he was always the central figure—the most commanding person. In the altar, in the pulpit, in the social circle—mingling now with the more wealthy and refined, and then in the humble cabins of the poor—he vindicated himself as a useful and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, until his name in all this region became a household word—the synonym of all that is good.

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of the great revival, so much talked of over the United States."

No wonder Bishop Asbury said, in his letter to him, 'Had I attended at the last Holston Conference, you should have returned immediately to Cumberland. I should have had the petition that was sent for your return. Had I known what had taken place, I should have dismissed you when I passed by you. I hope you will now hasten to that charge as soon as possible. The eternal God be your refuge and strength!'

"Uncommon as it was to continue a preacher any considerable time in the same field of ministerial labor, yet we find that this remarkable man is continued on the Cumberland Circuit during the years 1801 and 1802, and in 1803 we find him in charge of the Cumberland District as Presiding Elder. This District—including only four separate charges, namely, Nashville, (formerly Cumberland,) Red River, Barren, and Natchez—was confided to the supervision of John Page; while he had for his assistants in the work such men as Thomas Wilkerson, Jesse Walker, James Gwin, Jacob Young, and Tobias Gibson.

"In the discharge of the functions of his office, his long rides, his constant exposure, together with his incessant labors, broke down a constitution that hitherto had refused to yield to the exertions of so many years; and at the close of the first year on the District, he asked for and obtained a location. After this period, his name

appears no more in connection with the Church in Kentucky.

"In 1825, he was reädmitted into the Tennessee Conference, and remained a worthy member of that body until his death, which occurred on the 17th day of June, 1859—only eight years of which time he was able to preach regularly, sustaining the most of the time a superannuated relation to the Conference. In the ninety-third year of his age, and the sixty-eighth of his ministry, the 'weary wheels of life stood still.'

"We make the following brief extract from the General Minutes:

"'Just before his death, he declared that he was ready and willing to die, and would soon be done with old earth and all its troubles and afflictions—then fell into a sweet sleep, to wake up in the land of eternal life.'

"In contemplating the character of such a man, how gratifying to the Church that his life was so protracted! He had seen the Church in its infancy, when it seemed to be only 'a reed shaken by the wind;' he marked it as it gradually developed and gathered strength; and he beheld it, as his sun was setting, gigantic in its proportions, dispensing its blessings all over the land. When he entered the itinerancy in Kentucky and Tennessee, there were but *two* Districts, embracing *nine* circuits, and only *nineteen* traveling preachers,

and only *twenty-six hundred and seventy-four* white, and *two hundred and one* colored, members. At the time of his death there were, in the same territory, five Annual Conferences, embracing *forty-four* Districts, and *four hundred and eighty-six* stations, circuits, and missions; *six hundred and eighty-nine* traveling and *sixteen hundred and seventy-six* local preachers, and a membership of *one hundred and fifty-five thousand five hundred and eighty-four* white, and *thirty thousand seven hundred and ninety-six* colored!

"If, in the morning of his life and the strength of his manhood, it was to him a source of pleasure to devote his energies to the Church, how great must have been the satisfaction he derived, as, in its evening, he contemplated the success and the triumph Christianity had achieved!"

Among the early and most noted preachers in the Connection, the name of Francis Poythress stands prominent. He was a Virginian by birth, and belonged to a family of fortune, for those early times. When young, he was wild, and somewhat reckless. Through the influence of a pious and intelligent lady, he was brought to pause, reflect, and change his life. He was under the religious training of an Episcopalian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Janet, but, meeting with a Methodist preacher in the southern part of the State of Virginia, or in North Carolina, who furnished him with the doc-

trines and discipline as drawn up by Mr. Wesley, he was impressed with their scriptural authority, and at once united with the Methodists, and was admitted into the traveling connection, at Baltimore, in 1776. For eleven years he preached on circuits, and presided as Elder on Districts in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. In 1788, he was appointed in charge of the District embracing Cumberland, which comprised the whole work in what we now call Middle Tennessee, his field extending to Northern Kentucky — indeed, embracing the whole field occupied by the Methodists in that territory He was continued in this work, having charge of the District, till 1796, when his health failed, and for one year he was on the supernumerary list. The next year, 1798, he was on the District embracing Holston; in 1799, returned to Kentucky; and in 1800, he was on a large District in North Carolina. Here his health failed, and his mind gave way, so that he rendered no more efficient labor, but lingered out his remaining years at the house of his sister, near Lexington, Kentucky, where he died in 1818.

Mr. Poythress was a preacher of more than ordinary talents, of sound judgment, and great administrative abilities. In the absence of Bishop Asbury, he presided in the Conferences, and appointed the preachers to their work. His talents, piety, ability, and fidelity so secured the confi-

dence and approbation of Bishop Asbury, that he was anxious to see him elected Bishop.

Mr. Carr, in his Early Times in Middle Tennessee, gives the following brief sketch of this eminent servant of the Church:

"Francis Poythress was the first Presiding Elder that ever came to this country. He had the bearing of one who had been well raised, his deportment being very gentlemanly; but he appeared to be somewhat melancholy in disposition. He was an acceptable preacher, though he did not possess the first order of talents. He was greatly gifted in prayer; and it seemed, when he prayed, that heaven and earth were coming together. I think he discharged his duty as a Presiding Elder as well as most men do in that office. He had passed the meridian of life.

"At that day, our fare in this country was extremely rough, as already observed; but I never heard the old elder complain of any thing set before him. One incident I must mention. Knowing our destitution, and being quite weakly, he had provided himself with a canister of tea, which he carried with him. One night, having stopped at the house of a brother, he gave the canister to the good sister, with a request that she would make some tea for him. She took it to the kitchen, and, having poured the leaves into a vessel, she gave them a thorough boiling; then, putting them

into a pewter plate, she brought them and set them before her guest. This done, she began, in the kindness of her heart, to apologize to the old elder because she could not *boil the tea down.* He looked at it, and simply said, 'Why, sister, you have spoiled all my tea—it was the broth I wanted.' You may think it strange a married woman should be so ignorant, but it was even the case. In fact, I assure you, when I was married, I do not believe I had drunk a half-dozen cups of coffee, and I know not that I had ever seen any specimen of imported tea.

"Francis Poythress, I think, continued in the work till about the year 1800, when he became seriously deranged in intellect, and remained in that distressing situation for many years. At length he died, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Susannah Pryor, in Jessamine county, Kentucky."

The Rev Thomas Scott, his contemporary, gives, in Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism, an extended notice of the life and labors of Mr. Poythress, from which we make the following ex tracts:

"He was—if we rightly remember—about five feet eight or nine inches in height, and heavily built. His muscles were large, and, when in the prime of life, we presume he was a man of more than ordinary muscular strength. He dressed

plain and neat. When we first saw him, we suppose he had passed his sixtieth year. His muscles were quite flaccid, eyes sunken in his head, hair gray—turned back, hanging down on his shoulders —complexion dark, and countenance grave, inclining to melancholy His step was, however, firm, and general appearance such as to command the respectful consideration of others. He possessed high, honorable feelings, and a deep sense of moral obligation. In general, he was an excellent disciplinarian. He endeavored to probe to the bottom each wound in the Church, in order that a radical cure might be effected; but would never consent to expel from the bosom of the Church those who evidenced contrition and amendment. And when free from the morbid action of his system, to which it becomes our painful duty to refer, we esteemed him to be a man of sound discriminating judgment.

"We are not aware that any hereditary taint existed, which, in its ultimate range, dethroned his reason; but we can readily imagine that the seeds of that dreadful malady were sown in his system by the constant exposures and sufferings during the War of the Revolution, and the twelve years he traveled and preached in the then almost wilderness of the West. Among the eight pioneers of Methodism in Kentucky and Tennessee, in the year 1788, the name of Francis Poythress

stands preëminent. By those intrepid heroes of the cross the foundation of Methodism was laid in those States, on which others have since built, and others are now building. Their names ought to be held in grateful remembrance by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth; but, among all, we are inclined to the opinion, there is not one of them to whom the members of our Church, in those States, owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Francis Poythress."

Obadiah Strange continued a year or two, and located.

One of the early itinerants in Holston was Nathanael Munsey He settled in South-western Virginia, and continued to labor as a local preacher, in Virginia and East Tennessee, till his death. He had several sons and grandsons who were Methodist preachers, among whom we mention the Rev. T. K. Munsey, of the Holston Conference, and the Rev. W E. Munsey, D.D., now Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

John Buxton and William Duzan, who traveled the Cumberland Circuit this year, were both good men, and able ministers. Mr. Buxton was far above ordinary, and filled many important stations in the Church. His labors in Tennessee and Kentucky were greatly blessed.

CHAPTER XI.

Six Annual Conferences for 1797—Holston Conference—Bishop Asbury — Bethel Conference — Uncertain statements—Thomas Wilkerson: letters from him—Mrs. Wilkerson—Robert Wilkerson—Decrease in numbers: reasons why.

By reference to the printed Minutes of 1796, in answer to the question, "Where and when shall our next Conferences be held?" the answer is:

1. Mayberry's Chapel, Virginia, November 15, 1796.
2. Charleston, January 5, 1797
3. Kentucky, at Bethel School, May 1, 1797
4. Wilbraham, September 19, 1797
5. Philadelphia, October 10, 1797
6. Baltimore, October 20, 1797

Nothing is said, as the reader perceives, about a Conference in Holston; and yet Dr. McAnally states, in the Life of Dr. Patton, that "this year the Bishop again visited what he called the New Territory, intending to go to Cumberland, Middle Tennessee, and to Kentucky, but was too unwell. So, after meeting a few of the preachers in the upper part of East Tennessee, and holding the

Conference, he made his way as best he could toward Baltimore."

Mr. Burke, in his Autobiography, says: "On the 4th day of March, 1797, I set out for the western country, [he came from North Carolina,] and met the Conference on Holston. Mr. Asbury was at the Conference."

Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky states that a Conference was held at Bethel School, in Kentucky, on the 1st of May, according to previous appointment.

It is barely possible that the Bishop was at both places. The statements of these different writers cannot be well reconciled, and, it is said, the Bishop's Journal does not settle the question, as he made no entries for some weeks, about this time. No doubt both Conferences met and transacted business, but it is probable that the Bishop was at the Holston meeting, but not at the Bethel Conference.

This year (1797) introduces Thomas and Robert Wilkerson into the work in Tennessee Thomas was appointed to the Cumberland Circuit, and Robert to the Green Circuit.

They were natives of Virginia, and were born in Amelia county. Thomas entered the Conference in 1792, being then only about twenty years of age. Having traveled several years in Virginia and North Carolina, he volunteered as a mission-

ary for the West, and traveled in Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, East Tennessee, and South-western Virginia, where he was highly esteemed as an able and faithful minister of the cross. We copy the following tribute to his memory from the Minutes of the Holston Conference for the year 1856:

"Thomas Wilkerson was born some eighty-four years ago, about forty miles above Lynchburg, Virginia. He became deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul, and was happily converted to God, about the twentieth year of his age. Soon after this, he began to exhort and preach, with great power and success. His Christian brethren believed he ought to be received into the traveling connection, and he consented to be recommended accordingly He was duly received, and commenced a course of labor which was signalized by uncommon success. He had so much confidence in the importance of his work, and in the integrity and management of Bishop Asbury, that he submitted, without misgiving or complaint, to his entire control as long as he was able to do effective work. He traveled and preached in South-western Virginia, East Tennessee, Middle Tennessee, and Kentucky; thence to Maryland, on the Baltimore Circuit, and in Baltimore City In all these places he was more or less useful, in some of them greatly so. Especially was he so in the great

Cumberland Revival, so called, being one of the chief instruments in its holy triumphs. His zeal led him beyond his strength, and his health failed. He rested for a time, and resumed his toils; but soon he was painfully convinced that he could itinerate no longer, and, as was then the usage, he located, marrying and settling himself on Holston, nearly three miles above Strawberry Plains, Tennessee. Here he labored hard with his own hands, fearing, as he was heard to say, that he and his family would come to want, although his temporal circumstances were far from being gloomy His wife dying within a few years, he married a pious, intelligent lady at Strawberry Plains, where he lived many years, laboring as health would allow, preaching until, by request of his traveling brethren, he reëntered the traveling connection in Holston Conference. He was appointed Presiding Elder of the Knoxville District, but could undergo its toils and labors but one year. He was then stationed in Abingdon, Virginia, which station he filled one year, with great satisfaction to the people, and not without some indications of success. At the close of that year, he felt satisfied that he could be as useful to the Church, controlling his own movements, as he could be under the stationing authority of the Church. Being quite feeble in health, he returned to his homestead at the Plains, the Conference granting him a super-

annuated relation, which he retained to the day of his death. Some eight years after this, his second wife died. He married the third time, and settled near Abingdon, Virginia, where he closed his protracted labors. About the 1st of December, 1855, he was so feeble that he was mostly confined to his bed, being able to sit up at times only. He talked frequently about his departure, and seemed fearful of only one thing—that he might be too anxious to depart. He was fearful of grieving the Spirit, by being too anxious about that thing. He said, 'The grave is a quiet resting-place—death is a pleasant sleep;' for he was weary of life's long labors. The last connected discourse he made was the following: 'If I had my time to go over, I would preach differently from what I have. I would preach more about eternity: I would strive to keep eternity always before the minds of my people. What is time but a vapor? Eternity is all!' To the last, he would make broken remarks as to his peace and confidence in Jesus. Dying without pain, he breathed his last on the holy Sabbath, half-past ten o'clock P.M., February 3, 1856."

Mr. Wilkerson's second wife (Mrs. Williams) was the mother of Mrs. Stringfield, wife of the late Rev. Thomas Stringfield, who for four years edited the South-western Christian Advocate, at Nashville. During Mr. Stringfield's residence in

Nashville, from 1836 to 1840, Mr. Wilkerson spent much time in Middle Tennessee. Though advanced in years, he frequently preached in the city and surrounding country, attending camp and other popular meetings. His ministry there "was in power and in the Holy Ghost." It was wonderful to witness his influence upon the multitudes, and to see how he could *persuade* men to be reconciled to God.

In person, Mr. Wilkerson was of medium size, well proportioned, and very erect. His features were symmetrical, and his face benevolent; his voice was full, clear, and musical; his manner in the pulpit grave and unaffected, and his style simple and elegant. Indeed, he might have been considered "a model man" and "a model preacher." He was plain in his dress, but refined and polished in his manners. His remains sleep in the rear of the Methodist Church at Abingdon, Virginia.

This sketch is concluded by copying three letters addressed to the author while he was editor of the South-western Christian Advocate:

Abingdon, Va., June 12, 1841.

Dear Brother McFerrin:—You say in the S. W C. Advocate, No. 239, that you deeply regret that our brethren of age and experience do not write more for your paper. I do not like to be

delinquent in duty; but there are two things which make me hesitate: first, I do not like to be the hero of my own story, and I can think of no other way of writing; second, we old canebrake folks do not know how to prepare what we write for the press. Mr. Stringfield told us to write, and he would put the grammar to it, but you have made no such promise, and I know you have enough to do. I have concluded to write anyhow, and pay the postage—so I will only tax your eyes and a little of your time; and then you can do as you think best, for I can assure you I am not anxious that my poor production should go to the world. If this sketch of my life goes under your big screw, and does not groan too piteously, you may hear from me again.

I was born in 1772 or '73, of irreligious parents, consequently had not the advantage of a religious education; but the Spirit of the Lord strove with me when but a little removed from infancy About the thirteenth year of my age, I was seriously convicted, under the preaching of the poor, despised Methodist preachers, then called the false prophets; but by associating with wicked boys, I lost my convictions and became sevenfold more the child of the devil than before. I fled to infidelity for refuge, and though I scoffed at religion, yet, like devils, I believed and trembled. When about eighteen years of age, while in full

pursuit of the world, I was arrested by the Spirit of the Lord, in a very extraordinary way. After shamefully desecrating the Sabbath, in the evening, when some of the family returned from preaching, I was told that there was a great revival of religion in the neighborhood, and that some of my associates were subjects of the work. My opposition ripened into malice against the instruments and subjects of the excitement. I ambitiously said to my brother, When you see me with my companions again, you will see them as wicked as they ever were. I instantly felt conviction for what I had said—something within seemed to say, Will it not be enough for *you* to go to hell? will you try to drag others with you? It became a gloomy evening to me; but when the world became shrouded in darkness, and nature seemed to pause around, the pains of hell gat hold on me—my weight of guilt seemed sufficient to crush me to destruction in a moment. I promised the Lord, if he would spare me, the residue of my days should be devoted to him. I found the downy pillow no longer suited to a subject of wrath, as I then saw myself; I hastened to my father's orchard and bowed before the mercy-seat, but black despair environed around. To the best of my recollection, the night was spent in prayer, sometimes on my knees, and then, like a miserable ghost, blackened by ten

thousand crimes, wandering in the darkness of the night.

The next week I spent much of my time in prayer, sometimes almost in despair. Sabbath-day I joined the Methodist Church: my friends and acquaintances seemed very much surprised. The following week was spent pretty much as the former—my distress became almost intolerable. On Saturday evening, about dusk, I took to the woods almost in despair. As I was making my way through the bushes, I thought I saw a flash of lightning—almost instantly it was repeated. I recollect nothing more till I found myself on my feet with my hands raised, while loud shouts seemed to burst from the bottom of my heart. I have yet to look back to that period to find the first real comfort I ever felt. I did not know what was the matter with me—it was something new. I did not know it was religion, and tried to regain my former exercises of weeping and mourning for sin; but as soon as I would get on my knees, I would involuntarily rise to my feet and commence shouting, which I thought very strange, as I had been violently opposed to shouting. While reasoning upon the subject I lost my confidence, and then considered my case a desperate one: my conviction was gone, and I did not believe I had religion. The next day, (being Sabbath,) I went to meeting, and in class-meeting told the breth-

ren, as well as I could, what I had seen and felt, and how I had been exercised; and while my own feelings were overburdened with shame and sorrow, I saw some of the brethren smile—I thought it was unfeeling and cruel. I remained in this situation until the Wednesday following, and then started to see an old disciple that lived in a kind of cove in the mountains, hoping he would be able to give me some advice, or in some way be a means of my delivery from my very unpleasant situation; but on my way I turned aside and got on my knees to ask the Lord to make the counsel of that brother a blessing to me. The Lord unveiled his lovely face; my burden was gone; I felt the love and joy that I had felt before. I went on not to trouble my old friend with my tale of woe, but to tell him what the Lord had done for my poor soul, and we greatly rejoiced. I now obtained the faith of assurance, and have never since doubted but the Lord converted my soul; and if I should be lost at last, it will be because I have fallen from grace. Having seen and felt my miserable situation and the danger to which I was exposed, and believing all sinners were in the same situation, and must for ever burn in that hell the flames of which I had partially felt, so affected my mind and body, that my constitution sunk under the conflicting emotions in my breast. I saw it was just in God to send them to hell,

yet I could not bear the shock. The thought of an immortal spirit dwelling for ever in that pit where the worm never dies and the fire is not quenched, overpowered me so that it was thought that I was wasting in a pulmonary consumption. Medical aid was resorted to in vain. Society became disagreeable to me; so much so, that I spent most of my time in the woods, praying and reading in the New Testament, pleading with the Lord to have mercy upon our poor guilty world. After some time, one of my physicians told my father he thought the seat of my disease was in the mind. Believing he had judged rightly, I changed the course of treatment, and soon recovered some strength of intellect and health of body. Shortly after, I was licensed as an exhorter and appointed leader of a class, and was well-nigh sinking under the cross, for considerable congregations would attend. I would sometimes commence at one side of the house and insensibly make my way into the midst of the congregation, when I would come to myself, and find all around weeping.

The Lord owned and crowned my feeble efforts with success, which greatly encouraged me. I had become pretty well reconciled to be a class-leader and exhorter. I loved my class, and had sweet fellowship with them.

THOMAS WILKERSON.

I was not suffered long to enjoy the society of my class: the preachers began to urge me to join the itinerant connection. I at first thought I could never submit to be a traveling preacher, not having the first qualification. To avoid the solicitations of the preachers and quiet my own mind, I determined to marry, and settle myself in the world. Preparatory to this step, I planted and had a good crop in a progressive state. When pressed to take the circuit, my apology was, I must stay at home and take care of my crop; but I was deprived of this excuse by an early frost, which destroyed most of my crop, but injured no other person, except my father, who had some tobacco growing near mine. I thought this to be a judgment on me for my disobedience. Having nothing to call my attention at home, I promised Brother Metcalf, (then traveling our circuit,) to meet him in Manchester, Virginia, where Conference was to be held, in the fall of 1792. From this Conference I was appointed to travel on the Franklin Circuit, with John Norman Jones and Samuel Sale Stuart. None but my gracious Lord and myself knows what I suffered. I thought myself an imposition on the people, and not fit to eat their bread. I was again worn down almost to a skeleton. I was surprised that the preachers and people were so kind to me. This was, in my opinion, the iron age of

Methodism in the United States. I thought if the Lord would make me instrumental in the salvation of one soul, I should be richly paid for a whole lifetime of labor and suffering. The Lord was pleased greatly to encourage me, by giving me some living epistles, known and read of all men, one of whom died in the triumphs of faith. Our next Conference was held in Petersburg, Virginia. I had very little satisfaction at Conferences. I did not feel worthy to associate with the preachers, and was left to pass my time in rather a gloomy way At this Conference I was appointed to travel the Greenville Circuit, with Stephen Davis and Laurence Mansfield. On this circuit I saw the evils of schisms and divisions in the Church. James O'Kelly seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1792, and caused the division of many classes and families, which caused much discussion and contention among the people, to the great injury of the Church and declension of piety It would grieve me to hear the piteous tales of aggrieved brethren; but I still found many fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, who were steadfast in faith, and unwavering in their discipleship. That distinguished man, Stephen Davis, seemed set for the defense of the Church, and confirmed the faith of many; so that the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, and the house of David stronger and stronger:

our ranks were filled with new disciples. While on this circuit, I had liked to have been destroyed by pride. Some incautious brethren said I had preached a great sermon. When it came to my ears, my spiritual enemies improved it to the best advantage, till I was led to believe I was a considerable preacher, and should get along for the time to come swimmingly; but my good physician applied the proper corrective. For nearly one week I could scarcely imitate preaching. I despaired of ever being favored with my poor gifts again. I had put up for the night with a simple-hearted, pious family—went to bed heavily laden with grief and shame; and while I lay praying and musing on my wretched situation, the power of the Lord was displayed in an extraordinary manner. To me (at least to the eye of my mind) there was a visible light—my first impression was the judgment-day had come, and what would become of sinners. A young man in bed with me, who had no religion, was suddenly in an agony. The whole family below started from their beds. We all soon met, and were rebaptized with the Holy Ghost. As well as I recollect, most of the night was spent in praising the Lord for his condescending goodness to us. The next day I was humble enough to be trusted with my former dispensation.

After traveling on Greenville Circuit about

six months, I was removed to Bertie Circuit. In this circuit I acted in conformity to a resolution I had taken: "To know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." I was slighted by the gayer sort of people, but found the hearts and houses of the pious poor open to me. Thank the Lord, the poor have the gospel preached to them.

Here I was much afflicted, but attended to my appointments; when I was able, I felt willing and anxious to serve this sickly and dying people. I never saw more clearly the propriety and advantage of dealing faithfully with my charge; for though I gave offense at first, most of the brethren came into the measures of the gospel, and the usages of the Methodist Church; and we had a tender and weeping parting. The brethren sent a petition to Conference requesting my return to them. Our next Conference sat at Mayberry's Chapel, Virginia. I was still afflicted with ague and fever. There was a Macedonian call from Kentucky Bishop Asbury would not take the responsibility on himself to appoint where life was to be in danger, but called for volunteers. John Buxton and I offered our services: we were to go in the spring following. William McKendree was appointed to travel the Bedford Circuit, and I was sent to travel with him during the winter. My ague continued, yet

I lost but five appointments; but I suffered in the flesh. Sometimes I would have my shake on horseback, and then a burning fever. At one time I thought I was not able to sit on my horse, and lay down in the leaves in the woods. I had not lain long before I began to think I might die there alone. I summoned up all my energies, and got to a house. Brother Askew, our Presiding Elder, came along, stopped me about a week, in which time I gained some strength.

In the spring of 1805, Brother Buxton and myself started for Kentucky I was worn down by affliction, scarce of clothes, and every other comfort of life. We met Bishop Asbury at the Western Conference, which sat at Earnest's, in Greene county, Tennessee. He said I must do like some of the emigrants, stop on Holston and get breath. I, however, was appointed to Hinkstone Circuit, Kentucky We had to pack our provisions for man and horse for nearly two hundred miles, lie on the ground at night, having a guard stationed around us. I was apprehensive such exposure would be fatal to me in my delicate state of health. In the evening before the first night, I lay without a bed—I had an ague, which was the last I ever had. What I thought would make much against me, was so overruled as to prove the means of my cure. My health rapidly improved; so that I was soon able to

undergo the hardships of a pioneer. I now saw the excellence of the itinerant plan. We kept up with the frontier settlements, preached to the people in their forts and block-houses. Here I met no D.D.'s, to discuss doctrines, or make out reports about moral wastes. We had nothing to contend with, (from without,) but the Indians, the wild beasts, and smaller vermin. We thought ourselves quite well accommodated if we had a half-faced camp or a cabin to shelter us, and some wild meat to eat. It has been a matter of inquiry how we found such easy access to the frontier settlements. We followed the openings of Providence, as did Mr. Wesley. Owing to the uncertainty of land-titles, emigrants would squat down on the frontiers, where they could get permission. Our brethren, moving from the old settlements together, would settle in the same neighborhood. As soon as they could build some cabins, they would go in search of a preacher; and there would be a society raised. As soon as they became acquainted with the country, they would seek homes of their own; and, as lands were always cheapest on the frontiers, the class would scatter in different directions, and, as before, search out the preachers and invite them to their houses: so we had not to go in search of preaching-places, but the people searched out the preachers.

Mr. Editor, while I am on this subject, I will answer another inquiry: How were the people first brought to receive the Methodist preachers and their doctrines? (I can only answer for the neighborhood where I was raised.) The novelty of their preaching produced great excitement. Some said they were good men; others said nay, they deceive the people. Many, however, would go and hear for themselves, and the inherent power of gospel truth would arrest them; conviction for sin would cause them to inquire what they must do to be saved. This led to reading the Scriptures and examining doctrines. (For there was much controversy) The following inquiries would take place: Are the Methodists, or some other denomination, right? If the Calvinists are right, and God, for the purposes of his own glory, did foreordain whatsoever comes to pass, then the Methodists cannot be wrong; for he ordained there should be Methodists, and that they should preach and act just as they do; but if the Methodists are right, and man is a free agent, the Calvinists must be wrong, and, by trusting to their election, may lose their souls. If the Antinomian is right, the Methodist Christian is safe; for his believing he can fall from grace, and using all diligence to make his calling and election sure, will not make him fall; but if the Methodists are right, the Antinomian must be

dangerously wrong, and by trusting to his once being in grace, may fall and perish for ever. If the Universalian is right, the Methodist is safe; for if all are to be saved, the Methodist will be among them; but if the Methodist is right, they must be wrong, and their purgatory may last for ever. If the infidel is right, the Methodist is on safe ground. If the whole system of religion is a mere farce, it is to the Christian a very safe and pleasing delusion; but if the Methodists are right, the infidel is dangerously wrong; for he that believeth not shall be damned. Hence, it was an easy matter for those who wished to save their souls, and be on the safe side, to choose their future course, and none but such durst join the Methodist Church; for there was great persecution.

THOMAS WILKERSON.

July 31, 1841.

After traveling all the circuits in Kentucky and what is now called Middle Tennessee, with various success, in 1798, I was sent to Holston Circuit, with that excellent man, Tobias Gibson, whose health failed, and I was left alone, on a four-weeks' circuit. Shortly after, Jeremiah Menter, (who was traveling on the Clinch River Circuit,) informed me that I must connect his circuit with mine, as he would travel no longer, which gave me the work of three men. I understand

there are now five circuits in the bounds of the circuit I then traveled. I recollect eating my breakfast by candle-light in the morning, and my supper by candle-light at night; traveling and preaching all day In the spring of 1799, I rejoined the Virginia Conference, and was sent to Yadkin Circuit, North Carolina. This was a laborious circuit, as at that time it took in that range of high mountains running through Buncombe county Here I saw but little fruit of labor. In 1800, I was sent to Baltimore Circuit. I will here remark, that Mr. Asbury requested me to name over the circuits I had traveled; and when I had done so, he said it was best to take the worst first. Here we had the most pleasing revival I ever witnessed. It commenced through the instrumentality of that excellent man, Wilson Lee. Some of our most distinguished men were converted during that revival. In 1801, (in consequence of the death of my father,) I was called to Kentucky, and traveled, during the summer, on the Lexington Circuit, with William Burke. On this circuit we had a considerable revival. We found our Baptist friends a little troublesome. They brought their old proselyting engine to bear upon us; but Brother Burke met them promptly, and so fully rebutted their arguments, that they failed to do the Church much harm. In the fall I started back to Baltimore; but when I met Mr. Asbury

at the Holston Conference, he thought it best for me to go to the Cumberland Circuit, now called Middle Tennessee, where I remained until the fall of 1803. Here I witnessed the greatest excitement I ever saw The people were singularly exercised. Jerking, running, dancing, barking like dogs, were common exercises. The Presbyterians and Methodists were united in this work; but the union did not long continue: most of the Presbyterian preachers went back to their old doctrines and usages; and those that did not, (as I am informed,) formed themselves into a Presbytery, called the Cumberland Presbytery This, I think, was the origin of the Cumberland Presbyterians. The preachers of my acquaintance among them, appeared to be devout men. Here I sunk under the labors, privations, and exposures I had to undergo. My life was despaired of for some time. The doctor thought my lungs would mortify. But my work was not done.

I recovered slowly, and was able to get to Conference, which met on the north side of Kentucky River. During this union revival, I became convinced that it was best for each denomination to do their own work, in their own way. It was impossible to administer Methodist discipline strictly, for others would claim our privileges and usages, and we received nothing profitable in

return; but the worst of all was, that the whole drama wound up unpleasantly.

When I met Mr. Asbury at Conference, he said, "You look very slim." I told him I felt so. He then said I might go to any station I chose on the continent. I told him I would choose my relation to the Church, but would not take the responsibility of choosing my field of labor. The Bishop was petitioned to station a preacher in Lexington, Kentucky; and I was sent there, and labored as much as my feeble frame would bear. It was a year of affliction to my body and mind. I saw but little fruit of my labor. But, glory be to God, through all the trying scenes I had to pass, my mind was stayed upon the Lord. The language of my heart was, "Though he slay me, I will trust in him." Death had no sting to me. When the doctor, with tears in his eyes, gave me his opinion, and told others I could not live more than three days, my soul was strong in faith, giving glory to God. Thank the Lord for the buoyancy of a gospel hope!

At the next Conference, I was favored with a dispensation for six months. By traveling moderately, and preaching but little, my health was much improved, so much so that I reported myself to the Presiding Elder as being able for efficient service, who sent me to the Limestone Circuit, Kentucky In the fall of 1805, I was

appointed to the Holston District. It then contained the bounds of three or four Districts, as they are now formed. I was anxious to be in every part of my work, to take care of the temporal and spiritual interest of the Church. In those days it was not thought a Presiding Elder could discharge his duty by attending the quarterly-meetings; but he was expected to travel through the circuits, and preach as much as he could. (But we were nearly all bachelors then.) My labors were so excessive that my health failed before the end of the second year; but I still attended the popular meetings as long as I was able to ride, after I was not able to preach, that the preachers and people of my charge might see that I did not use lightness. This was the third time that my friends pronounced that I should never be able again to do the duties of a traveling preacher; but my heart heretofere said, Though I faint, I will still pursue; but now lost all hope, and thought it best to change my relation to the Church. I wrote to the Conference, and obtained a location. It was a sore affliction to be removed from my itinerant brethren. And now, when I have nearly lived out my three-score and ten years, let me say what I then wrote to the Conference—I owe all I am to the Methodists, as a means under the great Head of the Church! They found me a poor, ignorant young man, laboring under a

solemn impression that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to me. They took me up, and recommended me to the people of their charge, sent me to labor where the fields were already prepared, or furnished the means, and gave authority to prepare others. I have never, for a moment, thought the Methodists under any obligations to me; but I feel strong and abiding obligations to the Church for bearing with my weakness, sustaining and giving me currency among the people. I have always been surprised when brethren complained of the power and tyranny of the Bishops. I have ever had all the liberty I wanted, and would not be from under the care and direction of the Church for the riches of the world. Bishop Asbury bore my record on high, that I always said, Here am I, send me. I never thought myself better than my brethren. I did not wish to be eased, and another burdened. I was not willing that another should take my crown. If I were back on the other side of forty-five, I would willingly go to the most remote part of the work; but age and infirmities circumscribe me. I have to travel the same beaten track, praying and striving to be fruitful in old age. I am resolved, if possible, to escape the rock so famous for the wrecks of old men. I pray the Lord to save me from gloominess and a censorious spirit; and, glory be to God! he

hears and answers prayer, and manifests himself to me in his milder attributes of mercy and love, so that my spirit at times feels all the buoyancy of youth. My heart is fixed, and I am waiting all my appointed time, till my change come.

The errors of my life have been swarming round my pen all the time: I will now notice one of them. I was appointed, at a Conference held on Holston, Tennessee, to a circuit in Kentucky My horse failed on the way, and my company left me. (In those days we traveled in companies through the wilderness, for fear of the Indians.) I went to work until my horse was able to travel, then started alone. When I approached the wilderness, (then about one hundred miles across,) the settlers on the frontier insisted on me to wait until a company was made up; but I could not bear the thought of the congregations being disappointed. I pursued the track leading to Kentucky, until I had passed all the settlements, and was in the midst of danger, and then determined to push to the other side of the wilderness. Having had to lie by on the road, my provisions were spoiled; so that I had nothing to subsist on but a small piece of dried beef and a lump of tree-sugar. In the midst of the wilderness, I met one of General Wayne's soldiers, almost starved. I divided my beef with him. By hard traveling, I reached a fort at night, and

the Lord gave me favor in the eyes of the semi-savages. They permitted me to keep my horse within the stockading, to preserve him from the Indians, gave me a little corn-bread and some milk to eat, and one blanket to sleep on. I gave an exhortation and prayed with them—lay down and slept soundly till morning. I started early, but had a gloomy day; for I had heard that old Doublehead (an Indian chief) was under a curse to be avenged on the white people. I also passed a defile where the Indians had murdered some travelers. The next night I had more civilized society at the station where I put up. The day following I reached the settlements in Kentucky, but man and horse were so prostrated that neither could take much nourishment when we got it: my horse was not fit for farther service for about six months. I was soon refreshed, and able to do the duties of my station.

THOMAS WILKERSON.

August 7, 1841.

It is proper to say, in this connection, that Mrs. Williams belonged to one of the most respectable and influential families in Tennessee. She had an ample fortune, and lived in elegant simplicity. After her marriage with Mr. Wilkerson, the same manner of life was observed. They resided on that beautiful farm on the Holston River, some

twenty miles above Knoxville, known as Strawberry Plains. Here was displayed great hospitality: here the weary traveler and the faithful minister found a hearty welcome, Mrs. Wilkerson presiding in her unaffected and queenly manner. She was an educated and devout Christian, very plain and neat in her apparel, and always conducting herself as becometh women of holiness. Her death was peaceful, and her good works follow her.

Thomas Wilkerson's brother Robert, though not his equal, was an able preacher. He continued but a short time in the traveling connection. He located, and preached in that relation for many years. The author, when he was a youth, had the pleasure of hearing him twice. The recollection of his sermons, or their effect, is vivid. Though the preacher was advanced in years, he spoke with power, and an unction attended the word. Of the time and place of Robert Wilkerson's death, the writer has no knowledge.

Nothing very remarkable transpired this year, (1797,) in connection with the work. Mr. Burke, who was on the Holston Circuit, at this period regarded as in immediate connection with the work in Virginia, says, "We had a gradual increase in the societies. I visited Clinch and Green Circuits in the course of the year, and attended several quarterly-meetings, which, in

those days of Methodism, were the only popular meetings where the preachers, when they could leave their circuits, met to help forward the good cause." The returns of the members showed a small increase in Tennessee this year:—Cumberland, 201 whites, 26 colored; Green, 333 whites, 16 colored; total, 534 whites, 42 colored. Throughout the Connection there seems to have been a spiritual dearth for two years; hence there was a sad decrease in the number of the members and traveling preachers. In 1795, there were 48,121 white and 12,170 colored members, and 313 preachers. In 1797, there were 46,445 white and 12,218 colored members, and 262 preachers. Indeed, for the succeeding five years, there seems to have been but little progress. Why? Perhaps the answer may not be satisfactory to the reader, but to the mind of the author the following reasons appear plausible:

1. During this period the war with the Northwestern Indians raged fiercely, which called thousands from home, and in a great measure disturbed the quiet of the country

2. In the Methodist Societies a great disturbance was created by the disaffection of James O'Kelly Mr. O'Kelly was a man of talents and great popularity, and hence for a season he drew many away from the Churches, and prejudiced the minds of thousands who up to this time had been

friendly to Methodism. They now turned their sympathies another way

3. The opening up of new territory in the North-west excited great attention, and drew the minds of the people toward the fertile soil north of the Ohio. This for a considerable period unsettled society, and broke up congregations, which could be reörganized only after protracted effort.

4. The meager support of the ministry forced many of the most active and zealous preachers to abandon the work, and seek for subsistence in secular pursuits; indeed, it was almost the universal practice for preachers, as soon as they got married, to leave the itinerant ranks. Popular sentiment said that married preachers should locate. To the mind of the writer, this was the prime cause of a want of success at this period of the Church's history.

CHAPTER XII.

The Conference in Holston—Extract from Dr. Patton's Life—Valentine Cook—Discussion with Mr. Jamieson—Dr. Stevenson's sketch—Mr. Burke again on Cumberland—Bethel College—Methodists the friends of education—Methodists in all the learned professions—Early action of the General Conference.

THE Conference was appointed to meet in Holston, on the 1st of May, 1798. Dr. McAnally, in his Life and Times of Dr. Patton, makes the following note:

"In the spring of this year, (1798,) the Conference met, and transacted the usual business. No reference is made to this meeting in the Journal of Bishop Asbury, and, from its reading, the plain inference is, that he was not present. But yet Mr. Burke says he was. However this may have been, the usual returns were made, and the preachers reäppointed. The District remained as it had been during the previous year, and, strange to say, the Minutes report it as supplied by both Francis Poythress and Jonathan Bird, as Presiding Elders. This, however, is most likely the result of some error committed in transcribing or

printing the Minutes. The writer of this recollects to have once heard Mr. Bird say that, some time during the year, he was sent to supply this District, because Mr. Poythress had either failed in health, or been removed to some other field of labor, but does not now recollect which. The impression is, that Mr. Bird was traveling with Bishop Asbury when Mr. Poythress's health failed, and he was sent to take his place on the District. As to the circuits, they were supplied by Thomas Allen, on New River; Obadiah Strange, on Russell; Thomas Wilkerson, on Holston; and Henry Smith, on Green. As to extension, these circuits, from the first, embraced the principal settlements in the section of country already described, and the only extension they could have was by increase of appointments, as new settlements were formed, and the federal population increased.

"The number of members reported was 803 whites, and 51 colored; total, 854—a still farther decrease."

This year introduces into the work in Cumberland one of the great lights of the Methodist Church, Valentine Cook. He was Presiding Elder on the District, and was the successor of John Kobler and Francis Poythress. Mr. Poythress was sent to Holston as Presiding Elder, while Thomas Wilkerson was on the Holston Circuit.

Mr. Cook is so well known to the reading pub-

lic, that it would seem to be almost a work of supererogation to give the reader of these pages a sketch of his life; yet no history of Western Methodism would be complete without incorporating his name with it, and referring to his vast labors. .Mr. Cook entered the itinerant ministry as early as 1778, and traveled the first four years in Maryland and Virginia. From Virginia he went to Pennsylvania, and labored in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, where he had a debate with the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, a Scotch Seceder. This discussion gave Mr. Cook great fame as an able and learned minister, and opened the door for the introduction of Methodism in all that region. The next year he is in the mountains of Virginia, on the Clarksburg Circuit. In 1794, he is on a District embracing Philadelphia and a large space of country in Pennsylvania. Again he is back in the mountains about Clarksburg, Virginia, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In 1798, he is on the Cumberland District, as Presiding Elder, preaching to immense congregations of delighted hearers. In 1800, his health failed, and he located and settled in Kentucky, where he was engaged for many years in teaching and preaching when he had physical ability He had charge, for several years, of Bethel Academy, a Conference school in Central Kentucky, and afterward he had supervision of a private institution near Russellville,

Kentucky He was a *great preacher*—not only learned and acute, but he had an unction that was extraordinary. A writer says of him: "Whole multitudes of people, on popular occasions, were moved by the Spirit of grace, under his preaching, as the trees of the forest were moved by the winds of heaven. His last public effort, as I was informed by those who were present, made at Yellow Creek Camp-meeting, in Dickson county, Tennessee, was a signal triumph. While preaching on the Sabbath, such a power came down on the people, and produced such an excitement, that he was obliged to desist till order was partially restored. Shortly after he resumed speaking, he was stopped from the same cause. A third attempt produced the same result. He then sat down, amidst a glorious shower of grace, and wept, saying, 'If the Lord sends rain, we will stop the plow, and let it rain.'"

Mr. Cook was married, in 1798, to Miss Slaughter, and brought up a large family of children. Two of his sons were ministers of the Methodist Church—the elder died early; the younger, the Rev. Thomas F. Cook, died in Texas a few years since, a man beloved and useful in his day.

The late Dr. Edward Stevenson, in Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky, gives the following interesting account of Mr. Cook's closing scene:

"A short time previous to his death, he attended a camp-meeting, some eight or ten miles from home. As usual, he labored with great zeal and success. He preached on the Sabbath to a vast crowd, from these words, 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'—2 Corinthians iv 17 After a solemn and very impressive pause, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and said, 'What! our *afflictions* work for us a *weight of glory!—a far more exceeding* and *eternal weight of glory!*' and added, 'I believe it with all my heart, because thou, O God, hast revealed it in this blessed volume.' The effect upon the congregation is said to have been very remarkable, and the discourse throughout has been represented as among the most able and effective that he ever delivered. This was the last sermon he preached, as I was informed by his weeping widow, a few months after his death.

"On his return home from this meeting, he was violently attacked with bilious fever. His case, from the first, was considered doubtful, and finally hopeless. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, he called his wife and children to his bedside, and, after taking a last earthly leave of his family, he committed them, with many expressions of confidence, to the guidance and protection of Almighty Goodness. When asked by one of

his neighbors, a few moments before his death, how he felt, he answered, 'I scarcely know,' and then added, 'When I think of Jesus, and of living with him for ever, I am so filled with the love of God, that I scarcely know whether I am in the body or out of the body' These were the last words that ever fell from his lips. He died, as he had lived, 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.'"*

Mr. Burke, who was appointed to the Cumberland Circuit this year, makes the following record:

"In the spring of 1798, Bishop Asbury met the Conference on Holston, and I was appointed to Cumberland again, having been absent two years. I traveled this year alone, and had not the pleasure of seeing the face of a traveling preacher through the entire year. The circuit had become very large, the country was settling very fast, and many additions to the Church made by certificate. During this year many local preachers emigrated, and settled in the bounds of the circuit. Rev. John McGee settled at Dixon's Springs; Rev. Jesse Walker settled on White's Creek. This year I became acquainted with J. A. Granade, who moved from the lower part of the State of North Carolina. He had in

* Sketch of Cook, by Dr. Stevenson, pp. 75, 76.

Carolina professed religion; but on coming to Tennessee he had fallen into a strange state of mind. He was in constant fear of hell, and despaired of ever being restored to the favor of God again. I did every thing in my power for his recovery He traveled with me considerably, and sometimes he would have lucid intervals—seasons when he appeared perfectly rational, and expressed a hope; but suddenly he would relapse into melancholy and despair again.

"During this year I had to pay nearly a hundred dollars for a horse, and I found it hard to raise the money, and support myself, and pay the board of my wife; however, I economized in every way I borrowed a blanket, and wore it instead of a great-coat through the winter, and by that means paid my debts. Upon the whole, I spent this year very agreeably, and with some success." *

From the above paragraph, it appears that Mr. Burke was alone on Cumberland during the year 1798, and yet the General Minutes place John Kobler and William Burke on the Cumberland Circuit. The Minutes are not always correct, and cannot be relied upon implicitly as to dates. Sometimes the ecclesiastical year does not correspond with the calendar year. The Conferences would sometimes convene in the latter part of the

* Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 52, 53.

winter or spring, and then the Conference year would extend over to the same period the ensuing calendar year; or, as we shall see as we progress, the Conferences were frequently held in autumn, or early winter: in that case, the year sometimes dates back and sometimes forward, thus producing confusion in the mind of the reader.

Again, in those early times, the preachers were frequently changed in the middle of the year, or at the end of three months, without noting those changes in the Annual Minutes. In the case of Mr. Kobler, we have the difficulty solved. He was doubtless appointed, at the Conference, to the Cumberland Circuit; but, after the close of the Conference, Bishop Asbury sent him as a missionary to Ohio, then called the North-western Territory. In after years, Mr. Kobler furnished a sketch for the Western Historical Society, from which we make the following extract:

"There being a field open in the region north-west of the Ohio, and laborers being wanted, Kobler went over to travel the wilderness where we now live, and preached the gospel of Jesus to the scattered inhabitants. A sketch, furnished by him for the Western Historical Society, in August, 1841, we will insert, as it will serve to show, in his own language, what was the state and condition of the country upward of fifty years ago. It begins as follows:

"'In the year 1798, the writer of this article was sent by Bishop Asbury as a missionary to this region of country, then called North-western Territory, now Ohio State, to form a new circuit, and to plant the first principles of the gospel. In passing through the country, he found it almost in its native, rude, and uncultivated state. The inhabitants were settled in small neighborhoods, and few and far between; and little or no improvement about them. No sound of the everlasting gospel had as yet broken upon their ears, or gladdened their hearts; no house of worship was erected wherein Jehovah's name was recorded; no joining the assembly of the saints, or those who keep the holy day; but the whole might, with strict propriety, be called "a land of darkness, and the shadow of death," where

"The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

"'The site on which Cincinnati now stands was nearly a dense and uncultivated forest. No improvement was to be seen but Fort Washington—which was built on the brow of the hill, and extended down to the margin of the river—around which was built a number of cabins, in which resided the first settlers of the place. This fortress was then under the command of General Harrison,

and was the great place of rendezvous for the federal troops, which were sent by the Government to guard the frontiers, or to go forth to war with the Indians.' "*

The numbers in Society, as returned this year, were: Cumberland, 206 whites, 34 colored; Green, 322 whites, 18 colored—total, 528 whites, 52 colored.

The next Conference was appointed for Bethel Academy, Kentucky, 1799.

As Bethel Academy is so frequently referred to in the Minutes, and was so often selected as the place of the meeting of the Conference, it is proper that a word should be said in reference to this the second institution of learning ever established by the Methodists in America. The following brief history of the origin, progress, and decline of the school is given by Mr. Burke:

"In the county of Jessamine, situated on the cliffs, was Bethel Academy, built entirely by subscriptions raised on the circuits. One hundred acres of land was given by Mr. Lewis, as the site for the Academy. The project originated with Mr. Asbury, Francis Poythress, Isaac Hite, of Jefferson; Colonel Hinde, of Nelson; Willis Green, of Lincoln; Richard Masterson, of Fayette; and Mr. Lewis, of Jessamine. A spacious building

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* Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 169, 170.

was erected—I think, eighty by forty feet—three stories high. The design was to accommodate the students in the house with boarding, etc. The first and second stories were principally finished, and a spacious hall in the center. The building of this house rendered the pecuniary means of the preachers very uncertain, for they were continually employed in begging for Bethel. The people were very liberal, but they could not do more than they did. The country was new, and the unsettled state of the people, in consequence of the Indian wars and depredations, kept the country in a continual state of agitation. The Legislature, at an early period, made a donation of six thousand acres of land to Bethel Academy The land was located in Christian county, south of Green River, and remained a long time unproductive; and while I continued a trustee, till 1804, it remained rather a bill of expense than otherwise. In 1803, I was appointed by the Western Conference to attend the Legislature, and obtain an act of incorporation. I performed that duty, and Bethel was incorporated, with all the powers and privileges of a literary institution. From that time I was removed to such a distance that my connection with the Academy ceased. Rev Valentine Cook was the first who organized the academical department, and at first the prospect was flattering. A number of students were in attendance; but difficulties

occurred which it would be needless to mention, as all the parties concerned have gone to give an account at a higher tribunal; but such was the effect, that the school soon declined, and Brother Cook abandoned the project.

"The Rev. John Metcalf, who had married and located, was next introduced, and kept a common school for some time. On his leaving the place vacant, Rev. Nathanael Harris moved, with his family, and occupied the building as a dwelling, and kept a school for the neighborhood. On his leaving the premises, it was soon in a dilapidated state. The land on which it was built fell into the hands of Mr. Lewis's heirs. The house was taken down, so that not one stone was left upon another, and the whole was transferred to Nicholasville and incorporated into a county academy, which is still in operation; but the Methodist Church have no more interest in it than other citizens of Jessamine county"*

The Methodists have ever been the friends of education. Mr. Wesley, who, under God, was the grand leader of "this sect ever spoken against," was highly educated. He was learned in the languages, especially in the Greek. Thomas Coke, whom he ordained and sent over to America as the first General Superintendent of the United

* Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 42, 43.

Societies, was a man of great learning: he was an LL.D. when titles meant something. Soon after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in North America, the attention of the preachers and people was turned to the subject of education, and measures were early adopted to erect and endow schools of high grade for the benefit of the children of the Church, and, with little intermission, the Church has never relaxed her energies in sustaining the noble work of training the youth of the land. It is true they have blundered in many instances. They have made unfortunate locations, and have attempted to accomplish too much in a brief space of time; hence they have multiplied colleges and academies too rapidly, without endowing those already established beyond a peradventure. Yet, with all their errors, the Methodists have done nobly, and are still bearing a praiseworthy part in the educational interest of the land. Bethel Academy, after having accomplished much for the times, tumbled into ruin; but other colleges and academies have sprung up in various places, and are now sending out annually hundreds and thousands of young men and young women who are ornaments to the Church and a blessing to the nation. Methodists are filling high stations in the State, in the learned professions, in trade and in commerce, and the number of their educated sons and daughters is

increasing every year. As a matter of information to such of the readers of this work as have not the document at hand, we copy the following plan from the Journal of the General Conference of 1796:

Ques. 10. What directions shall we give concerning the education of youth?

Ans. Let the following address and regulations be printed in our Minutes, viz.:

THE PLAN OF EDUCATION RECOMMENDED TO ALL OUR SEMINARIES OF LEARNING.

To the Public, and to the Members of our Society in particular:

The first object we recommend is to form the minds of the youth, through divine aid, to wisdom and holiness; instilling into their tender minds the principles of true religion, speculative, experimental, and practical, and training them in the ancient way, that they may be rational, scriptural Christians. For this purpose we recommend that not only the masters, but also our elders, deacons, and preachers, embrace every opportunity of instructing the students in the great branches of the Christian religion.

It is also our particular desire, that all who shall be educated in Methodist seminaries, be kept at the utmost distance as from vice in general, so in particular from softness and effeminacy of manners.

The masters, therefore, should inflexibly insist on their rising early in the morning; and we are convinced, by constant observation and experience, that this is of vast importance both to body and mind. It is of admirable use, either for preserving a good or improving a bad constitution. It is of peculiar service in all nervous complaints, both in preventing and removing them. And by thus strengthening the various organs of the body, it enables the mind to put forth its utmost exertions.

On the same principle the masters should prohibit *play* in the strongest terms; and in this we have the two greatest writers on the subject that perhaps any age has produced—Mr. Locke and M. Rousseau—of our sentiments; for though the latter was essentially mistaken in his religious system, yet his wisdom in other respects, and extensive genius, are indisputably acknowledged. The employments which we would recommend for the recreation of the students, are such as are of the greatest public utility—*agriculture* and *architecture*—studies more especially necessary for a new-settled country; and, of consequence, the instructing of youth in all the practical branches of those important arts will be an effectual method of rendering them more useful to their country Agreeably to this idea, the greatest statesman that perhaps ever shone in the annals

of history, *Peter*, the Russian emperor, who was deservedly styled *the Great*, disdained not to stoop to the employment of a *ship-carpenter*. Nor was it rare, during the purest times of the Roman republic, to see the conquerors of nations and deliverers of their country return with all simplicity and cheerfulness to the exercise of the plow. In conformity to this sentiment, one of the completest poetic pieces of antiquity (the *Georgics of Virgil*) is written on the subject of husbandry; by the perusal of which, and submission to the above regulations, the students may delightfully unite the theory and the practice together. We say *delightfully*, for we are far from wishing that these employments should be turned into drudgery or slavery, but into pleasing recreations for the mind and body

In teaching the languages, care should be taken to read those authors, and those only, who join together the purity, the strength, and the elegance of their several tongues. And the utmost caution should be used that nothing immodest should be found in any of their books.

But this is not all. We should take care that the books be not only inoffensive, but useful; that they contain as much strong *sense* and as much *genuine morality* as possible. As far, therefore, as is consistent with the foregoing observations, a choice and universal library should be

provided for the use of the students, according to their finances; and on this plan we trust that our seminaries of learning will, in time, send forth men who will be blessings to their country in every laudable office and employment of life, thereby uniting the two greatest ornaments of intelligent beings, which are too often separated—*deep learning* and *genuine religion.*

The rules and regulations with which you are here presented have been weighed and digested in our Conferences, but we also submit them to your judgment:

GENERAL RULES PROPOSED FOR THE METHODIST SEMINARIES OF LEARNING.

1. The students shall rise at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, at the ringing of a bell.

2. All the students shall assemble together at six o'clock, for public prayer, except in cases of sickness; and on any omission, shall be responsible to the master.

3. From morning prayer till seven, they shall be allowed to recreate themselves as is hereafter directed.

4. At seven they shall breakfast.

5. From eight till twelve, they are to be closely kept to their respective studies.

6. From twelve to three, they are to employ

themselves in recreation and dining—dinner to be ready at one o'clock.

7. From three till six, they are again to be kept closely to their studies.

8. At six they shall sup.

9. At seven there shall be public prayer.

10. From evening prayer till bed-time, they shall be allowed recreation.

11. They shall all be in bed at nine o'clock, without fail.

12. Their recreations shall be gardening, walking, riding, and bathing, without doors; and the carpenter's, joiner's, cabinet-maker's, or turner's business, within doors.

13. A large plot of land shall be appropriated for a garden, and a person skilled in gardening be appointed to overlook the students when employed in that recreation.

14. A convenient bath shall be made for bathing.

15. A master, or some proper person by him appointed, shall be always present at the time of bathing. Only one shall bathe at a time; and no one shall remain in the water above a minute.

16. No student shall be allowed to bathe in the river.

17. A *taberna lignaria* (place for working in wood) shall be provided on the premises, with

all proper instruments and materials, and a skillful person be employed to overlook the students at this recreation.

18. The students shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls PLAY. Let this rule be observed with the strictest nicety; for those who play when they are young, will play when they are old.

19. Each student shall have a bed to himself, wherever he boards.

20. The students shall lie on mattresses, not on feather-beds, because we believe the mattresses to be more healthy.

21. The masters shall strictly examine, from time to time, whether those who board the students (if they board out of the seminary) comply with these rules as far as they concern them.

22. A skillful physician shall be engaged to attend the students on every emergency, that the parents may be fully assured that proper care shall be taken of the health of their children.

23. The Bishops shall examine, by themselves or their delegates, into the progress of all the students in learning, every half year, or oftener, if possible.

24. The elders, deacons, and preachers, as often as they visit the seminaries respectively, shall examine the students concerning their knowledge of God and religion.

25. The students shall be divided into proper classes for that purpose.

26. A pupil who has a total incapacity to attain learning, shall, after sufficient trial, be returned to his parents.

27 If a student be convicted of any open sin, he shall, for the first offense, be reproved in private; for the second offense, he shall be reproved in public; and for the third offense, he shall be punished at the discretion of the master.

28. Idleness, or any other fault, may be punished with confinement, according to the discretion of the master.

29. A convenient room shall be set apart as a place of confinement.

CHAPTER XIII.

Change in constituency of the Conferences—Six Annual Conferences—Western Conference—William Lambuth—Success of Mr. Page on the Cumberland Circuit—Alexander Rascoe—J. R. Lambuth: his son—Mr. Burke's review of the work—Rev. Colonel Green Hill and his family—Dr. McAnally's remarks.

Up to 1796, the yearly Conferences met at various places, to suit the convenience of the preachers. At the General Conference of this year, (1799,) the following note was made in the Journal:

"For several years the Annual Conferences were very small, consisting only of the preachers of a single District, or of two or three very small ones. This was attended with many inconveniences:

"1. There were but few of the senior preachers, whose years and experience had matured their judgments, who could be present at any one Conference.

"2. The Conferences wanted that dignity which every religious synod should possess, and which always accompanies a large assembly of gospel ministers.

"3. The itinerant plan was exceedingly cramped, from the difficulty of removing preachers from one District to another. All these inconveniences will, we trust, be removed on the present plan: and at the same time, the Conferences are so arranged that all the members respectively may attend with little difficulty."

According to this plan, the whole work was divided into six Annual Conferences, namely, New England, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Virginia, South Carolina, and the Western Conference. The Bishops in the interim had the right to form new Conferences. The General Conference was at this period made up of all the Elders who were able to attend, the Delegated General Conference having not as yet been provided for.

The Western Conference embraced, by this arrangement, Kentucky and Tennessee, and its sessions this year were held at Bethel Academy, May 1, 1799. There was no Conference in the Holston country this year, but the plan of the District was changed. According to the new arrangement, Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, East Tennessee, and South-western Virginia were all included in the same District, and Francis Poythress was the Presiding Elder. John Page was appointed to the Cumberland Circuit, and William Lambuth to Green. Mr. Page was very successful on his circuit; indeed, it may be properly said

that the "great revival" of 1800 had its buddings this year, and some of the first indications were witnessed in Tennessee, under the ministry of Mr. Page and others. Alexander Rascoe, who afterward became a local preacher, was converted this year. Mr. Rascoe lived to an advanced age, and continued steadfast in the faith, and died in peace with God. He was a sweet-spirited Christian, and in his declining years seemed to mature in all the graces of the Holy Spirit. The author preached his funeral-sermon at Goodlettsville, Tennessee, some years since. The text was appropriate: "Well done, good and faithful servant," etc.

Mr. Lambuth, who traveled the Green Circuit this year, was appointed the next year to the Cumberland Circuit, and Mr. Page was sent, the Minutes say, to Holston, Russell, and New River. Mr. Page says, in a letter to the author, written in 1843, that his appointment was New River, Holston, and Clinch. The Minutes are probably correct, as Mr. Page wrote from memory Mr. Page's memory seems to have been at fault in another particular. He says that he was changed from his field of labor soon after the Conference, and sent back to the Cumberland Circuit in 1799, and that the change was made by Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat. The Minutes say that it was in 1800. This must be correct, for Mr. Whatcoat

was not elected Bishop till May, 1800. It would appear, then, that Mr. Page was sent back to the Cumberland Circuit, and either superseded Mr. Lambuth, or traveled with him. After this year, Mr. Lambuth's name disappears from the Minutes: the presumption is that he located, as that was very common in those early times, especially when the preachers married. Mr. Lambuth settled in Sumner county, where he brought up a family His son, John R. Lambuth, entered the ministry at an early age, and became a prominent and useful minister. He labored in Alabama and Mississippi for many years, and died only a short time since.

One of his sons, the Rev J. W Lambuth, has been a missionary in China for many years, under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and he had another son a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Mississippi. Thus the house of Levi continues to furnish priests for the altar.

Since writing the above, the following statement has been received from Dr. William W Lambuth, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, a grandson of Mr. Lambuth, which is inserted with pleasure:

"I have obtained the following facts from my father, William Lambuth, with regard to the Rev. William Lambuth, my grandfather. He was born in Hanover county, Virginia, near Hanover Court-

house, in the year 1765. He was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-one years, and became a member of the Baltimore Conference very soon thereafter. He traveled in the bounds of that Conference for several years. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Coke, and received elders' orders at the hands of Bishop Asbury

"From the Baltimore Conference he was sent to the wilderness of Tennessee, in the year 1798, as a missionary After laboring some three years in this new field, as an itinerant, he was happily married to Elizabeth Greenhaw, and located in Smith county, Tennessee, near Hartsville, where he lived for some years, during which time he was a neighbor to the Rev. John McGee, by whom he was married; at the expiration of which time he removed to Sumner county, Tennessee, and settled within one mile of Fountain Head, where he lived the remainder of his life. He died in the year 1837 As a local preacher, during his residence in Sumner county, he was abundant in labors, and was known extensively as 'Old Father Lambuth, the comb-maker.' Manufacturing combs was his principal employment. His death was peaceful; he passed away as one falling asleep. He rests in Fountain Head Cemetery, with his wife, where sleep the Revs. R. Cope and William Woodall, and others. His eldest son, the Rev John R. Lambuth, labored for many

years as a member of the Mississippi Conference, and died in peace in the year 1863.

"I regret that my grandfather's diary, with his parchments and other papers which were in the possession of my father, were lost to us, having been destroyed at the time my father's house was burned by outlaws, during the war, in the State of Arkansas, where my father then resided."

The close of this year may be called a period in the history of American Methodism. The new century, or 1800, began a new era, and from this date the Church went forward with new vigor, and with certain prospect of great success.

When Mr. Burke, in his Autobiography, comes to this date—the close of 1799—he takes a brief review of the past, and pens the following interesting items:

"I consider this the proper place to give a description of the men and means employed in the establishment and progress of Methodism in this Western country, and the difficulties and hardships encountered in the work. As early as the year 1785, the first traveling preachers visited the Holston country; their names were Richard Swift and Michael Gilbert. The country at this time was new and thinly settled. They met with many privations and sufferings, and made but little progress. The most of the country through which they traveled was very moun-

tainous and rough, and the people ignorant and uncultivated, and the greater part a frontier exposed to Indian depredations. They were followed by Mark Whittaker and Mark Moore, who were zealous, plain, old-fashioned Methodist preachers, and calculated to make an impression. Their labors were successful, and they were instrumental in raising up many societies. Mark Whittaker in particular was a strong man, and maintained Methodist doctrine in opposition to Calvinism, which was the prevailing doctrine of that time. He laid a good foundation for his successors, and was followed by Jeremiah Matson and Thomas Ware, and after them in succession Joseph Doddridge, Jeremiah Able, John Tunnell, John Baldwin, Charles Hardy, John McGee, and John West. Under God these men planted the standard of the cross in the frontier settlements of the French Broad, and numerous societies were raised up; so that in 1791, the societies numbered upward of one thousand. About this time I arrived in the Holston country These fathers of Methodism, most of whom have gone to their reward, will be long had in grateful remembrance. But two of them are lingering on the shores of mortality—Charles Hardy and John West. The most of them died in connection with the Church, and are now reaping the reward of their labors and sufferings. Joseph Doddridge received orders

in the Episcopal Church of England, and settled in the Monongahela country, and there died. Jeremiah Able joined the Presbyterians, and lived and died in the Green River country, not far from Greensburg, Greene county, Kentucky

"The pioneers of Methodism in that part of Western Virginia and the Western Territory suffered many privations, and underwent much toil and labor, preaching in forts and cabins, sleeping on straw, bear and buffalo skins, living on bear meat, venison, and wild turkeys, traveling over mountains and through solitary valleys, and, sometimes, lying on the cold ground; receiving but a scanty support, barely enough to keep soul and body together, with coarse home-made apparel; but the best of all was, their labors were owned and blessed of God, and they were like a band of brothers, having one purpose and end in view —the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls. When the preachers met from their different and distant fields of labor, they had a feast of love and friendship; and when they parted, they wept and embraced each other as brothers beloved. Such was the spirit of primitive Methodist preachers.

"There were but few local preachers at that time in that part of the Western country, and they were like angels' visits, few and far between —one local preacher on West New River Circuit,

a Brother Morgan, whose labors were confined principally to a small circle; but one on Holston, old Father Ragen, in the Rich Valley, not far from the salt-works. He was a man much respected, and, in some degree, useful in his neighborhood, but circumscribed in his operations as a preacher. At an early time, Brother Benjamin Vanpelt, a local preacher of considerable talents and usefulness, moved from Alexandria, Virginia, and settled on Lick Creek, Greene county, Western Territory He labored extensively, was very useful, and was made an instrument, under God, of doing much good. Several societies were formed by his ministry, and he may be considered one of the fathers of the Church. His memory will be long had in remembrance by the people of the French Broad country He was the old and particular friend of Bishop Asbury, and one of the first meeting-houses built in that country was Vanpelt's Meeting-house. I have been in company with the Bishop at his house, and heard him preach in the meeting-house as early as 1792. Brother Stilwell, another local preacher from Virginia, settled in the same neighborhood and united with Brother Vanpelt, and they labored harmoniously in the good work. After the conclusion of the Indian war, in the spring of 1795, there was a great influx by emigration. Some of the traveling preachers married and settled in

the country James O'Connor settled on Watauga, Mark Whittaker near Jonesboro, Stephen Brooks in Greene county, and many others, both preachers and members, settled in different sections, and some new preachers were raised up, and the work was enlarged; new circuits were formed, and some useful and talented young men entered into the traveling connection. Among the first was Francis Acuff, of precious memory, who, at an early period, fell a victim to disease, and died in the triumphs of faith on the Danville Circuit, Kentucky Nathanael Massie, David Young, Henager, and Porter, in succession, were raised up in that section of country, whose labors and usefulness are known among the thousands of Israel; and the few who remain to witness the spread and triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom are ready to exclaim, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'" *

It has been said that this was the year when the "great revival" began. In proof of this, we copy a very interesting letter from the Rev. John McGee to the Rev Thomas L. Douglass, which was published in the fourth volume of the Methodist Magazine:

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request, I have endeavored to recollect some of the most

* Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 57–60.

noted circumstances which occurred at the commencement of the work of God in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and which came under my observation in 1799 and the two following years.

I suppose I am one of the two brothers referred to in Theophilus Arminius's account of the work of God in the Western country My brother William McGee is fallen asleep in the bosom of his beloved Master. We were much attached to each other from our infancy, but much more so when we both experienced the uniting love of Jesus Christ. I was the oldest, and, by the mercy and grace of God, sought and experienced religion first. With great anxiety of mind, he heard me preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, before he felt or enjoyed peace with God. After he obtained religion, he thought proper to receive holy orders in the Presbyterian Church; and, after preaching some time in North Carolina and in the Holston country, he came to Cumberland, (now West Tennessee,) about the year 1796 or 1797, and settled in a congregation in Sumner county, about the year 1798. Several reasons induced me to remove, with my family, from North Carolina to the Western country, and in the year 1798 settled in Sumner (now Smith) county The difference of doctrines professed by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches was not sufficient to dissolve those ties of love

and affection which we both felt. We loved, and prayed, and preached together; and God was pleased to own and bless us and our labors. In the year 1799, we agreed to make a tour through the Barrens, toward Ohio, and concluded to attend a sacramental solemnity in the Rev Mr. McGready's congregation, on Red River, in our way When we came there, I was introduced by my brother, and received an invitation to address the congregation from the pulpit, and I know not that ever God favored me with more light and liberty than he did each day, while I endeavored to convince the people they were sinners, and urged the necessity of repentance, and of a change from nature to grace, and held up to their view the greatness, freeness, and fullness of salvation, which was in Christ Jesus, for lost, guilty, condemned sinners. My brother and the Rev Mr. Hodge preached with much animation and liberty The people felt the force of truth, and tears ran down their cheeks, but all was silent until Monday, the last day of the feast. Mr. Hodge gave a useful discourse; an intermission was given, and I was appointed to preach. While Mr. Hodge was preaching, a woman in the east end of the house got an uncommon blessing, broke through order, and shouted for some time, and then sat down in silence. At the close of the sermon, Messrs. Hodge, McGready, and Rankin went out of the house: my brother and

myself sat still. The people seemed to have no disposition to leave their seats. My brother felt such a power come on him, that he quit his seat and sat down on the floor of the pulpit, (I suppose, not knowing what he did.) A power which caused me to tremble was upon me. There was a solemn weeping all over the house. Having a wish to preach, I strove against my feelings. At length I rose up and told the people I was appointed to preach, but there was a greater than I preaching, and exhorted them to let the Lord God omnipotent reign in their hearts, and to submit to him, and their souls should live. Many broke silence: the woman in the east end of the house shouted tremendously I left the pulpit to go to her, and as I went along through the people, it was suggested to me: "You know these people are much for order—they will not bear this confusion. Go back, and be quiet." I turned to go back, and was near falling. The power of God was strong upon me; I turned again, and, losing sight of the fear of man, I went through the house shouting and exhorting with all possible ecstasy and energy, and the floor was soon covered with the slain. Their screams for mercy pierced the heavens, and mercy came down. Some found forgiveness, and many went away from that meeting feeling unutterable agonies of soul for redemption in the blood of Jesus. This was the beginning of that glorious

revival of religion in this country which was so great a blessing to thousands; and from this meeting camp-meetings took their rise. One man, for the want of horses for all his family to ride and attend the meeting, fixed up his wagon, in which he took them and his provisions, and lived on the ground throughout the meeting. He had left his worldly cares behind him, and had nothing to do but attend on divine service.

The next popular meeting was on Muddy River, and this was a camp-meeting: a number of wagons loaded with people came together, and camped on the ground; and the Lord was present, and approved of their zeal by sealing a pardon to about forty souls. The next camp-meeting was on the Ridge, where there was an increase of people, and carriages of different descriptions, and a great many preachers of the Presbyterian and Methodist orders, and some of the Baptist, but the latter were generally opposed to the work. Preaching commenced, and the people prayed, and the power of God attended. There was a great cry for mercy. The nights were truly awful: the camp-ground was well illuminated; the people were differently exercised all over the ground—some exhorting, some shouting, some praying, and some crying for mercy, while others lay as dead men on the ground. Some of the spiritually-wounded fled to the woods, and their groans could be heard all through the

surrounding groves, as the groans of dying men. From thence many came into the camp, rejoicing and praising God for having found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. At this meeting it was computed that one hundred souls were converted from nature to grace. But perhaps the greatest meeting we ever witnessed in this country took place shortly after, on Desha's Creek, near Cumberland River. Many thousands of people attended. The mighty power and mercy of God were manifested. The people fell before the word, like corn before a storm of wind, and many rose from the dust with divine glory shining in their countenances, and gave glory to God in such strains as made the hearts of stubborn sinners tc tremble; and, after the first gust of praise, they would break forth in volleys of exhortation. Amongst these were many small, home-bred boys, who spoke with the tongue, wisdom, and eloquence of the learned; and truly they were learned, for they were all taught of God, who had taken their feet out of the mire and clay, and put a new song in their mouths. Although there were converts of different ages under this work, it was remarkable they were generally the children of praying parents. Here John A. Granade, the Western poet, who composed the Pilgrim's songs—after being many months in almost entire desperation, till he was worn down, and appeared like a walking

skeleton—found pardon and mercy from God, and began to preach a risen Jesus. Some of the Pharisees cried *disorder* and *confusion*, but in disorderly assemblies there are generally dislocated and broken bones, and bruised flesh; but here the women laid their sleeping children at the roots of the trees, while hundreds, of all ages and colors, were stretched on the ground in the agonies of conviction, and as dead men, while thousands, day and night, were crowding round them, and passing to and fro, yet there was nobody hurt;* which shows that the people were perfectly in their senses. And on this chaos of apparent confusion, God said, Let there be light, and there was light! and many emerged out of darkness into it. We have hardly ever had a camp-meeting since, without his presence and power to convert souls. Glory to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever!

Yours respectfully, JOHN McGEE.

Of the Rev. John McGee, the author of the foregoing letter, much might be written, as he was a great and good man, and an active worker in the revival in the West. The author remembers having once seen him, when he was far advanced in

* There was a man at the Ridge meeting who got mad, cursed the people, and said he would go home; but before he got out of sight of the camp-ground, a tree fell on him, and he was carried home dead.

life. He was then full of joy, and ripe for his future home.

The Rev Thomas Joyner, of the Memphis Conference, and who married Mr. McGee's daughter, has furnished the following interesting items:

"The Rev. John McGee was born and educated in Guilford county, North Carolina. His parents were Presbyterians, and of course he was brought up in the faith and order of that Church. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary struggle for independence; and although young McGee was scarcely capable of bearing arms, yet he preferred the exposures and perils of the camp to the persecutions and oppressions of the Tories, and entered the service. At the close of the war, he returned home, was dutiful to his parents, and affectionate to his brothers and sisters.

"By the will of a deceased uncle, his brother Andrew McGee and himself inherited a handsome legacy, which they vested in a ship, and sailed upon the high seas until the vessel was wrecked and lost, and they barely escaped. He went home, and Andrew married and settled in Maryland. Soon after, when on a visit to his brother, he became acquainted with the people called Methodists, and heard them preach. Their matter and manner were new to him. The truth, as presented by them, arrested his attention, awakened his conscience, and opened his heart to re-

ceive with meekness the ingrafted word. Being thus convinced of sin, he by hearty repentance sought and found justification by faith, and the regeneration of his nature by the Holy Ghost. The change with him was sensible and satisfactory, and he at once joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon he received a divine impression that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him, and he was not disobedient to the heavenly calling, for in due time he was authorized to exercise his gifts as an exhorter, and then as a preacher. When he returned to his relatives and acquaintances, they were greatly astonished at the change wrought in him, and some were mortified that he had become a Methodist. He joined the Conference, and traveled several years very acceptably and usefully About 1791, he was happily married to Miss Martha Johnson, daughter of the late Colonel William Johnson, of South Carolina, who was indeed a helpmate to him, in every sense of the word. In 1798, they emigrated to Tennessee, and settled in Sumner (now Smith) county, near Dixon's Springs, where he lived and closed his pilgrimage.

"Mr. McGee was below the medium size, but formed for activity and durability; was a model of industry, energy, and economy; provided bountifully for his own household, sustained the institutions of the Church, and his hand was ever open

to the calls of charity He was a good citizen—loyal to the Government, and obedient to the powers that be—and an ardent admirer of the then democratic institutions of the country

"Mr. McGee possessed a strong and vigorous intellect, clear perception, sound, discriminating judgment, and a mind well stored with varied, useful knowledge; was thoroughly versed in the Scriptures, understood the doctrines and usages of his Church, and was well prepared to explain and defend them. His manner in the pulpit was mild, plain, and methodical: he never attempted embellishment, but, when fired by the divinity of his theme, frequently rose to the sublime, and carried his hearers with him to the mount to take a view of the heavenly Canaan, and his applications and exhortations were often overwhelming to the unconverted.

"I am not apprised that he belonged to the Conference, except to fill the unexpired term of the lamented Blackman upon the District, but was emphatically a local traveling preacher, laboring through the week, and preaching on the Sabbath.

"His younger brother, the Rev William McGee, had received orders in the Presbyterian Church. He preceded him to Tennessee, and was pastor of a congregation in Sumner county They were much attached in feeling and affection, and in-

spired with zeal for their Master's cause. They took a ministerial tour into Kentucky, and attended several meetings, where the word was attended with marvelous displays of divine power, and scores were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and into the fold of Christ. They then attended a meeting on the Ridge, and another on Desha's Creek, both in Sumner county, Tennessee. The people left home and the cares of the world, and assembled by every mode of conveyance, chiefly in wagons, taking their provisions with them, and remained on the ground for several days and nights together. The interest increased, and the work was almost universal. Those who did not yield, had to fly: God was there to kill and make alive, and hundreds were brought from darkness to light. These servants of God and of the Church were some of the honored instruments in commencing the great revival of religion in 1799, which continued two or three years; and this was the origin of the feast of tabernacles, (the modern camp-meetings,) which proved such a successful power in the Church; and may they yet be revived again in all their former usefulness!

"In 1835, a tumor appeared on his arm, and continued to grow until an operation was performed, and it was taken out by Dr. R. Thompson, assisted by other physicians; but, instead of healing, a fungus growth ensued, until it reached

nearly round his arm. A consultation of physicians was called, and amputation effected; but the shock was too great for his enfeebled constitution: he survived only a day or two, when, on the 16th day of June, 1836, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, full of faith and hope, he was gathered into the garner, as a shock of ripe corn cometh in its season.

"Mrs. McGee, and other members of the family, have followed. Only two remain—Mrs. Martha Douglass, relict of the late Colonel Birchett Douglass, and Mrs. Elizabeth Joyner."

Among the early emigrants to Middle Tennessee who added weight and respectability to the Methodist Church, was the Rev. and Hon. Green Hill. He was a native of North Carolina, was the son of Green and Grace Hill, and was born in Old Bute county, November 3, 1741. He filled several offices of trust and honor in his native State. He was a member of the Provincial Assembly or Congress which met at Newbern, August 25, 1774. This meeting, says Wheeler, "was not a conflict of arms or force, but it was the first act of that great drama in which battles and blood formed only subordinate parts. It was the first assembly of the people of North Carolina, in a representative character, in opposition to the Royal Government."

Mr. Hill was again in the Provincial Congress

which met at Halifax on the 4th of April, 1776—the fourth meeting of the people, in a representative capacity, opposed to the Royal Government of North Carolina.

Measures were taken at this Congress for resisting the Royal Government, and troops were raised and officers appointed, not only for the State at large, but for each county. Mr. Hill was appointed Second Major.

Mr. Hill was assigned to an important trust in the financial department of the new Government. The author has now before him scrip of North Carolina currency, issued by order of the Congress, of which the following is a copy:

No. CAROLINA CURRENCY.
No. SIX DOLLARS.
By Authority of Congress,
at Halifax, April 2, 1776.
G. HILL.

He was afterward promoted to a colonelcy, and was known all his life long as Colonel Hill.

At what time Colonel Hill was converted, and became a Methodist, we have no reliable information. As early as 1780, mention is made of him by Jesse Lee, in his Journal, who states that in July, 1780, on his way to the army, he spent a night at Mr. Green Hill's, where he was kindly treated. Mr. Lee says, that while the army was

in camp, in one of its retreats through North Carolina, Mr. Green Hill (September 24, 1780) visited it, and preached on "Quench not the Spirit."

Jesse Lee says again, that "the Conference for the Southern division of the work, for the year, was held at the residence of the Rev. Green Hill, in North Carolina. This was the first Conference held in this State. It commenced on Wednesday, April 20, 1785, and closed on the following Friday About twenty preachers were present, and their business was dispatched in harmony and peace."

Mr. Hill removed to Tennessee in 1799, and settled in Williamson county He visited Tennessee in 1796, and returned to North Carolina. The following extracts we copy from his Journal:

"Trip from North Carolina to Tennessee commenced May, 1796.

"*Thursday, June* 2.—In the afternoon we arrived at Nelson's Meeting-house, on Holston River. Here we found Brothers Brown and Seawell. I preached on Sunday, and went on Tuesday to hear Brother Page, at Brother Caskey's, on the waters of Nolichucky A warm preacher, and a large and lively society

"*Sunday, June* 19.—We remained at Mr. James Douglass's, (eight miles from Bledsoe's Lick.)

"*Tuesday, June* 21.—I preached at Mr. Thomas Edward's, (Mark xvi. 15, 16,) to very attentive people.

"*Wednesday, June* 22.—Went to Mr. Collier's, who lives at the Irish Station, on Cumberland River, nine miles above Nashville. We remained here till Sunday, (26th,) and went to Nashville to meeting, and heard Brother Duzan. Then I preached from Col. i. 27, 28. Some people went away, but the greater part quietly attended, and the word appeared to be attended with power. On Sunday evening we went home with old Mr. Ridley, who kindly entertained us.

"*Wednesday, June* 29.—We came to Brother Richard Strother's, (three miles from Nashville,) an excellent farmer, and very kind family, and stayed (Thursday, 30th) to meeting. An appointment at the preaching-house at this place for circuit preaching. I preached to a small congregation of pious Methodists, from Matt. xxv 10 'They that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut.' After preaching, we retired to Brother Strother's, and spent the evening with Brother Duzan.

"*Sunday, July* 3.—I attended an appointment on the bank of the Cumberland River, at Neely's Lick, at which time and place Mr. Dorrard had an appointment previously made, though not known to me, or those that appointed for me. I first

preached, (from Matt. vii. 21,) and then he preached, and appeared friendly.

"*Saturday, July* 9.—We went to quarterly-meeting, at Parker's, (seven miles,) and met Brother Buxton and Brother Duzan, pastors.

"*Sunday, July* 10.—Attended the sacrament, and had a very comfortable time. After sacrament, I preached to a numerous congregation. They were discomposed by a shower of rain. After the rain was over, Brother Buxton preached from Isa. i. 19; and after some time, the people got a little composed, and the meeting closed with solemnity

"*Saturday, July* 16. — Set out to Robertson Court, crossed the Ridge, and lodged at a friend's house of the name of Ramsey Twenty-five miles.

"*Sunday, July* 17 — I went five miles, and preached at old Mr. Citt's, to a careless people, chiefly, but hope a few sincere. Heb. ii. 3.

"*Thursday, July* 21.—We returned to Brother Ramsey's, and heard Brother Duzan, and lodged with him.

"*Saturday, July* 23. — We set out down the Ridge, between the river and Cumberland, to Clarksville, and lodged at Benjamin Rodgers's. Twenty miles.

"*Sunday, July* 24.—Went to Clarksville, (five miles,) and preached, from Mark i. 15, to an attentive people. Here I met with Brother Stephen-

son, who also preached: he is a Republican Methodist, so called. We lodged together at Robert Dunning's, and conversed freely

"*Monday, July* 25.—We went down to Palmyra, a new town, on the south side of Cumberland, twelve miles below Clarksville. Here we were kindly received by Mrs. Brown, Dr. Brown's lady, the chief gent of this place, he being at court. She is a religious woman, of the Baptist Church. Notice being given of our arrival, the inhabitants gathered at Mr. Brown's, and I preached from 1 Peter iii. 12. I had much liberty in speaking. The people wore attentive, and flexible as melted wax. I hope good was done.

"*Wednesday, July* 27.—We left Clarksville, and traveled about twelve miles, and lodged with Jonathan Stephenson.

"*Thursday, July* 28.—We then went up to Mr. Winter's, (thirteen miles,) and I preached from 2 John ii. 28, 29, to an attentive congregation. Three Baptist and one Presbyterian preacher present, who all spoke in turn, after I had preached, but without controversy, and parted very affectionately We came on to our friend Ramsey's, (five miles,) and lodged there.

"*Friday, July* 29.—We crossed the Ridge, and in the evening reached Brother Strother's, twenty-five miles from Ramsey's. Here we rested till Sunday, the 31st. I went to Nashville to attend

my appointment, and preached from the first Psalm. The people were attentive. After preaching, I went home with General Robertson, who lives about five miles below Nashville, on Richland Creek, on the south side of Cumberland.

"*Tuesday, August* 2.—I went to Nashville and crossed the river, and came up to Mr. Collier's, (nine miles,) and remained in the neighborhood till Sunday

"*Sunday, August* 7.—We went to my appointment at Mr. Paine's, and I preached from Col. ii. 4, 5. The people were attentive, and I had liberty in speaking. After meeting, we returned to Mr. Collier's.

"*Monday, August* 8.—We left Mr. Collier's, and called at Mr. Elisha Rives's, and baptized his three children—Harriet, Elizabeth, and Polly—and one black child; after which we came to Colonel Douglass's. Here we saw the distinguished Chickasaw chief, Pyamingo, and five other chiefs, on their way to Knoxville, and thence to Congress. Here we were kindly entertained, but no family worship.

"*Friday, August* 12.—I remained at Mr. Douglass's, and spent the day in reading and retirement, and enjoyed calmness of mind.

"*Sunday, August* 14.—I went to Norris's Preaching-house to meet Brother Buxton at his appointment, at his and the people's request. I preached

first from 1 Thess. v. 19. Brother Buxton also preached, from Matt. viii. 12. We met the society, at which one woman professed to find peace, and the society warmly engaged. I parted with that dear man of God, Brother Buxton, and went to my appointment at Sion Perry's, and preached to a small congregation, from John iii. 3, and baptized John Wright's child, and returned in the evening to Mr. Douglass's.

"*Monday, August* 15.—After prayer, and committing ourselves to the kind providences of God, I baptized Mr. Douglass's three children. We left Mr. Douglass, and entered on our journey to North Carolina, traveled twenty-two miles, and lodged at Dixon's Springs, at Mr. DeBow's. Here our horses left us, and made their way toward Mr. Douglass's. My mind was much discomposed. I had hard work to keep patience and resignation, but soon found my mind calm. Mr. Russell and John Hill pursued them, and got them at five miles, and returned at half-past nine. We crossed Cumberland River at twelve miles, Walton's Ferry, at the mouth of Caney Fork, and went the new road up the Ridge, between the Cumberland and Caney Fork, and camped at about twelve miles. On our way, we fell in company with Mr. Nash and Mr. Mann, on their way to Knoxville. We traveled together: the weather fine. We joined in prayer, and lay down to rest.

"*Wednesday, August* 17.—All well. We gave thanks, and petitioned for the blessings of the day, and passed on our journey

"*Thursday, August* 23.—All well. We set out, passed through Jonesboro, and came to Nelson's about two o'clock.

"*Friday, August* 24.—All well. Brother Kobler came here to his appointment, and preached from Rev. xxii. 14, and three following verses, after which I exhorted. The Lord was powerfully present: glory to his precious name! After meeting, Brother Kobler went on his tour: we still continued at Brother Brown's.

"*Thursday, August* 25.—I went to Brother Whittaker's, and stayed all night, and had a comfortable time. Brother Whittaker and Sister Whittaker mutually draw together, both for present and future happiness.

"*Sunday, August* 27.—I preached at Nelson's Preaching-house, from Luke xxi. 34, 35. A large congregation, but had not much liberty, though the people were attentive. (Same place where I preached 2d June)."

In 1799, he returned with his family and settled at Liberty Hill, about twelve miles south of Nashville, where he lived honored and respected, till the 11th of September, 1825, when he died, full of faith and hope. His house was a preaching-place, and an Annual Conference was held at

Liberty Hill, in October, 1808, the business being transacted in his dwelling, which is yet standing, and owned by his grandson, the Hon. W. H. S. Hill, to whom the author is indebted for many of the interesting items in this sketch.

Mr. Hill was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, on the 21st January, 1792, and was ordained elder by Bishop McKendree, October 4, 1813, at Reese's Chapel, near Franklin, Tennessee. Both parchments are now before the author. Liberty Hill Church must have been built as early as 1807 Among the papers of Mr. Hill, we find the following:

Sir please pay the Trustees of the Tabranicle on Liberty Hill one Dollar which is the amt of your acct for one vial of Batemans drops and one vial of Castor oil, and oblyg

Yrs THOS LIGHTFOOT

MR GREEN HILL
May 25th, 1807

The following beautiful tribute was written by the late Rev G. W Sneed, and published in the Lady's Companion, August, 1849:

"The patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, should ever be had in remembrance. Their deeds of daring, self-denial, and benevolence, are subjects worthy of special record. Gratitude demands our acknowledgment of the benefits

conferred upon us, and the advantages derived from their labors; also, as an example to be ever kept before the rising generation, the youth of our country, by which they may form their character, and model their future course in life, to attain unto usefulness and respectability Especially should we not suffer to sink into oblivion the names of our Revolutionary sires, whose strength and treasure were spent in the achievement of our liberties, and in securing to us the great political advantages we now enjoy; nor our fathers in the ministry—particularly the pioneers of our beloved Methodism, who have braved the dangers of frontier settlers, the privations and toils incident to gospel labors in newly-settled countries, to bring us the gospel news of salvation, and break unto us the bread of spiritual and eternal life.

"We consider Col. Green Hill worthy of special note, as uniting in his own person the three-fold character of patriot, philanthropist, and the Christian minister. He was a Revolutionary patriot, of the real republican stamp. He served as a colonel in the war. What his particular field of labor was, and how long he served, I am not informed. So ardent were his principles of republicanism, that in every pursuit of after life he cherished the sentiment and manifested the feeling of liberal principles, which were often promi-

nent in his ministerial labors; and he has declared from the sacred desk, if he knew where there was one drop of blood in his veins that was not republican, he would have it drawn out.

"As to his philanthropy, his acts of benevolence and kindness, during a long life, as a citizen, as a neighbor, and especially as sustaining the cause of God, and supporting the interest of the Church, in its various departments, can abundantly testify. And a generous community awarded to him the praise of the just and upright Christian, and they honored him with their entire confidence.

"Some ten or twelve years after the close of the Revolution, he removed from North Carolina to the State of Tennessee—what was then called the Cumberland country—and settled in Williamson county, near Liberty Hill, a place of considerable note at that time, being one of the first meeting-houses of any importance erected by the Methodists in this Western country Here his liberality had ample scope, and was displayed in sustaining the infant Church in her struggle for existence and progress in these Western wilds; and his hospitality manifested in the entertainment, the comfort, and encouragement of the weary itinerant, in his ardous labors as a pioneer of Methodism. Some doubtless yet remain among us, who belonged to what what was then called

the Western Conference, which held its session at Liberty Hill, in the fall of 1808; and many more who subsequently belonged to the Tennessee Conference, remember the kindness and hospitality of Father Hill, when wearied and care-worn they have called in to repose awhile at the mansion of the venerable, veteran Christian.

"His talents as a minister of the gospel, as I remember, were of a solid and useful character —not so much of a philosophical or metaphysical cast, but of a plain, experimental, and practical kind, addressing themselves to the understanding and feelings of all classes, enforcing moral obligation and duty with power upon the conscience. He understood and highly prized our doctrines and usages, and was sufficiently versed in polemical divinity to successfully combat the errors of infidelity and deism, and completely to refute false doctrines. Although these were times of special opposition and persecution, both from professing Christians and from the world, yet the cause of Christianity and of Methodism was amply sustained and steadily increased under the labors of Colonel Hill. He was the first Methodist preacher that I ever heard of whom I have any recollection. I shall never forget one beautiful Sabbath, in the spring of the year, when I was a boy We assembled at the neighborhood school-house, near my father's, for preach-

ing, when this venerable man of God proclaimed unto us the glad news of salvation, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Here were probably the first religious impressions I ever felt. While he portrayed in lively colors and touching pathos the deep depravity of the human heart, the mercy of God for dying sinners, the joy for pardoned sin, supporting grace in all our afflictions, and the happiness and glory of heaven, my heart was touched; and although I was ignorant of the plan of salvation, and knew little or nothing of the principles of religion, yet there was an intense desire of soul waked up to know and enjoy its blessings and advantages, and I longed to be a man, that I might get religion. Time rolled on, however, and many years subsequent, at a camp-meeting, on a beautiful Sabbath-day, I was converted, and the first sermon at the next hour's service was preached by the venerable Father Hill, with his apostolic appearance, his gray locks floating in the breeze. He lived but a few years after this—preached occasionally; but finally, worn down by age and infirmity, he descended peacefully and gently to the tomb, full of years, of honors, of the consolations of religion. Thus lived and thus died the venerable patriot and Christian minister, the Rev Colonel Green Hill."

He sleeps at Liberty Hill.

Colonel Hill had a son—the Rev. Joshua C. Hill—who was also an ornament to his Church. He was licensed to exhort in 1820. Here is a copy of his license:

Joshua C. Hill has applied to us for liberty to Exhort in our Church and after due enqiry concerning his gifts, grace and usefulness we judge he is a proper person to be licensed for that purpose and we accordingly do authorize him to Exhort. Syned in behalf of the Society at Liberty Meeting house in Nashville Circuit

SAMUEL HARWELL A. P.

23 Dec 1820

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts at Shelbyville, Tennessee, on the 13th of November, 1825.

Joshua C. was born August 10, 1795, in Franklin county, North Carolina, and died in his thirty-second year, not long after he was ordained.

The following notices appeared in the secular papers at the time of his death:

"Died, at half-past 5 P.M., on the 12th inst., after a lingering illness of near twelve months, which he bore with exemplary patience and Christian fortitude, Major Joshua C. Hill, aged 32.

"The partiality of friends, and the vanity of relations, have rendered the custom of eulogizing

the dead and lauding their virtues so common, that a small part of an obituary is believed, save that such a man lived and such a man died. For those who knew Major Hill, this is enough to inform them, that society has lost a worthy member, our country an honest, upright, correct citizen, his amiable wife an affectionate companion, his infant children an indulgent father, and his servants a kind master. To his Christian brethren we would say, that it never was more incontestably verified that 'Jesus can make a dying-bed as soft as downy pillows are' than in his last moments. Collected, calm, and resigned, he had long viewed his approaching dissolution as inevitable. A few moments before he expired, he said, 'I am dying!' He called for his wife, his children, his servants, and his friends. He took each separately by the hand, gave them his dying advice, and bestowed on them his last benediction. When this solemn scene was performed, he folded his arms, closed his eyes, and without a groan, or the distortion of a lineament of his mild and serene countenance, softly breathed his soul to that God who gave it."

"Departed this life, on the 12th day of May, in the thirty-second year of his age, the Rev. Joshua C. Hill, after an illness of more than twelve months. During the whole of his illness, his resignation to the will of Heaven evinced to

his friends that he had an unshaken confidence in divine grace. A few moments before he died, he called his wife to his bedside, affectionately bade her adieu, and exhorted her to try to meet him in heaven; he next bade his children adieu, then his servants, and all who were present; then fell asleep to wake no more until the resurrection of the just. He was a kind and affectionate husband, a tender and indulgent parent, a friendly and obliging neighbor, an honorable and respectable citizen, a true and warm friend, a zealous Christian, and a sound divine. Death to him seemed entirely to have lost its sting.

"'T is finished! so his spirit cried:
He meekly bowed his head and died.
'T is finished! yes, his race is run,
The battle's fought, the victory won!'"

Mr. Joshua C. Hill left a family of children, one of whom afterward married the Rev. William Burr, of the Tennessee Conference. She was an excellent Christian woman, and died in Christ some years since.

The Rev. John L. Hill, late a member of the Tennessee Conference, has left the following record, prepared by the Rev. A. S. Riggs:

"Brother Hill was of excellent parentage. He was the son of the late Rev. Joshua C. Hill, and grandson of the Rev. Green Hill, an early and

distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hence, like young Timothy, Brother Hill was early taught a knowledge of the Scriptures. He was born in Williamson county, Tennessee, September 6, 1821. His disposition was amiable and lovely, and his friendships warm and sincere; he possessed an unsuspecting and confiding heart, and was ardently attached to his friends. He made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, at Mount Olivet Camp-meeting, in the fall of 1841, and attached himself to the Church of his fathers. He held connection with the society at Liberty, Mill Creek Circuit, and was regularly licensed to preach September 25, 1843. In 1844, he was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference, and passed the regular grades of the ministry, having been ordained deacon, in 1846, by Bishop Andrew, and elder by Bishop Paine, in 1848. The different fields occupied by Brother Hill, as a traveling preacher, we cannot now call to mind, but he was a regular itinerant during the whole period of his ministerial career, except one year, during which he sustained a local relation to the Church. He, however, could not be happy and content out of the regular work, and returned after one year to the itinerant ranks, where all his energies might be put forth in the high and holy calling of the ministry.

"It was my privilege to see our deceased brother, the Rev. John L. Hill, a few days before he died. I found him in a calm, serene state of mind, with an unclouded sky, strong in faith, giving glory to God. He grasped me affectionately by the hand, as I approached his bedside, and exclaimed, 'O I am glad to see you!' After some conversation, he said to me, 'Our youngest child has not yet been baptized—I wish to have it solemnly dedicated to God in holy baptism before I go hence;' and while the ordinance was being administered to the child, the baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon us. We had a sweet season of communion with God, and those present felt that,

> '"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
> Quite in the verge of heaven.'

"After some minutes spent in weeping and silent communion with God, he said to me, 'Brother Riggs, when I joined the Tennessee Conference, I believed I was joining a body of holy men; I loved them then, and I love them still. When you all meet at the next Conference, I shall not be with you. Tell all the brethren for me, and especially my own class, to be faithful to their high trust, and meet me in heaven. I have lived for years in reference to this hour;

and now that it has come, I have no fears. It has been my custom to spend one day in each week as a day of fasting and prayer, and my spiritual birthday has been observed annually in the same way; and I have never passed one yet, but God was so good and merciful to me as to make me shouting happy in his love.' Such were his words of triumph when physician and friends had despaired of his recovery He was a sweet-spirited young man, loved God and his Church, and is gone, doubtless, to his home in heaven."

Thus for generations this family has honored God, and he has honored the family that feared him.

We transfer to our pages the preliminary remarks of the Rev. D. R. McAnally, D.D., in his sketch of Methodism in the Holston country:

"At the date of the organization of the first Methodist society in America — which, though usually fixed in 1766, was doubtless, as shown by recent historical developments, a few years earlier than that—there were comparatively few families residing in all that country now embraced in the bounds of the Holston Conference. In 1754, less than a dozen families resided in the territory bounded east and south by New River and the Alleghany Mountains, and north and west by the Cumberland Mountains. From this time, however, the number was gradually and

almost constantly increased by emigration from the colonies of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, but principally from the last-named, until, some twenty years afterward, or in 1774, there was a considerable population, made up, as may be supposed, of traders, pioneers, and adventurers of almost every caste and grade. In the meantime, Methodism, from very small and inauspicious beginnings, though scarce a dozen years had passed in its American history, had widely extended itself, particularly in the South and South-west. The energy, diligence, and perseverance of its preachers were equal to the emergencies upon them, and wherever men were to be preached to, there they sought to go. The difficulties of traveling, the povery of the people, and the numberless hardships attending their work, had no terrors to them; while, intent only on saving souls, by the spread of pure evangelical truth, they pressed on from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from colony to colony, nor thought of stopping while there were yet men, for whom Christ died, destitute of the word of life and the blessings of a gospel ministration. Their character, their course, and their success, considered merely in the light of historical narrative, or seen only by the historian's eye, present a scene almost, if not altogether, without a parallel, and exhibit results not to be satisfactorily ac-

counted for on any known principles of human philosophy It was fortunate, however, for the country, at that period of its history, there were such men in it. Thousands heard the gospel through their agency, who, but for them, would, so far as human wisdom can see, have been utterly deprived of that privilege; and the conservative moral influence thus thrown around the scattered settlers of new countries was of incalculable advantage, not only to the immediate subjects of such influence, but to the country at large. Bad and wicked passions were thus restrained—crime was prevented—the better feelings of human nature drawn out and cultivated to an extent not only advantageous to the then existing population, but also to the generations that should come after them. This influence molded society to a better and more healthy state of things than would otherwise have existed, and it is impossible now to calculate the beneficial results of labors bestowed at such a time, and under such circumstances. While a wise Providence was preparing a way for a great change in the political and civil condition and aspect of the country, the moral interests were not neglected; and that these might receive the necessary attention at the proper time, and be prepared for coming events, the gospel of grace was sent in a way and by means such as had not been used from the days of the

apostles till then. Men, suited to the age in which they lived, and to the circumstances under which they were placed, were strangely sent forth to accomplish what seemed almost impossible—to do a work involving the severest hardships and most fearful responsibilities—a work which none others, perhaps, could have done; and yet they went forth, amid all the oppositions and discouragements attending them, and labored with a success almost unprecedented in the annals of Christianity. In less than a dozen years from the date of their organization in this country, they had spread themselves, and caused their influence to be felt, from New York to the heart of the Carolinas; and in less than twenty-five years from the first Conference of Methodist preachers, when their number was only ten, there was scarce an important settlement from Kennebec to the Savannah, and from the Atlantic on the east to the farthest settlements of the Western country, but where something was known of their doctrines and manner of life, while they then numbered their preachers by hundreds, and their membership by thousands.

"It was a remarkable and, no doubt, providential feature in the early history of Methodism in this country, that it took deep and fast hold on the minds and hearts of the less wealthy classes of society, and those less cumbered with worldly

goods and worldly cares. These are the classes most given to migrations from place to place, and these are specially they who are most likely to be first in the occupancy of new countries. Hundreds of this class pushed westwardly as fast as the obstacles to the settlement of the country could be overcome; and, carrying with them the love and principles of Methodism which they had previously imbibed, they sent back the Macedonian cry of Come over and help us! and thus contributed very greatly toward the spread of the doctrines and principles they loved. This was more or less the case all the time, and helps to account for the wonderful rapidity with which Methodism was spread in the West. No sooner was a settlement formed, if there happened to be two or three members or friends of the Methodists in it, than a notice was sent, by the earliest opportunity, to some preacher that they desired preaching; and no sooner did the preachers receive such notices than they prepared at once to go, if at all practicable. No contracts were made — no stipulations were entered into, other than, perhaps, a promise that some of the settlers would meet the preacher at some designated point, conduct him to the settlement, and, when there, he should be welcome to such as they had. In this way many sections were reached, and hundreds of people preached to, and brought under the

wholesome restraints of the gospel, who otherwise might have long remained in a quite different condition. Had the early conquests of Methodism in this country been confined to those in comparatively easy circumstances — the well-settled land-proprietors — emigration would have been less, so far as Methodist influence was concerned, and the cause deprived of this, one of the most successful means by which its interests were spread. Herein may be seen the providence of God. A great moral work was to be accomplished in the sparsely-settled regions of the West and South-west. The foundations of society were to be laid under new circumstances, and society itself molded anew to the circumstances attending and the destinies that awaited it, and these the agencies and these the means chosen for the accomplishment of that work.

"It was in this way Methodism first found its way into the section of country now under notice. At an early period after its permanent organization in America, it was introduced, and made considerable progress, in the interior of North Carolina, and thence, by emigration of its members and friends, was carried to regions watered by the Holston and Watauga Rivers. The settlements near the head-waters of these rivers were formed principally by persons from North Carolina, and a few from Eastern Virginia. Among

these early emigrants toward the West, were Methodist members, leaders, and local preachers, who, though far removed from former associations and influences, still retained their love for the cause they had espoused. Hence they acted together, for their mutual edification and benefit—had their preachings and their prayer-meetings—solicited the attention and labors of the traveling preachers east of the mountains, and were, at long intervals, served by them, from time to time, as their pressing engagements would allow.

"At the Conference held in May, 1783, there was a return made of the Holston Circuit, with sixty members; and with this year the statistical history of Methodism in that country begins. The reader will observe this was only seventeen years after the commonly-received date of the organization of the first Methodist society in America, and only ten years after the first Conference, when the whole number of preachers, as previously stated, was only ten. So it will be seen that Methodism in the bounds of the Holston Conference dates back almost as far as in any other portion of the country But to the mind of the writer, with the evidence before him, there are good reasons to date it back earlier than this, and date its commencement in 1776, when Drumgoole, Poythress, and Tatum, labored in Carolina, gathering members and forming cir-

cuits; or certainly in 1777, when King, Dickens, Cole, and Pride, labored at the same work, in the same regions of country This, as the writer believes, and not without good reason, is the date that should be fixed for the permanent organization of Methodist societies in that country, and thereafter they were visited by traveling preachers, from time to time, as they could find opportunity, until the time when the Holston Circuit was formed and reported, as stated above. There were then (in 1783) sixty members in these bounds. Who had gathered them? Evidently the preachers who had labored there, and whose circuits lay principally in North Carolina, east of the mountains. If the reader be curious on this subject, and will take the pains to examine, he will find that, after its introduction to the Holston country, Methodism worked its way northward and eastward in Virginia, and also that the Holston work was connected with that in Carolina immediately east of the mountains, clearly indicating that from thence it found its way to that country almost as soon as to any part of North Carolina.

"At the Conference of 1783, when the Holston Circuit was formed, or, rather, reported in the Minutes, there were, in the entire Connection in America, thirteen thousand seven hundred and forty members, and eighty-two preachers were

this year stationed. But if the history be commenced in 1776, which the writer believes to be the proper date, there were at that time twenty-four preachers, and four thousand nine hundred and twenty-one members in the Connection. So the operations of Methodist preachers, in what is now the bounds of the Holston Conference, had an early, if not a fair, start.

"Jeremiah Lambert was the first appointee to the Holston Circuit, as such. The war of the Revolution being about ended, and the tide of emigration setting strongly in that direction, the number of members in the Church having increased, as well as the federal population, and this country being separated by high mountains from that on the east, it was deemed best, in laying off the work, to separate it from that with which it had previously been connected, and assign it to one man. Mr. Lambert's circuit embraced all the settlements on the Watauga, Nolichucky, and Holston Rivers, including those in what is now Greene, Washington, Carter, Johnson, Sullivan, and Hawkins counties, Tennessee, and Washington, Smyth, Russell, and perhaps Lee and Scott counties, Virginia. This circuit he traveled during the year, but, as the country was very sparsely settled, provisions scarce, and the Indians very troublesome, his hardships must have been very great and his sufferings severe — no

accommodations, in the modern acceptation of that term, for traveling, lodging, study, or any thing else—without pay, without hope of earthly reward, without earthly friends or protectors, and often without food or shelter—he made his way, as best he could, in the name and for the sake of Him who had said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;' and at the next Conference, or in April, 1784, he returned seventy-six members, or sixteen more than he had received. This good man ended his career on earth a few years after this, and was taken to his reward on high. Henry Willis was appointed to succeed him on the circuit; but at the Conference next ensuing this, there was no return of the numbers in Society, or at least the General Minutes of that date show none; consequently it is impossible to tell what success may or may not have attended Mr. Willis's labors.

"At the Conference for 1785, after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the ordination of a portion of the traveling preachers, Holston and Yadkin Circuits were connected under the charge of one Elder, and supplied as follows:

"*Henry Willis*, Elder. Yadkin Circuit, Henry Bingham, Thomas Williamson. Holston, Richard Swift, Michael Gilbert.

"This was the Conference to which Mr. Willis should have reported the members in Society.

"At the next Conference, or in the spring of 1786, there were two hundred and fifty members returned from the Holston Circuit—a large increase over the returns of 1784; but it cannot now be ascertained whether this increase was mostly during the year just closed, or during the year before, nor is it at all important."*

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* Life and Times of Dr. Patton, pp. 97–105.

CHAPTER XIV

Dr. McAnally's observations—Numbers in Society—Explanation—1800 a remarkable year—The great revival—The manner of its beginning—Camp-meetings—Their origin—The manner of conducting them—The fruit—The revival begins without much extra effort—Christ preached—Strange power on the preachers and the people—How the work was regarded—The jerks—The origin of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—Barton W Stone's account—Unity among Christians—Rev. L. Garrett's Recollections—Dissensions—Bishop Asbury's travels.

THE Conference for the year 1800 was held at Dunworth, on the Holston, in April. Dr. McAnally says:

"Bishop Asbury did not attend it. At that time, he was in the South, in bad health, slowly making his way on toward Baltimore, where the General Conference was to meet on the first of May The Conference was, however, held, and the usual business transacted. The numbers in Society were reported as 1,055 white, and 86 colored, members; total, 1,141. In the stationing of the preachers, the District was left to be supplied, and as it embraced all of South-Western Virginia,

all of East Tennessee, all of Kentucky, and all the settled parts of Ohio—or the North-western Territory, as it was then called—the probabilities are, there was no particular anxiety on the part of any one man to supply it, provided he had to be that supply

"The settlements in Kentucky were rapidly enlarging and being filled up, and all the Western preachers who could be spared were taken for that work; so that only three were left for all the Holston country New River, Holston, and Russell Circuits were united under the care of John Watson and John Page, while James Hunter was sent to Green. One preacher only (William Lambuth) was all that could be, or that was, afforded to the Cumberland, or West Tennessee, country, while there were seven in Kentucky Regarding the facts connected with the early history of the Church in these different sections, and seeing the manifest advantages given to the Kentucky settlements, the reader would naturally expect to find Methodism there greatly in advance of what it was in the other sections. And this was the case for many years; but the precedence thus gained was not well sustained, and in process of time the others not only overtook, but in many important respects outstripped, their early-favored sister. A close inquiry into the reason of this, prosecuted with a cool, philosophic pen, would reveal facts,

and the operation of principles, important to Methodists everywhere, and through all time; but such an inquiry pertains to the general historiographer of the Church.

"Very soon after the close of the General Conference of this year, Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat (the latter of whom had been elected and ordained at this Conference) made a tour to the West. Passing through the Valley of Virginia, and on by way of Wythe Court-house and Abingdon, they entered East Tennessee, and passed on to near the mouth of Nolichucky; thence they turned northward, and, by way of Bean's Station and the Cumberland Gap, entered Kentucky. After spending some time in the various settlements there, they set off for Mero District, or the Cumberland country, by way of the 'barrens,' in the south-western part of Kentucky. This was Bishop Asbury's first visit to this region. He preached at Nashville, and various other points in Middle Tennessee, and then passing across the Cumberland Mountains by the old route—Spencer's Hill and the Crab Orchard—he returned to East Tennessee, and preached at various points, from South-west Point (Kingston) to the mouth of Nolichucky, where he had left his carriage when going out. From this last-named place he went south, by way of the Warm Springs and Buncombe Court-house, in North Carolina. As

these journeys were made by stages of from twenty to forty miles a day, and often by zigzag routes, opportunity was given to see and preach to many people, as well as attend the Conferences, and superintend the general interests of the work." *

The reader will not fail to perceive that Dr. McAnally gives the returns for that portion of the work now embraced in the Holston Conference; while the General Minutes only report 681 white, and 62 colored, members in Tennessee—to wit: Cumberland, 247 whites, 40 colored; Green, 434 whites, 22 colored. This showed a small increase upon the previous year.

The preachers appointed to these two fields of labor, as we have seen, were William Lambuth and James Hunter, John Page having been removed from South-western Virginia to Cumberland soon after the adjournment of the Conference. The year 1800 was a most remarkable one in the history of religion in Tennessee and Kentucky: it was the year of the Great Revival—a revival that resulted in a general awakening, and in the conversion of thousands multiplied. This extraordinary work of grace began in a manner almost as remarkable as the work itself.

The reader has seen in the account of the Rev-

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* Life and Times of Dr. Patton, pp. 125–127

John Page, that there were signs of the coming revival on the Cumberland Circuit in 1799; and he has read the thrilling letter of the Rev John McGee, which states that the work began to manifest itself, in a most extraordinary manner, the same year on Red River, in Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, and that from that meeting the work extended in various directions. The most wonderful display was at Desha's Creek, near the Cumberland River, where many thousands had collected together. This was a camp-meeting, and was perhaps the second or third ever held in the country; indeed, it was in this great revival that camp-meetings originated. Families came from a distance to attend sacramental, quarterly, or other popular meetings. To carry all conveniently, a wagon was brought into requisition. Their provisions were taken along, so as to enable the parties to remain on the ground and enjoy the full benefit of the services; then the idea of a tent, where the whole family might remain on the ground during the entire meeting, and find a place of rest and shelter; and finally the "camp-meeting," where thousands collected together, and remained upon the ground for a week or longer, preaching, praying, singing, and laboring with penitents. Some procured cloth tents, similar to those used by soldiers in the "tented field;" others made bush-arbors, in connection with their covered

wagons and carriages; others still put up temporary shelters of poles and boards, where they were protected from the night dews and the showers of rain. At length the regular, well-appointed camp-ground became an institution in the country.

The grounds were generally laid out near to some flowing spring, affording abundance of water for man and beast. The plot was usually square, with a shelter in the center for public worship. These shelters were sometimes spacious, sufficiently large to accommodate thousands of persons. At one end a pulpit was erected, which was usually a rude platform with a book-board, and a place for a pitcher of water and candlesticks. In front of the pulpit was the altar: this was designed as a place for penitents, where they might be collected together for prayer and religious instruction. This altar was usually made of poles, or square pieces of hewn timber placed on posts, at the four corners, with openings for ingress and egress. Inside the altar were seats, called by many, and sometimes in derision, the "mourner's bench." At the close of the sermon or exhortation, an invitation was given for mourners, or penitents, to come to the altar—that is, such as were convinced of sin, and were inquiring "what they should do to be saved," were invited to approach seats set apart for them, where they would be instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly,

and where Christians would unite in songs, and hymns, and fervent prayer for their deliverance. These altar exercises sometimes continued for many hours, especially after the evening sermon, and many thousands found peace in Jesus, while kneeling in prayer, and crying, "Lord, save, or we perish!" In process of time, these camp-grounds became very large in many localities, and were made very comfortable places of sojourn. Good log or framed houses, with fire-places and convenient furniture, were not uncommon. Under the shelter, and among the seats and around the camps, there was a profusion of straw, which made the grounds pleasant and cleanly The services were generally conducted in the following manner—viz.:

In the morning, at daylight, a trumpet was sounded, as a signal for the people to arise and prepare for worship. At the second sound, prayer was held in each of the tents. At the third sound, all who could leave their tents collected together for public prayer at the stand. Then came breakfast. At eight and at eleven o'clock A.M., and at three o'clock P.M., and early candle-lighting, there was preaching and exhortation, followed by a prayer-meeting with the penitents. The preaching was intended to be suited to the occasion, and was expected to be animated and with power. It was customary for each sermon to be followed by

an exhortation, allowing the second man or exhorter to apply the subject and move the congregation to action. The singing was an important part of worship. Generally there were certain persons selected, who were gifted with the power of song, to lead in this exercise; but the whole multitude would join in some chorus-hymn, until their voices, like the sound of many waters, would swell up in delightful melody and roll with sweet harmony, while the valleys would become vocal with praise to God and the hills echo with hallelujahs to Jesus.

The good accomplished at these meetings will never in time be properly estimated. They were extraordinary occasions, adapted to the times, and were, under God, a great blessing.

The manner in which this great revival began was remarkable. There seems to have been no particular or special effort on the part of the Church or the ministry for a revival. True the preachers were faithful, self-denying, and zealous in the cause of Christ. They went forth praying sinners to be reconciled to God; but there was no one great revival preacher, like George Whitefield, sweeping as a comet through the heavens; there were no protracted-meetings at which, by long and united effort, a revival was the result; but a strange and unusual power came upon the preachers and upon the people in the use of the ordinary

means of grace. Mr. McGee says: "I was invited to address the congregation from the pulpit, and I know not that God ever favored me with more light and liberty than he did each day."

It was a sacramental occasion with Mr. McGready's congregation. Messrs. Hodge and William McGee, visiting brethren, says Mr. John McGee, the Methodist, "preached with much animation and liberty." All was silent till Monday While Mr. Hodge was preaching a "useful discourse," the power of God came down, and "a woman in the east end of the house got an uncommon blessing, broke through order, and shouted for some time." At the close of the sermon, three Presbyterian ministers—Messrs. McGready, Rankin, and Hodge—left the house: the two McGees sat still. The people were disinclined to leave their seats. A strange power came over William McGee, and he quit his seat and sat on the floor of the pulpit. John felt a power come upon him, which caused him to tremble. He wanted to preach, strove against his feelings, rose and told the people he was appointed to preach; but there was no use—a greater than he was preaching, "Let the Lord God omnipotent reign!" Many broke silence. The woman in the east end of the house shouted tremendously Mr. McGee left the pulpit, and attempted to go to her; felt that he was breaking order—"that the people would

not bear confusion, that he should turn back and be quiet, was near falling, turned again, and, losing the fear of man, he went through the house shouting and exhorting, full of ecstasy and energy, and soon the floor was covered with the slain!"

Such was this strange influence that came upon the people and the preachers, in an hour and in a manner altogether unexpected by them. From this time forward, for months and for years, an unusual power rested upon the pulpit and upon the congregations. Some doubted, others scoffed, but most men said, "This work is of the Lord, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

In this revival the Cumberland Presbyterian Church had its origin. As has been seen, the work was extraordinary, and the means comparatively inadequate; indeed, it was manifest that the power of God was at work among the people. Several young men, who were converted and entered the Presbyterian Church, felt called of God to the work of the ministry; but such were the rules and regulations of the Church, that candidates for the ministry must give evidence of the attainment of a certain degree of classical learning and theological training before they could be ordained. These young men had not the required qualifications, and consequently the Presbytery that gave them license fell under the censure of the Synod and General Assembly. This produced

a division, and the "revival party," as they claimed to be, formed an independent Presbytery, which finally resulted in the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

The organization was not fully perfected till 1810. Preliminaries had been taken, and considerable progress had been made; but not till February, 1810, was the new Cumberland Presbytery constituted. This was done at the house of the Rev. Samuel McAdow, in Dickson county, Tennessee. The first Presbytery was composed of four ordained ministers—viz., Samuel McAdow, Finis Ewing, Samuel King, and Ephraim McLean, the last of whom they ordained themselves—with five licensed preachers—viz., James B. Porter, Hugh Kirkpatrick, Robert Bell, James Farr, David Foster, and eight candidates for the ministry This Presbytery was soon enlarged into a Synod, and in 1829 a General Assembly was formed. A Confession of Faith was in due time adopted, and this young Church went forward in preaching, establishing churches, and erecting schools and colleges, until it has become a large and influential body of Christians in the West and South-west.

In creed they differ with the Old School Presbyterians. They discard the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation; they believe and teach that Christ died for every sinner, that the benefits of the atonement extend to all; they

teach the freedom of the human will, and invite all men, without limit or restriction, to come to Christ and be saved; but they hold to the doctrine of "the final unconditional perseverance of the saints." Their form of government is presbyterial, and their mode of worship very much like that of the Methodists. Their ministers are generally men of zeal, and their churches have the spirit of piety They have participated largely in camp-meetings, and are generally what are termed "revivalists." They make many of their converts from among the descendants of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. As a body of Christians, they are orderly, and have all the marks of genuine piety, and have accomplished much good. An effort was made a short time since to bring about a reünion between this Church and the Old School Presbyterians, in the South, but the attempt did not succeed.

The following, from the Ecclesiastical and Educational Almanac for 1869, may be regarded as a fair statement of the present condition of this branch of the Presbyterian Church:

"Communicants, 130,000; ministers, 1,500; General Assembly, 1; Synods, 24; Presbyteries, 99.

"*Universities.* — Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee; Lincoln University, Lincoln, Illinois.

"*Colleges.*—Male: Waynesburg College, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania; McGee College, College Mound, Missouri; Bethel College, McLemoresville, Tennessee; Sonoma College, Sonoma, California. Female: Cumberland Female College, McMinnville, Tennessee; Boonville Female College, Boonville, Missouri; Union Female College, Oxford, Mississippi; Donnell Female College, Winchester, Tennessee; Bransford Female College, Owensboro, Kentucky; Ward's Female College, Nashville, Tennessee.

"There are about twenty male academies, and some fifteen female academies.

"*Periodicals.*—Banner of Peace, Nashville, Tennessee; Sabbath School Gem, Nashville, Tennessee—both edited by T. C. Blake, D.D. The Cumberland Presbyterian, Alton, Illinois—edited by Revs. J. B. Logan and J. R. Brown. The Pacific Observer, Stockton, California—edited by Rev T. M. Johnston. The Protestant Missionary—edited by Rev J G. White.

"The Board of Publication is located at Nashville, Tennessee: Rev J. C. Provine is the Agent.

"*Boards of Missions.*—Lebanon, Tennessee; Rev. T. C. Anderson, D.D., is the Corresponding Secretary Alton, Illinois; Rev J R. Brown, Corresponding Secretary"

In reviewing the history of the great revival of 1800, the impartial reader is forced to the conclu-

sion that gross injustice has been done many of the most conspicuous and successful ministers engaged in that glorious work. Several writers, who profess to be very particular and minute in the details, have almost entirely ignored the Methodist element. The idea is made prominent, that the revival originated among the Presbyterians, and was carried forward by Presbyterians; that in the Presbyterian Church there were two parties, the revival party and the anti-revivalists; and that in the final issue the revival party went into the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and those opposed to the revival remained with the old Presbyterians. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The facts in the case are briefly these:

1. The doctrines that were preached in the revival were Methodistic doctrines, distinctly so. Free salvation, full salvation, present salvation, justification by faith, the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Ghost, the knowledge of sins forgiven, or the witness of the Holy Spirit that the believer is born of God, the joy of religion which is the fruit of the Spirit, and that now (to-day) is the day of salvation: these doctrines, for more than ten years, had been kept before the people. Ogden and Haw, Poythress and Lee, Massie and McHenry, Brooks and Burke, Wilkerson and Page, McGee and others, all through the settled portions

of Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, had proclaimed these doctrines by night and by day, and under their ministry already had thousands been converted.

2. When the revival began to exhibit its extraordinary manifestations, the Methodists were among the most active and successful reapers in the glorious harvest. It is true that Presbyterians were in the work, and that they worked as faithful servants of Christ. They and the Methodists labored together in harmony, and rejoiced together in their success; but the revival was not confined to the Presbyterians or to the Methodists, but both worked together in the Master's vineyard, and each ascribed the glory to God.

Accompanying this revival, were those strange bodily exercises called the "jerks," which have never been satisfactorily explained upon philosophical principles. Men and women, the aged and the young, the intelligent and the ignorant, the pious and the wicked, at home and at church, in public and in private, of all religions, were alike seized with a power that was irresistible. The author himself, at a later day, witnessed many of these strange things. The subjects would be tossed to and fro, sometimes thrown upon the ground or floor with violence, where they would lie, apparently in a state of unconsciousness, for

hours, then, rising suddenly, they would leap and jump, shout and dance, until they completely exhausted themselves.

The Rev Barton W Stone, long a minister in Kentucky, thus describes the "jerks" and kindred exercises:

"The bodily agitations or exercises attending the excitement in the beginning of this century were various, and called by various names, as the falling exercise, the jerks, the dancing exercise, the barking exercise, the laughing and singing exercises, and so on. The falling exercise was very common among all classes, the saints and sinners of every age and grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would generally, with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor or earth, and appear as dead. Of thousands of similar cases, I will mention one: At a meeting, two gay young ladies, sisters, were standing together, attending the exercises and preaching at the same time, when instantly they both fell with a shriek of distress, and lay for more than an hour apparently in a lifeless state. Their mother, a pious Baptist, was in great distress, fearing they would not revive. At length they began to exhibit signs of life, by crying fervently for mercy, and then relapsed into the same death-like state, with an awful gloom on their countenances; after awhile, the gloom on the

face of one was succeeded by a heavenly smile, and she cried out, 'Precious Jesus!' and spoke of the glory of the gospel to the surrounding crowd in language almost superhuman, and exhorted all to repentance. In a little while after, the other sister was similarly exercised. From that time they became remarkably pious members of the Church.

"I have seen very many pious persons fall in the same way, from a sense of the danger of their unconverted children, brothers, or sisters, or from a sense of the danger of their neighbors in a sinful world. I have heard them agonizing in tears, and strongly crying for mercy to be shown to sinners, and speaking like angels all around.

"The jerks cannot be so easily described. Sometimes the subject of the jerks would be affected in some one member of the body, and sometimes in the whole system. When the head alone was affected, it would be jerked backward and forward, or from side to side, so quickly that the features of the face could not be distinguished. When the whole system was affected, I have seen the person stand in one place, and jerk backward and forward in quick succession, the head nearly touching the floor behind and before. All classes—saints and sinners, the strong as well as the weak—were thus affected. I have inquired of those thus affected if they could not account for it, but some have

told me that those were among the happiest seasons of their lives. I have seen some wicked persons thus affected, and all the time cursing the jerks, while they were thrown to the earth with violence. Though so awful to behold, I do not remember that any one of the thousands I have seen thus affected ever sustained any injury in body This was as strange as the exercise itself.

"The dancing exercise generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. The subject, after jerking awhile, began to dance, and then the jerks would cease. Such dancing was indeed heavenly to the spectators. There was nothing in it like levity, nor calculated to excite levity in the beholders. The smile of Heaven shone on the countenance of the subject, and assimilated to angels appeared the whole person. Sometimes the motion was quick, and sometimes slow Thus they continued to move forward and backward, in the same track or alley, till nature seemed exhausted; and they would fall prostrate on the floor or earth, unless caught by those standing by While thus exercised, I have heard their solemn praises and prayers ascend to God.

"The barking exercise, as opposers contemptuously called it, was nothing but the jerks. A person affected with the jerks, especially in his head, would often make a grunt or a bark, from

the suddenness of the jerk. This name of barking seems to have had its origin from an old Presbyterian preacher of East Tennessee. He had gone into the woods for private devotion, and was seized with the jerks. Standing near a sapling, he caught hold of it to prevent his falling; and as his head jerked back he uttered a grunt, or a kind of a noise similar to a bark, his face being turned upward. Some wag discovered him in this position, and reported that he had found the old preacher barking up a tree.

"The laughing exercise was frequent — confined solely to the religious. It was a loud, hearty laughter, but it excited laughter in none that saw it. The subject appeared rapturously solemn, and his laughter excited solemnity in saints and sinners: it was truly indescribable!

"The running exercise was nothing more than that persons feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear, attempted to run away, and thus escape from them; but it commonly happened that they ran not far before they fell, where they became so agitated that they could not proceed any farther.

"I knew a young physician, of a celebrated family, who came some distance to a big meeting to see the strange things he had heard of. He and a young lady had sportively agreed to watch over and take care of each other if either should

fall. At length the physician felt something very uncommon, and started from the congregation to run into the woods. He was discovered running as for life, but did not proceed far until he fell down, and there lay until he submitted to the Lord, and afterward became a zealous member of the Church. Such cases were common.

"The singing exercise is more unaccountable than any thing else I ever saw. The subject, in a very happy state of mind, would sing most melodiously, not from the mouth or nose, but entirely in the breast, the sounds issuing thence. Such noise silenced every thing, and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly; none could ever be tired of hearing it.

"Thus have I," says Mr. Stone, "given a brief account of the wonderful things that appeared in the great excitement in the beginning of this century. That there were many eccentricities and much fanaticism in this excitement, was acknowledged by its warmest advocates; indeed, it would have been a wonder if such things had not appeared in the circumstances of that time. Yet the good effects were seen and acknowledged in every neighborhood, and among the different sects. It silenced contention, and promoted unity for awhile." *

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* Early Times in Middle Tennessee, pp. 70–75.

Why these unusual visitations were permitted to come upon the Church and upon the country at this particular time, is a question which perhaps cannot be easily answered. So it was, and so solemn were the scenes connected with these exercises, that none but the most hardened treated them with levity.

This great revival was remarkable in another respect: it seemed to bind the hearts of all Christians in unity. Methodists and Presbyterians, especially, labored together with harmony and sweet concord, and, as brethren in Christ, had one end and one aim—God's glory and man's salvation.

The Rev. Lewis Garrett leaves the following record, which will be read with interest:

"The year 1800 was an eventful era in the religious history of the Western country—some of the events of which we have noticed, particularly in relation to Kentucky. This year the West, which was all comprised in one District, was without a Presiding Elder, and the circuits, which were generally large, had but one traveling preacher—local preachers were scarce. Nathanael Harris, Philip Taylor, and a few others in Kentucky, were talented, zealous, and useful men. John McGee in Cumberland was an host. William Burke, who then traveled in Kentucky, was popular, active, and useful. About the same time that the

remarkable revival commenced in Bourbon county, Kentucky, a considerable religious excitement took place on Gasper River, under the zealous labors of Mr. McGready, a Presbyterian minister. About this time, John and William McGee, who were brothers—the former a Methodist and the latter a Presbyterian preacher—attended a sacramental-meeting on Red River. We learn from a correct source, that on Sabbath afternoon, the session went out to consult whether they should invite John McGee to preach. The McGees were in the pulpit, and the congregation waiting. John McGee became uncommonly impressed, and began to exhort the people. The power of God was present: many fell prostrate; some shouted: the McGees commenced laboring with the convicted. The session came, saw, and acknowledged that it was the work of God, and joined in to forward it. Thus commenced that glorious revival of vital religion which spread so widely, extending its reforming influence in every direction, and gladdening the hearts of thousands.

"In the fall of the year 1800, Bishop Asbury sent the Rev. William McKendree from Virginia, to take charge of the Kentucky District, which then, and during the year 1801, embraced the whole country west of the Alleghany Mountains, from New River in Virginia to the extreme settlements in what was called Cumberland South-west,

and what was then called the North-western Territory to Miami and Scioto; and almost throughout this whole region a religious excitement was spreading and prevailing—that divine Spirit whose office it was and is to reprove and enlighten the world, was shedding his heavenly influence. while the angel of mercy seemed to hover his benign wings over this newly-settled region.

"Such was the state of excited feeling; and so anxious were multitudes inquiring the way of salvation, that when sacramental or quarterly-meetings were appointed, many would go with their wagons and carts, and some carry provisions on horseback, and remain on the ground for several days, engaged day and night in religious exercises. This was the origin of camp-meetings, which have been, and still are, so extensively useful in carrying on the work of God." *

Mr. Garrett, in the same record, makes the following statements, which cannot be read but with pain and sorrow Surely the enemy sowed evil seed, which sprung up and produced bad fruit. He says:

"In the year 1800, an astonishing religious excitement commenced in Kentucky, which spread through all ranks of society, with almost unparalleled rapidity. It took effect with different de-

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* Recollections of the West, pp. 31–33.

nominations of Christians, but the Methodists and Presbyterians shared most largely in its fruits. A Methodist local preacher, by the name of Benjamin Northcutt, we have learned, was a considerable instrument in producing this mighty revival of religion. The great meeting at Cane Ridge, detailed accounts of which have been published, was an extraordinary scene and an astonishing display of Almighty power and saving grace.

"It is not our purpose to go into the details of this meeting, or of this revival. There were numerous meetings in different parts of Kentucky. There seemed to be a simultaneous effort. The barriers which had kept different sectaries apart, seemed to have given way; non-essential peculiarities were measurably forgotten; the Presbyterians and Methodists particularly preached, and prayed, and rejoiced together. The love of Christ and souls seemed to be the governing principle. These were halcyon days—pleasant to behold, glorious in their results, and blessed in their enjoyments! But human nature was too imperfect, human affairs too complex, and the views and interests of men too apt to clash, for such a pleasant state of things to be permanent. This thing of falling down and shouting was a little alarming to some who were tenacious of order. There was, to be sure, nothing strange in all this to the Methodists; they had been ac-

customed to such a work, in other revivals, in days gone by The doctrine of a *limited atonement* which had long obtruded itself upon a considerable portion of the community, began to wane or unpopular, and was ready to vanish away. multitudes, whose hearts God touched, listened with delight to a free gospel, which exhibited an ample atonement for every soul of man, proposed terms of reconciliation to all, and proclaimed to a perishing throng, *Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*

"Jealousies now began to arise. Those who had long cherished a strong attachment to certain theories, and a certain order of things, took the alarm, drew off, and labored to rally the multitude, and to restore that order of which they were tenacious, and that system of doctrines which they had been accustomed to hold sacred. But some of the clergy, and many of the people, had become weary of dull forms, and disgusted with the soul-freezing doctrines of absolute, unconditional election and reprobation. The consequences were, a collision in matters of opinion, and a disagreement in modes of worship. Some of those who had let go their former creeds, were now out at sea—not settled in any regular system of theology, and consequently the ready prey of extravagant and designing theorists. At this unhappy moment, and in this unsettled state of

things, when religious feeling run high, that extravagant and (as we think) deluded race—the Shakers—made their appearance in Kentucky, and by a sanctimonious show of piety and zeal, drew off several valuable Presbyterian preachers, and a number of unwary members, doubtless to the great injury of the cause of rational Christianity. About this time, another portion seceded from the Presbyterians, who were called by different names—such as Marshallites, Stoneites, Schismatics, etc. These affected uncommon zeal—denounced Confessions of Faith, Church-discipline, etc., and were thought to imbibe sentiments derogatory to the character of an Almighty Redeemer, and to hold tenets which affected the essentials of Christianity.

"But amidst this revival, and these convulsions, in the religious community, the Methodists kept on the even tenor of their way—adhering to their excellent discipline, and teaching that system of doctrine which they had long since learned, and which was not only the popular but the useful doctrine in the revival." *

Barton W. Stone afterward united with the followers of Alexander Campbell, and became a zealous advocate of Mr. Campbell's doctrines.

The reader will bear in mind that the Confer-

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* Recollections of the West, pp. 28-31.

ence for this year met on the Holston in April. This was but a short time before the meeting of the General Conference, which convened at Baltimore on the 6th of May. The District was left without a Presiding Elder; but William Burke, by request of Bishop Asbury, attended many of the quarterly-meetings. Bishop Asbury intended to make some considerable change in the Appointments: he entertained the purpose of leaving many of the old preachers, who had been laboring in the West, east of the mountains, and of bringing a new supply from the East to the far West. In this he was successful in part, but only in part. In the meantime, Richard Whatcoat was elected Bishop to aid Bishop Asbury in his arduous work. The two oftentimes traveled together. It was so during this year, subsequent to the adjournment of the General Conference. They came into Kentucky and held a Conference at Bethel in October, being the second this year. From that time forward the Conference met in the fall season instead of the spring, as heretofore. We copy the entire Minutes, as given in the Bishop's Journal:

"Journal of the Western Annual Conference, held at Bethel Academy, Kentucky, October 6, 1800. Members present: Francis Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, William McKendree, William Burke,

John Sale, Hezekiah Harriman, Benjamin Lakin; reädmitted, Lewis Hunt, Thomas Allen, and Jeremiah Lawson.

"Who are admitted on trial?

"*Answer.* William Marsh, Benjamin Young.

"What local preachers are elected to the office of deacons?

"*Answer.* Richard Tilton, Edward Talbot, William Thompson, Isaac Pavey, Reuben Hunt, Elisha Bowman, Jacob James, A. Blackman, Jonathan Kidwell, Benjamin Northcutt, Joshua West, James Garner, Jesse Griffith, Philip Taylor.

"Who have located this year?

"*Answer.* Thomas Allen.

"Benjamin Lakin, Jeremiah Lawson, Lewis Hunt, and Thomas Allen ordained to the office of deacons.

"The preachers' deficiencies for six months are as follows: William Burke, £2 17s. 6d.; Hezekiah Harriman, £7 19s. 0d; John Sale, £6 16s. 6d.; Lewis Hunt, £0 18s. 2d.; Jeremiah Lawson, £5 15s. 5d.; Benjamin Young, £3 5s. 6d.; Thomas Allen, £11 2s. 0d. Total, £38 14s. 3d.

"Conference adjourned to meet again at Ebenezer, State of Tennessee, October 1, 1801.

"Test, F ASBURY.

"WILLIAM BURKE, Secretary".

From this Conference the Bishop extended his

journey into Tennessee. We copy again from his Journal:

"On the 16th of October, he enters the State of Tennessee, and the 18th, he preached at Parker's, where he was met by 'Brothers McGee, Sugg, Jones, and Speer, local preachers,' and 'had a small shout in the camp of Israel.' On the 19th he looked upon Nashville for the first time, and met a congregation of 'not less than one thousand in and out of the Stone Church,' to whom sermons were preached by 'Mr. McKendree, Bishop Whatcoat, and himself, the services lasting three hours.' On the following day we find him at 'Drake's Creek Meeting-house, at the close of a sacramental solemnity that had been held four days by Craighead, Hodge, Rankin, McGee, and Adair, Presbyterian ministers, at which sermons were preached by McKendree, Whatcoat, and himself.' On that day and night following, he enjoyed the privilege of mingling 'with scenes of deepest interest.' The great revival, to which we have so frequently referred, was now in its zenith, in Tennessee and Southern Kentucky The vast assemblies that attended the preaching of the gospel could not be accommodated in any of the churches. At this meeting 'the stand was in the open air, embosomed in a wood of lofty beech-trees.'

"'*Tuesday, October* 21.—Yesterday, and espe-

cially during the night, were witnessed scenes of deep interest. In the intervals between preaching, the people refreshed themselves and horses, and returned upon the ground. The *stand* was in the open air, embosomed in a wood of lofty beech-trees. The ministers of God, Methodists and Presbyterians, united their labors, and mingled with the child-like simplicity of primitive times. Fires blazing here and there, dispelled the darkness, and the shouts of the redeemed captives, and the cries of precious souls struggling into life, broke the silence of midnight. The weather was delightful; as if heaven smiled, whilst mercy flowed in abundant streams of salvation to perishing sinners. We suppose there were at least thirty souls converted at this meeting. I rejoice that God is visiting the sons of the Puritans, who are candid enough to acknowledge their obligations to the Methodists.' " *

Here we see for the first time the name of William McKendree in connection with the work in Tennessee.

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* Redford's Methodism in Kentucky, Vol. I., pp. 334, 335.

CHAPTER XV.

A new era in the West—Name of the Conference changed from Kentucky to that of "Western Conference"—Two sessions held this year—McKendree's District—He competent to fill it—A sketch of William McKendree—His election to the office of Bishop—His labors—His last Conference—Last sermon—Death, burial, and epitaph—The Gower family.

"THE Conference-year of 1801 commenced a new era in the West. Mr. Asbury changed the name of the Conference from that of Kentucky to that of the Western Conference, which embraced all the Western country then occupied by the Methodists, and William McKendree was appointed Presiding Elder."

It seems, according to the General Minutes, that there were two Conferences this year—one "at Holston, May 1, 1801," and the other "at Ebenezer, in Tennessee, October 1, 1801." From the best authority* available, neither Bishop Asbury nor Bishop Whatcoat attended the May Conference, but Bishop Asbury was present at the Ebenezer Conference in October, and con-

* William Burke.

firmed the Appointments of May. Ebenezer was in Greene county, East Tennessee. See the following entry from Bishop Asbury's Journal:

"Our brethren in Kentucky did not attend: they pleaded the greatness of the work of God. Twelve of us sat in Conference three days; and we had not an unpleasant countenance, nor did we hear an angry word. And why should it not always be thus? Are we not the ministers of the meek and lowly, the humble and holy Jesus?

"N. Snethen gave us two sermons. We ordained on *Friday*, *Saturday*, and *Sabbath-day*, and. upon each day I improved a little on the duties of ministers. On the *Lord's-day* we assembled in the woods, and made a large congregation. My subject was Isaiah lxii. 1. On *Friday* and *Saturday evenings*, and on *Sabbath morning*, there was the noise of praise and shouting in the meeting-house. It is thought there are twenty-five souls who have found the Lord: they are chiefly the children of Methodists—the children of faith and of many prayers."

The Appointments were as follows:

Kentucky District.—William McKendree, P. E.; Scioto and Miami, Henry Smith; Limestone, Benjamin Lakin; Hinkstone and Lexington, William Burke, Thomas Wilkerson, Lewis Hunt; Danville, Hezekiah Harriman; Salt River and

Shelby, John Sale, William Marsh; Cumberland, John Page, Benjamin Young; Green, Samuel Douthet, Ezekiel Burdine; Holston and Russell, James Hunter; New River, John Watson.

As there is some confusion here in the dates, it is likely that the following explanation by Dr. McAnally, in his Sketches of Methodism in Holston, may be correct:

"After spending some time in the Carolinas, the Bishop took a jaunt eastward, through Virginia, then on to Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; then back, through Maryland and the Valley of Virginia, to the Holston country After crossing New River, at Pepper's Ferry, he passed through parts of Wythe, Tazewell, Washington, Russell, and Scott counties, Virginia, and to Ebenezer Meeting-house, in Greene county, Tennessee, to hold the Conference. This was in October of that year (1801). A Conference had been appointed, and was most likely held, in May preceding this; and a little explanation may be necessary, just here, in order to prevent mistakes. In the General Minutes for 1801, it is stated that no reports of numbers had been received from Tennessee or Kentucky Now the annual round of Conferences for that year commenced with the South Carolina, January 1st, and ended with the New England Conference, which began, according to appointment, July 17,

1801; so that the Annual Minutes were, most likely, published some time between the last of July and the 1st of October, of this year; and when the publishers say that there were no returns, they must have had reference to the Conference held in May; and the preachers then appointed to the several circuits, traveled from May until October, only Then, when Bishop Asbury came on, and held the Conference at Ebenezer, in October, 1801, he reäppointed the preachers who remained on the appointments then given, until the Conference held in the Cumberland country, in October, 1802; and the returns made at the Ebenezer Conference, in 1801, appear in the General Minutes of 1802. The Bishop did not attend the Conference in May, and his annual round for 1802 commenced at Ebenezer, in October, 1801, and ended with the New England Conference, held in the Province of Maine, July 1, 1802."

Mr. McKendree's District was extensive, embracing East and Middle Tennessee, South-western Virginia, Kentucky, and a portion of Ohio. But no man would be more likely to cultivate the whole field than William McKendree. He was in the vigor of manhood, active and full of energy; unencumbered, having no family, no secular pursuits, and above all, constrained by the love of Christ. His superior talents, his fine pulpit abili-

ties, his pleasing address, and his excellent administrative qualities admirably suited him to the field he was to occupy.

Mr. McKendree was a native of Virginia, born in King William county, July 6, 1757. He was converted at about the age of thirty, and soon afterward entered the traveling connection. He labored in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, for about twelve years, and then, as we have seen, he was transferred to the West, and put in charge of the new and very inviting field which has already been described. He arrived in the West during the year 1800, just at the time when the "great revival" began to assume very interesting and promising features. Mr. McKendree at once entered into the work, and was one of the most efficient laborers in the Master's vineyard. The Hon. John McLean, in preparing a sketch for Dr. Sprague's Annals, says of Mr. McKendree, that he had scarcely returned to his friends in his old District, in Virginia, when "Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat passed through his District, on their way to visit the Conference and circuits west of the Alleghany Mountains. Mr. Poythress, who was in charge of the Kentucky District, had become so infirm as to be unable any longer to labor, and the Bishops had selected Mr. McKendree to take charge of this important field. As soon as they had stated to him their views, he sig-

nified his hearty concurrence in them; and, within three hours, he had actually started off with them on the journey. They made their way first to the State of Tennessee, and, having reached the station on the outskirts of the settlements, and there taken some others into their company, they proceeded to Jessamine county in Kentucky, where they arrived about the last of September, 1800. The two Bishops were well-nigh exhausted by the journey; but the young men performed it without any signs of faltering.

"The Western Conference for the year 1800 was held about the 1st of October, in the Bethel Academy in Kentucky; and the number of traveling preachers who were present, including the two Bishops, was ten. Immediately after the adjournment of Conference, the Bishops, Mr. McKendree, and the preachers whose work lay along this route, made it their business to visit the greater portion of the societies. After stopping a little at Nashville, the capital of Tennessee—at which place they came in contact for the first time with a camp-meeting—they proceeded to Knoxville, and there parted—the Bishops to attend the Carolina Conferences, and McKendree to commence his routine of quarterly visitation. His first year in Kentucky was one of great labor and great success; and not a small part of what he accomplished was in connection with camp-meetings,

in which other denominations besides the Methodists freely mingled."

In Redford's History of Methodism in Kentucky will be found a glowing description of the labors of Mr. McKendree, from which we make the following extracts:

"Mr. McKendree entered upon the work in the West at a most propitious period. The 'great revival' in Kentucky and Tennessee had commenced previous to his appointment to this District; and at the time he entered upon his labors, 'throughout this whole region a religious excitement was spreading and prevailing.' After attending the session of the Conference at Bethel, he passed through a considerable portion of Kentucky, in company with Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, reviewing this section of his field of labor, preaching with extraordinary fervor, and bringing the wealth of his princely intellect, and of his tireless energy, and laying all upon the altar of the Church.

"We soon find him in attendance at a Presbyterian meeting 'at Drake's Creek Meeting-house,' in Tennessee, where a revival was in progress, and preaching from Jeremiah iv 14: 'O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?' In company

with Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, and those faithful evangelists, John and William McGee, he wends his way toward East Tennessee, 'preaching' and 'exhorting' to listening thousands, all along his route.

"Traveling his vast District, he 'had been but a few months on the ground till he understood perfectly his field of labor, moving day and night, visiting families, organizing societies, and holding Quarterly Conferences. It was his constant practice to travel from thirty to fifty miles a day, and preach at night. All classes of people flocked to hear him. Statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and theologians, of all denominations, clustered around him, saying, as they returned home, "Did you ever hear the like before?" Some, indeed, were so captivated, that they would say, "Never man spake like this man." He saw that the harvest was truly great, and the laborers few Early in the morning and late in the evening, with streaming eyes, he prayed God, with hands and heart uplifted, that he would send forth more laborers into the harvest.

"'He was actively engaged in forming new circuits, and calling out local preachers to fill them. Whenever he found a young man of piety and native talent, he led him out into the Lord's vineyard; and large as his District was, it soon became too small for him. He extended his

labors to every part of South-western Virginia; then crossing the Ohio River, he carried the holy war into the State of Ohio; and there he formed new charges, and called out young men. Like a noble general, he was always in the first ranks. Throughout the length and breadth of the West, as far as the country was settled, McKendree was first in council and first in action. If he appeared on a camp-ground, every eye was upon him, and his word was law. In private circles, in Quarterly Conferences, he was the master spirit.'*

"We have already referred to Mr. McKendree as being an active participant, immediately on his entrance on the labors of his District, in the revival of religion that distinguished this period. In passing through his vast District, he carried with him a holy influence, which, like a 'flame of fire,' spread in every direction. No difficulty could daunt this soldier of the cross. 'He led his band of tried men—and a nobler band of Christian heroes never lived than those who flocked around the standard that was borne in triumph by William McKendree.'† True, sometimes he was depressed, for he was mortal; but, nothing daunted, he moved with steady and resistless step, an example of labor and piety among

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* "Autobiography of the Rev. Jacob Young, pp. 61, 62.
† "Rev. A. L. P. Green, D.D.

his brethren. Deep streams could not divert him from his course; high mountains presented no barrier; the rains of summer and the snows of winter alike unmoved him. Often he swam the turbid stream to reach the appointments he had made; and many a time, after a long day's travel, he lay out in the woods at night, hungry and cold, with no other covering than his clothes and saddle-blanket, except the blue sky above him.

"The first to bear to the northern and central portions of Kentucky the intelligence of the revivals in the southern part of the State, he mingled freely in them. In the pulpit, in the altar, in the family circle, by his counsel and bright Christian example, he exerted an influence for good that cannot now be estimated. We find him side by side with the pious Burke 'in the contests' he had with the ministry of the Baptist Church; and in the defense of the great cardinal doctrines and principles of Methodism, he stood forth the unflinching advocate. Under his supervision many of the early church-edifices were erected;* and under his ministry the Kentucky District enjoyed continual prosperity

"We next find him on the Cumberland District,

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* "The Brick Chapel, four miles north-east of Shelbyville, was erected under his direction. It was the second brick church in Kentucky.

embracing 'nine circuits, one of which was in Missouri. He traveled from Nashville, Tennessee, through Kentucky and Illinois, to Missouri, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, in order to pass round and through his District. Into this new and extensive field of labor he entered spiritedly, and was everywhere hailed as an able minister of the New Testament. Here he was the honored instrument, in connection with the worthy men who labored side by side with him, though under his superintendency, of laying, as a wise master-builder, the foundation of the Church which has since so gloriously prospered in this country'*

"The same success that crowned his ministry on the Kentucky District followed his labors in this inviting field. Dangers, however, often threatened him, and difficulties that could only be overcome by inflexibility of purpose often opposed him."

Mr. McKendree continued in the West as a Presiding Elder till the year 1808: that year he was on the Cumberland District, which extended from the country about Nashville to the Cumberland Mountains, in Tennessee and Kentucky, thence across the State of Kentucky into Illinois and Missouri. At the General Conference of this

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* "Rev. W W Redman, in Nashville Christian Advocate, February 26, 1847.

year, held at Baltimore, he was elected Bishop, and was ordained to that responsible office. The selection was a wise one, and proved to be a great blessing to the Church. True, Mr. McKendree was somewhat advanced in years, having passed fifty; but he had had twenty years' experience as a preacher, was without a family, had a good constitution, was active and vigorous, and had been accustomed to arduous toil as an itinerant.

Bishop Whatcoat had died, Bishop Asbury was aged and infirm, Bishop Coke was in Europe, the Church was enlarging, the Conferences multiplying, and the demand for Episcopal duties growing more and more imperative. To have put into the office a young and unsettled man, might have led to fatal consequences; to have ordained one who had local views or local attachments, might have seriously embarrassed the work; but here was a sound man, a tried man, a mature man, a working man, a man who had endured the hardships of a frontier life, and knew how to sympathize with his fellow-itinerants, a man who would not only point out the work to be done, but would himself lead the way.

Mr. McKendree, for eight years previous to his election, had been in the "far West." There had been but little intercourse with the East: there were no macadamized roads, no great stage routes, no railroads, no telegraph lines, and but

few postal routes, no Church papers to herald the magnates of the pulpit; hence the body of the preachers east of the mountains had but a slight acquaintance with the Western pioneers. When Mr. McKendree reached the General Conference at Baltimore, it is not probable that he had been thought of as a bishop. He was appointed to preach on the Sabbath at Light Street Church. Many of the delegates were present. The sermon was in power: it was a masterly effort, and produced a great sensation. Bishop Asbury, who was present, remarked, as he left the church, "That sermon will make him a bishop;" and so it did. He was soon afterward elected—receiving ninety-five votes out of one hundred and twenty-eight.

From the time of his election till his physical frame gave way, he ceased not to labor night and day for the glory of God and the interests of the Church. The principal burden rested upon his shoulders, especially from 1812 to 1816. Bishop Asbury had worn himself down by his constant and arduous toils for half a century, and during this term of four years had fallen asleep in Jesus. This left the whole care and responsibility of the office upon Bishop McKendree. He faltered not, but proved himself, under God, equal to the task, and like a brave general in the field, when all his equals in rank had fallen, he still pressed forward and pushed the battle to the gate.

After his election, Bishop McKendree called Tennessee his home, or his place of rendezvous. His father's family had removed to the State, and settled near Fountain Head, in Sumner county. Here the Bishop deposited whatever was not necessary in his journeyings; and here, at the house of his brother—Dr. James McKendree—he died, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, on the 5th of March, 1835, in his seventy-eighth year, uttering, as his last words, "ALL IS WELL! ALL IS WELL!" and was buried, at his own request, in the family graveyard, beside his father, near the family dwelling, where he sleeps among his kindred. His grave was desecrated in the late war, and now lies in ruins; but measures have been taken to repair the inclosure, or erect on his grave a *monumental church.*

His epitaph, rudely executed, is as follows:

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV WILLIAM MCKENDREE

BISHOP of the Methodist Episcopal Church In the
United State of America
Born King William County Virginia July 6th 1757
Died at his Brothers Dr James McKendrees
In Sumner County Ten. March 5th 1835
He was elected and ordained Bishop
In the city of Baltimore. May 1808
He laboured in the ministry of the gospel 47 years
With uncommon zeal ability and usefulness.
And for near 27 years discharged the duties

Of the episcopal office with such wisdom
Rectitude fidelity as to secure the
Confidence respect and esteem of the
Ministers and people of his official
Oversight in travels and labors for
The advancement of the Redeemers
Kingdom and the Salvation of the
Souls of men. He occupied an elevated
Position among the most eminent ministers
Of Christ and has furnished an illustrious
Example for christian pastors and Bishops
He finished his course in peace and triumph
Proclaiming in his last moments
'All is well'

The last Annual Conference he attended was held at Lebanon, Tennessee, in November, 1834. The last sermon he ever preached was on the 23d of the same month, in McKendree Church, Nashville. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. John Kelley and the Rev. Henry K. Winbourne.

The work of 1801, in which Mr. McKendree took so active a part, and which spread over a vast extent of country, the fruits of which remain till this day, deserves more than a passing remark. The extraordinary manifestations of the power of God, in the awakening and conversion of sinners, was marvelous in the eyes of the people. As has been said, there were no extra efforts, no special human instrumentality There was perhaps an increased earnestness among the preachers, and, in

some degree, a quickening of their zeal; but these were not so marked as to attract public attention. Indeed, there seems to have been a degree of lukewarmness among professed Christians, and a deep tincture of skepticism, not to say downright infidelity, among the people. There had been but little progress, as the facts and figures adduced in these pages show For nearly twenty years a faithful and self-sacrificing ministry had warned the people. The preachers had been with the people in the wilderness, in the forts, in the block-houses, in the bloody wars, and in their more peaceful and prosperous times; and although hundreds had been won to Christ, and many had died in the faith, yet their success had been partial. The people were callous, and the Church-members were formal. Many ministers, in respectable Churches, were mere formalists, being strangers to the new birth. They knew nothing of the power of godliness, nor had they any proper conception of justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit. The country had for years been excited by wars: a comparative calm had ensued, and the inhabitants felt secure; the population had greatly increased, and the people felt strong; the soil was fertile, and almost fabulously productive, so that there was no fear of want; the men were brave and hardy, and the women resolute and fearless. In this condition, a listless, indifferent spirit had

seized the people, and it required something more than common to arouse them. God, in his mercy, sent this revival spirit. Under its power infidelity quailed, skepticism blushed, formal professors trembled, and sinners cried for mercy The wind passed over the valley of dry bones, and there was a noise and a shaking, and bones came together, bone to its bone; the sinews and flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them, and the breath of the Almighty entered into them, and they lived and stood up a great army before God.

From that day Methodism grew stronger, its doctrines more popular, and its influence much greater, upon all classes of society Those who had persecuted the Methodists, and branded them as false teachers and as the deceivers who should come in the last times, now became their friends and co-workers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. In a word, it was a triumph of pure, scriptural, genuine Christianity, over infidelity and formal religion.

Samuel Douthet, who was appointed this year to the Green Circuit, traveled the Holston Circuit in 1802. In 1803, he was on the Lexington Circuit; in 1804, he was on the Nolichucky Circuit, and in 1805 he located. Benjamin Young, after leaving Cumberland, traveled in Ohio, was a missionary to Illinois, and in 1804 was on the Green

Circuit. The Minutes of 1805 say he was expelled: the cause is not given. There was no return of members this year, the statistics being the same as the year previous. The reason for this omission may be inferred from Bishop Asbury's Journal. He says: "The brethren from the West were not present: the work was so extraordinary as to demand their attention." And, besides, prior to this time the Conferences had been held in the spring; now they were being changed to the autumn, and they could not well be absent at two sessions in one year.

Before concluding this chapter, it is proper that reference be made to the Gower family, who were early settlers in Tennessee, and connected themselves with the Methodists at an early period.

Abel Gower came to Tennessee in 1778, with the family of General Robertson. He had a wife and five sons and four daughters. One son was shot and killed on the way; a daughter was wounded, but she recovered. Three of the brothers—Russell, Elisha, and William—professed religion and united with the Methodists in 1801. They all became preachers within one year after their conversion. Abel Gower and Elisha, his son, were murdered by the Indians a few years after they came to Tennessee. They were killed while bringing corn from the mouth of Stone's River to Nashville.

Russell Gower settled on the Cumberland River, at what is called Gower's Island. He served the Church as a local preacher for thirty years. Elisha also settled on the Cumberland River, north side, at Gower's Island. He continued to labor as a local preacher for forty years. These brothers both brought up large families, all of whom became members of the Methodist Church. One of Russell's sons is now a Baptist preacher.

William Gower settled on the south side of the Cumberland, not far from the island, and about nine miles from Nashville, in the year 1800. He was born on the 6th of October, 1776; twenty-four years afterward, he was married to Charlotte Reeves, niece of Mrs. General Robertson. Soon after he professed religion he began to exhort; indeed, he began forthwith to call sinners to repentance, and was immediately licensed. In a short space of time, as has been seen, he was licensed to preach, and continued for half a century to toil as a minister of Christ. He died on the 11th of October, 1851.

William Gower's house was a preaching-place for thirty years. There is now a church on his land, known as Gower's Chapel. There has been a Church-organization for more than half a century in that neighborhood. Some of the descendants of this venerable man are pillars in the Church at this day

CHAPTER XVI.

Western Conference, at Strother's, Tennessee: Bishop Asbury present—Mr. Garrett's account—Increase in the membership—Kentucky District—Holston District—Moses Floyd—John A. Granade: extracts from his Autobiography—His grandson—Mr. Carr's account of him.

"THE Western Conference was held in Tennessee, at Cumberland, Oct. 2, 1802." Such is the record of the Minutes.

The place of meeting was Strother's Meeting-house, near the head of Big Station Camp Creek, in Sumner county, north-west of where the town of Gallatin now stands.

The Rev. Lewis Garrett says Bishop Asbury was present, "but was so afflicted with rheumatic affection that he could not walk; yet he traveled thus far west, attended to the business of the Conference, and preached, while he had to be carried to and from his horse, and to the house of business and of worship." The reader will bear in mind that the ecclesiastical year for 1803 began in October, 1802. Without noting this fact, he is liable to be led astray as to dates. In the Minutes, the year now under consideration bears

date 1802, but it extends over to October, 1803. This was the first Annual Conference held in what we now call Middle Tennessee.

This year was one of great success; hence we find a very handsome increase in the membership. The returns were:—On Cumberland, 588 whites, 39 colored; Green, 610 whites, 30 colored. In the appointments of the preachers the work is rearranged, and two Districts are formed out of the territory heretofore occupied by one.

The Kentucky District embraced Cumberland Circuit: William McKendree, Presiding Elder, and John Page and Thomas Wilkerson were on the circuit.

Holston District: John Watson, Presiding Elder. Green Circuit: Moses Floyd and John A. Granade.

The Cumberland Circuit was nobly supplied, having two very able and successful preachers. These, with Mr. McKendree on the District, made a trio inferior to none in the Church, anywhere, at that day

Moses Floyd was the next year sent to Natchez, where he remained two years. In 1805 he located.

John Adam Granade was this year admitted on trial, and was, as we have seen, appointed to the Green Circuit. Mr. Granade was an extraordinary man, whose life and history are more singu-

lar and exciting than romance. His career as a traveling preacher was short, but full of interest. He was a great power in the pulpit. He has a grandson—the Rev. Herve M. Granade—now in the ministry, and a worthy member of the Arkansas Conference. He has kindly furnished the author with copious extracts from the Journal or Autobiography of his grandfather, which we insert. These extracts have never heretofore been published. They will be read with interest, and will give an insight into the character of the eccentric preacher, who created a great sensation in his day

JOHN ADAM GRANADE, THE WILD MAN, POET, AND PREACHER.

At your request, I will give you some items in the history of my grandfather, the eccentric John A. Granade, one of the preachers in the great revival of the early part of this century As he died many years ago—even before my father (his son) was born — I am dependent wholly on a manuscript Autobiography of his, now in my possession, which is of course good authority Some sketches of this strange man may be found in John Carr's Early Times in Middle Tennessee, also in Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism.

Mr. Granade's ancestors were from France, but at the time the subject of this sketch lived, I think he was the only male by the name on this conti-

nent. He was born near Newbern, in Jones county, North Carolina, May 9, 17—. By a most pious mother he was early taught the fear of God. At thirteen years of age, after a series of extraordinary exercises of mind, he embraced religion. He, however, soon backslid, and devoted his poetic talent and all his energies to the service of Satan. He says: "It grieved me if I heard a song sung which caused more laugh than mine, and I would not rest day nor night until I composed one that exceeded it. Although I had no relish for drinking, quarreling, and fighting, I have spent seven days and nights, without giving myself but very little rest, in dancing and frolicking.

"In rambling and gambling I took great delight,
My heart o'erflowing with evil,
Gallanting and ranting from morning till night,
And often rode post for the devil."

But, through much folly and sin, and many fearful dangers, which he relates in a thrilling manner, he was spared. Becoming perfectly reckless, about the time he was grown, in 1796, he made a rambling journey through Kentucky and Cumberland, returning in the fall, however, to find that he had brought his pious mother's "gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." Soon, however, terrified by a guilty conscience, "he left North Carolina, and went west to Anson county, and

taught school across the line in Chesterfield county, in the South State." Endeavoring to steady himself and keep good company, he remained here, in the vicinity of Wadesboro, and taught several sessions. So hard did he strive to please his patrons, and so well did he succeed, that pupils were taken from the Camden Academy, and by letter committed to his care.

On the 9th of May, 1797, President Adams proclaimed a Fast-day for the nation, in which Mr. Granade did not participate, because he was prejudiced against him and his administration; but, remembering afterward that it was his own birthday, he regretted that he had not fasted. On the 16th of the same month began that wonderful revolution in his mind, to which he devotes much of his Journal, and to which no pen but his own can do justice.

Reading in a newspaper of the difficulties between the United States and France, and the probabilities of a war, he burned with patriotic determination to defend his native land, America. The idea of being a soldier brought thoughts of death, and induced self-examination, and soon he was plunged into awful conflicts with Satan. So terrible was his mental agony, and so wonderfully did the Spirit strive with him, that he says: "I became a gazing-stock to Major Rosser's family, where I boarded, to my pupils, and to my wicked

companions. My loud threats and harsh rebukes gave way to sympathy and love, the brow of brass was covered with shame, the inflexible countenance was bedewed with tears. Ashamed that my pupils should see me weep, I fled to the woods; and as I went, a powerful sensation of the sufferings of Christ was presented to my mind.

> "Thus the glorious Sufferer stood,
> With hands and feet nailed to the wood,
> From every wound a stream of blood,
> Came trickling down amain.
> His bitter groans all nature shook,
> And at his voice the rocks were broke;
> And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
> While spiteful Jews around him mock,
> And laughèd at his pain.

"I felt," says he farther, "that I had joined in with the Jews and Romans, and cried, 'Crucify him! crucify him!'"

While subject to great buffetings from Satan, and longing for some Christian friend, Mr. Pace, a Justice of Anson county, and a Methodist, came by, whom he called, and to whom he unfolded the deep troubles of his stricken heart. Mr. Pace carried him to Mr. Hill, a local Methodist preacher, and they took great pains, by advice and prayer, to aid him. Determined to take every advantage of the devil, he burned his cards, and with his penknife cut the ruffles off his shirt, and had his hair, of which he had been very

proud, cut off. He began to go to the meetings of the Methodists, and sought every opportunity to receive their counsels and prayers. His distress was so great that he gave up his school, and, joining in with a brother-in-law, (Sanderson, I suppose,) he set out for Georgia. He says:

> "I then was like the lonesome dove
> That mourns her absent mate,
> From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
> Her sorrows to relate."

Just as he was leaving Carolina, the Universalists tried to get him to travel and preach in support of their system, which he had some time before embraced; but they found him crying for God's mercy He told them that he renounced a poem which he had composed, and which they had published; and denounced the whole system of "Restoration" as "a stratagem of the devil to bring souls to eternal ruin."

Instead of remaining in Augusta, Georgia, Mr. Granade, with his company, turned about and came to Tennessee. Through this long, wearisome journey he had much to try his patience; but still, four times a day, he went to God in secret prayer. His account of his feelings on this trip is thrilling indeed.

"At length," says he, in his Journal, "after much fatigue and travel, we encamped on Goose Creek, in Sumner county, Tennessee. Soon after

my arrival in Tennessee, I went to class-meeting at old Brother Greenhaw's, who was long a Zion traveler, and was then a leader of a class. I that day cast in my lot with the people called Methodists. I took courage, and stood up in the congregation and exhorted the people. A few days after, I went to Brother Oglesby's, where I met with William Burke, who was then traveling the Cumberland Circuit. He was a man of excellent abilities and good delivery. I rode with him, telling him my sorrows, in which he took great interest, and advised me to press on. In company with John McGee, a local preacher, and a precious man, I went next day south of the Cumberland River to hear Mr. Burke preach; but Brother McGee's account of his own conversion so filled me with distress and anxiety, that the sermon did me but little good. That evening I returned to our camp, with a double resolution never to rest until God converted me. I told my sister I thought we ought to have prayer morning and evening at our camp. Now, at this time, as for some time past, there was only a small light, like a little star, before the eye of my faith, that shone as a light in a dark place. I was sometimes hopeful, and sometimes in despair; sometimes I could see in my mind congregations before me, and I was preaching to them with great zeal; but Satan continued his attacks, and I was driven to

the woods, resolved not to return until God sent deliverance. I went to the chasm of a rock, on the side of Goose Creek, where the water made a great noise, that my loud prayers and lamentations (for I always prayed aloud) might not be heard. I felt as if I was rowing up a stream, the wind (God's Spirit) in my favor, and if I ceased to ply either oar (faith and prayer) I would go down immediately. The two oars at last being brought to act in concert, I made headway. I returned to the camp. My sister stood by me singing, when the glory of the Lord broke in upon me, 'sweeter than the honey, or the honeycomb.'

"This portion of grace to me given
Dispelled the black cloud from my eyes.
It was a sweet foretaste of heaven,
Descending from Christ in the skies.

"But, alas! how soon it was gone!
It fled like a vapor away:
A cloud passed over the sun,
And darkness succeeded the day.

"Again I spent a terrible, sleepless night in the wagon, and in the woods; and in the morning it appeared as if Satan was turned loose in my soul. These words rang in my ears continually: 'Your damnation is sealed—your day of grace is past. The wrath of God is upon you; you are a vessel of wrath, and the devil can be saved as

well as you.' I verily believed that the wrath of God was being executed upon me. A burning flame ran through my whole being, attended with a dreadful sense of the torments of hell. These tormenting voices, for two years, continued at times to follow me; and as I turned quickly from side to side to avoid these tormenting whisperers, the people looked at me with amazement.

"I rambled up and down with pains that no tongue can express. As I am sensible of my deficient language, I will say, in the language of David, 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me.'

"I was seized with a burning in my stomach, and a fainting sickness; and so strange were my feelings, that my friends feared I was going to lose my senses. When I went to bed at night, I was afraid to close my eyes to sleep, for fear I should wake up in hell."

Under the most unusual and excruciating terrors of mind and body, he thus went on for two awful years, an account of which, as given at length in his Journal, would not only interest, but fill with wonder and amazement, any one who would read it.

At Mr. Burke's request, he spent four weeks on the circuit; and this good man and his wife, who traveled in company with them, did all they could to console and cheer him. Mr. Burke told him of a man (Glendenning) whom he knew to be

in despair for five years, and then the Lord raised him up. Sister Burke also said she had suffered much the same, but had been delivered. They went to Nashville, as it was in Mr. Burke's circuit; and here they heard one Haggard, a Republican, preach. He says: "Mr. Burke spoke to the people very warmly and pathetically. He was a natural orator, and did not make a blunder while I was with him." All the round with Mr. Burke, Mr. Granade was subject to the most tormenting fears by day and visions of evil spirits by night. His description of a night spent at Strother's, on Station Camp Creek, is awful indeed.

The winter of 1797, and the spring and summer of 1798, were spent in the woods. Through snows and rains, day and night, he went about howling, praying, and roaring in such a manner, that he was generally believed and reputed to be crazy Satan tempted him to believe that he was deranged, and that his poetic talent was gone. To test the matter, he composed his first spiritual poem, which has eighteen verses, and which he says he wrote without stopping or difficulty. The school-children liked it so much that they sang it at the close of school, (he was teaching again,) and then he would pray with them. This poem is truly full of merit. The subject is, "The Sufferings of Christ." It begins:

"Ye travelers that pass this way,
My agonies awhile survey.
See what I bear upon the tree,
While all your sins are laid on me."

Mr. Granade continued to teach school among the Wynns, Babbs, and Stulls during 1799 As school-books were scarce, in teaching elocution, the Epistles of Paul to the Romans and Corinthians were used. These speeches produced a great effect on the teacher's mind. Although he now feared that he was a reprobate himself, he strove to do all the good he could to others. He would take his whole school to hear William McGee (a Presbyterian minister) preach. He also heard Green Hill at John Brown's, and attended class-meeting, where occasionally a slight ray of hope would flash in upon his dark spirit.

A great union-meeting, between the Presbyterians and Methodists, was coming off near Mr. Blythe's, on Bledsoe's Creek. Mr. Granade having dreamed, two nights before, of being at the meeting, and surrounded with God's happy people, and that he was here delivered from all his fears, he resolved to attend. His account of the impressions made on his mind at the first sight of three thousand persons encamped for worship, is truly wonderful. William Lambuth was preaching on, "And yet shew I unto you a more excellent way." Mr. Granade drank in eagerly every

word he (Mr. Lambuth) said, as also the sermon which immediately followed, by the Rev John Rankin, a Presbyterian. When the preacher came to the words, "The wind bloweth where it listeth so is every one that is born of the Spirit," "that very moment," says Mr. Granade, "heaven, that I thought was for ever sealed against me, was opened. The glory of the Lord, as a rushing, mighty wind, descended from heaven and filled my whole being. I began to whisper these words: 'Adoration to God and the Lamb;' and as I repeated these words, the power increased, the heavens, the earth, and every thing in a moment put on a new aspect. I could keep silence no longer, but cried out, 'Glory to God! Glory and adoration to God and the Lamb for ever!' Thus streams of glory divine poured in upon me, and I went all over the encampment, until midnight, praising Him who had brought me such deliverance."

This attracted great attention, for Mr. Granade was noted for his talent as a wicked poet, and for two years had been reported through Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, and Kentucky, as "the crazy man, or wild man," and was indeed the wonder of that day Great was the joy among the people when "this second Lazarus," as he called himself, was raised. He next partook of the Lord's-supper with the congregation, and

giving himself in a solemn vow to God, he arose and began exhorting the people. In a few moments sinners fell screaming on every side. Then followed a scene of indescribable power and glory, in which the joyful man continued exhorting, praising, and shouting all night, and a great part of next day

Being powerfully impressed that it was his duty to tell to all what great things the Lord had done for him, and to call upon all to turn to God and live, he went forth from this scene of victory, and "as a giant refreshed with new wine," preaching the word of God. His scholars and the ungodly neighbors were brought in crowds to realize God's saving power. Even those who set their faces like steel against this "madness," as they called it, were swept before it like grass before the fire, only to spring into life again. At his first effort, five souls were wonderfully converted, and he says, "Such exercises of shouting and praising were never seen in that country before." He soon gave up his school, and went from settlement to settlement, warning the people, God attending his words in power everywhere.

Mr. Granade, at this time, knew nothing scarcely of the peculiar system of the Methodists; "for," says he, "they were most intolerably persecuted everywhere."

Notwithstanding the calumny and evil-speaking that these people met with, he was more than willing to cast in his lot with them. He went now to a quarterly-meeting, where he met with Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, to whom he gave his consent to enter the traveling ministry He was directed to Cumberland Circuit to join another young man—Benjamin Young. On his way to his first appointment, he was so powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit, that his limbs were so distorted that he could hardly ride. Those places where he had been so sorely tried, and which seemed as perdition to him, now became as heaven. He visited his old neighborhood on Barton's Creek, and as he went from house to house, God attended his strange exhortations with great power, and many souls were converted. Having received permission from the Rev. Mr. Page to go and preach where he liked, and having resolved, by God's help, to attack the devil's crew anywhere, he "took the great county road leading to Nashville," and at places of drinking, and taverns where rude rowdies met, he went right in, and, filled with the Spirit, warned them of their danger. Some cried for mercy, and found peace. Others, blaspheming, went off raving mad. On his way he heard of a ball, and resolved at once to go, and meet the enemy on his own ground, saying:

"In Jesus' name this day I'll stand,
As soldier bold with sword in hand,
The breastplate, helm, and shield:
Thus armed, the powers of hell shall yield."

He reached the place, and being invited in, he says: "I went up to Mr. Musician, and stroking him on the head, asked him if he would not stop fifteen minutes. They were dancing, drinking, swearing, and huzzaing like loons. The fiddler swore at me, and kept on playing. That moment the glory of God, as a mighty stream or blaze of fire, flashed all over me, and my face burned with glory I took a book from my pocket, striking it in my hand, and thundered out upon them. The dancers were so frightened they hardly knew whether they were dancing a jig, or reel, or what. A general fright ran all over the house. Mr. Fury, one of the 'bulls of Bashan,' ran at me, and landed me on the door-step. I stepped into the yard: the crowd without and from within surrounded me like bees. Hell was troubled, and threw up angry billows: but, glory to God, he was with me! I thundered away upon them on every hand. Some said I was a hypocrite, some said I was a good man, some said I was crazy, or drunk; another thought I would be a better fighter than preacher. I told them Christ had spilt his blood for them, and if they did not repent and quit frolicking, they would all go to hell A bold

orator of the devil said: 'If there was such a man as Jesus Christ, and if he had done so much for him, he was much obliged to him; but that he thought Tom Paine a greater man than Jesus Christ, and would stand on the right hand of God in the day of judgment like a game-cock,' jumping and huzzaing at the same time in the name of Satan. I left them, and went on my way rejoicing. This was a remarkable day to me. As I was riding along, the glory of the Lord came down upon me, and constrained me to cry aloud for half a mile in praising God. What I saw and felt, no mortal tongue can express. O how near was God to me!

"It was my practice," says this intrepid hero, "to attack every person I met on the road, if I had the least opportunity, and by this means I warned many a poor sinner, and found out many of God's people, whom I would never have known had I gone on silently The world and many professors would think me cracked or crazy, but while God poured out his power on me in this practice, I was determined to pursue it."

Wishing to form a new circuit on the frontiers, he went from Peyton's Creek, by Major Walton's Ferry, to Snow Creek, and called the settlers together, who heard him gladly, as but two sermons had ever been preached in those parts. His route was thence across Caney Fork and

Smith's Fork, and round the south side of Cumberland River, *via* Barton's Creek; thence across Cumberland River; thence *via* Goose Creek, and so on around. The second night out, he was bewildered in the mountains: thick canebrakes matted the valleys; snow was falling fast, and it was very cold. His account of this dreadful night spent with only his horse and his Saviour, (who he says was constantly with him,) and his rambling through the tall, thick cane, covered with snow, and over the icy mountains, much of next day, along pathless routes, is truly appalling. Exposed to the dangers of the wilderness, hungry, weary, and nearly at the point of freezing, he says:

> "The barren wilderness to me
> Did then a palace prove;
> I had King Jesus' company,
> And feasted on his love."

By prayer and a special providence he was delivered. He labored very hard and very successfully on this frontier circuit. This "son of thunder" seems to have been always under most powerful influences. He says: "I made the mountains, woods, and canebrakes ring louder with my shouts and praises than I once did with my howling cries. Though it may be hard for some to believe, yet I declare the truth in Christ, and lie not, and am giving only a very faint

sketch of my happiness, when I say, that I never fell on my knees in secret but the Lord poured out his power, so that I shouted out aloud. Sometimes I shouted for two or three hours, and even fainted under the hand of the Lord. I was ready to cry out at the name of Jesus, and what I saw by faith, and felt by sweet communion with God, I was afraid to relate to my best friends. The brightness of heaven rested continually upon my soul, so that I was often prevented from sleeping, eating, reading, writing, or preaching. I would sing a song, or pray, or exhort a few minutes, and the fire would break out among the people; and thus everywhere the slain of the Lord were many. I have spent nine nights out of ten (besides my day-meetings and long, hard rides) until past midnight with the slain of the Lord. Thus I went on regardless of my life.

> "King Jesus was riding the white horse before,
> The watchmen close after, the trumpets do roar:
> Some shouting, some singing, 'Salvation!' they cry:
> In the strength of King Jesus, all hell we defy.

Many precious souls were converted in a few weeks. I went by the name of 'the distracted preacher,' but I cared not for this. At Brother Prim's, on Snow Creek, we had powerful times—five or six converted at once. One young man, one night, ran out into the big road, crying, 'I am damned! I am damned! I am lost!' etc., which he

kept up all night, and next day went to Indian Creek, to tell his friends his dreadful state, and give them warning. Another time, at the same place, a gang of rough men came to watch and disturb us, led by one Esquire G., who was drunk. He came in, and took hold of those who were praying, and said he wanted to see what was the matter with them. I walked up to him, and ordered him to behave or be off, when he made as if he would strike me with his fist. I came nearer to him, but he did not strike. After raging around awhile like a mad-dog, and finding that he could not intimidate me, nor stop the praying and praising, they all 'dried up.'"

This faithful preacher had much to do in reproving these rough people for hunting on Sunday, etc. He speaks of their coming to his meetings with bear-skin bands, with the hair on them, around their necks.

Soon after this, and while under almost insupportable glories, he composed "The Bold Pilgrim." A few copies of his "hymns and spiritual songs" are yet among the old Methodists, and many of his pieces are found, without his name to them, in the various hymn-books of the land. He says that while composing his songs, such, perhaps, as "Sweet rivers of redeeming love," etc., he often had to stop writing, and praise God for his poetic gift, for which he "would not have taken ten

thousand worlds." He composed "Apollyon's Lions" while riding through a heavy rain one day, to attend an appointment, where some wicked men had sworn to meet him and beat him to death, because he had spoken plainly to them. They accosted him, and cursed and abused him shamefully, but did not lay hands on him; while he told his trembling, weeping brethren, that it was his "glory thus to suffer for Christ."

Mr. Granade speaks of a sacramental-meeting among the Presbyterians, at which he and other Methodist preachers attended, at Big Spring, where God blessed the people in such a wonderful manner that their shouting praises scarcely ceased night or day for four days. The feelings of love and union among these two denominations were strong and pure. At this meeting the preachers persuaded Mr. Granade to be baptized, for he had never received the ordinance. He told them he cared but little about it, as he "had already been brought through the sea, by the spiritual Moses, and drank of the spiritual Rock, which was Christ." However, he said he would ask the Lord about it, and standing up in the pulpit, with his back to the people, he prayed; and he says, "The Lord answered by fire, and I stood and shouted with all my strength for fifteen minutes. I got some water, and Brother Page and Brother Hodge—a Presbyterian preacher whom my soul

loved—and Brother John McGee, went with me in secret before the Lord. We all kneeled. Brother McGee prayed, and poured the water on my head, and God poured his heavenly showers upon my soul and body, which was enough for me, though all the world had condemned the baptism. What God approves, stupid man may oppose in vain; and as I never conquered the devil by water, I shall go on to tell what wonders were done by fire."

It was now 1800. Mr. Granade attended a quarterly-meeting, where he says "the Methodists and Presbyterians were eating, drinking, singing, and shouting promiscuously together," and where he was recommended to the Green Annual Conference.* His last appointment before starting to Conference was a wonderful time. It was on Snow Creek. While Granade came down upon the terrified Sunday bee and bear-hunters in the house with his floods of native eloquence, the elements without were raging with terrific storm. God sent such fiery power with the preacher's words of warning, that some of these hardy sons of the forest could not stand before it, but preferring the storm without to that in the house, they left, and ran off. One wicked man, whose name was C., swore he would never

* The Western Conference held on Green Circuit.

hear Granade again. But the undaunted preacher hearing of this, started to warn him at his own house, but the blasphemer fell dead before he arrived.

Bidding farewell to his many friends, with much weeping on both sides, he now set out with Brother Page, Brother Hodge, (a brother to the Presbyterian,) and two young men, for the Conference. Providing themselves with provisions for their journey through the "wilderness," they rode on, Granade often entertaining the company with one of his songs, or a shout which lasted for half a mile, his soul being full of joy at the thought, he says, "of catching sinners in the gospel net." They slept out on the ground at night—heard the howlings of furious wolves as they pursued their prey They crossed Obed's River; thence *via* West Point Ferry; thence to Grassy Valley, and at night had meeting at Sterns's and John Winton's, where they had a glorious time; thence to Vanpelt's; thence to Ebenezer, the seat of Conference.

The Conference was held in a spacious upper room at the house of Felix Earnest. Bishop Asbury presided, assisted by Nicholas Snethen, William McKendree, and many other elders, deacons, and preachers. On Sunday, at the sacrament, great power was felt: twenty souls were converted. Granade was greatly excited, and it

was soon known that the "wild man" was at Conference. He excited great curiosity, which, however, he did not regard. His recommendation was received, and while he was down-stairs, (his case being considered,) a collection was taken up in Conference. When he came in, Bishop Asbury said to him: "We are raising money for a destitute preacher: how much will you give?" Taking out his purse, Granade gave it to the Bishop, saying: "I have two dollars—take as much of it as you want." The Bishop, putting his money and purse into the collected money, handed it to the astonished and overjoyed Granade, and embracing him affectionately, informed him that he was received into the Conference. He says the Bishop and all the brethren were exceeding kind to him. He was appointed to Green Circuit, where the Conference was held, with Samuel Douthet in charge, who had been there the year before.

He at once began on Pigeon River, and at every meeting there were great outpourings, and from one to ten conversions. The news that the "wild man" was preaching brought the people from many miles, in great crowds. Many went with him from place to place, and as they went they would alarm the natives with singing and shouting all along the road. Persecution soon began to rage. Some said Granade had some kind of powder to

throw over the people; some said he had some secret trick by which he threw them down; but on he went, disregarding the threats that met him everywhere of being mobbed. One day, on his way to preach at Tucker's, he asked the Lord to give him twenty souls that day; and he received *thirty* in Society. He was sent for to go to Holston Circuit, and it was said that two or three thousand people were at the place, (Cashe's Meeting-house,) and great power attended his preaching from the first chapter of Ezekiel. He also went to Knoxville, by invitation, and was treated with singular kindness by General White and others; and here also he received many members. Notwithstanding two thousand persons petitioned the Bishops to send him back the second time to Green Circuit, where he had taken in between five and six hundred members, he was sent to Holston Circuit, where on the very first round he brought in one hundred members, and by the fifth round he had five hundred new members, receiving thirty at once, and seventy in three days. They built stands in the woods for him all around the circuit, as no house would hold half the people. On one occasion they put him up in a wagon to preach, when he took for his text, "A wheel in the middle of a wheel." Ezek. i. 16. And the people fell all around the wagon, and under it, and great wonders were wrought.

He speaks of a meeting at McKee's, near Governor Sevier's, which lasted until daylight, and with many others who were slain and made alive, five of the Governor's family were received into Society "About that time," says he, "the people said the 'wild man' is about to take the world, and I thought that the 'wild man's' God was about to take it, and I verily believe he will yet." He went to Jonesboro, where some had sworn he should not preach; and as he rode into town, an awful storm of wind, rain, terrific thunder and lightning came upon the place. He made his way to the court-house, and spoke to a great crowd of wonder-struck hearers, from, "And he will be a wild man." Gen. xvi. 12. Many were slain, and some converted. At Easlie's, on Horse Creek, the people fell as if they had been slain by a mighty weapon, and lay in such piles and heaps that it was feared they would suffocate, and that in the woods.

After several great camp-meetings on Holston Circuit, in the fall of the year, Granade was sent to New River Circuit, whither he went through snow and storm. His first appointment was at John Carr's, on Walker's Creek, in a rough, stony region. From the great number of appointments, and his long rides, this must have been a very large and laborious work. The accounts he gives us of his labors among the simple, rough, and

wicked inhabitants of this new and sparsely-settled country, and the wonderful manifestations of divine power which everywhere attended his singular preaching, are of thrilling interest.

Here he acquired a knowledge of Latin, and studied very hard, wrote much, and received many into the Church. But he was suddenly attacked with a very severe and painful breast disease, from which he suffered long, and in consequence of which he had to give up the great work of warning sinners, and, as well as we can learn, it was in 1803 or 1804 that he located. He went to Kentucky, and studied physic under the celebrated Dr. Hinde, near Lexington; and returning to Wilson county, Tennessee, he married a Miss Polly Wynn, in 1805. His pious wife, who completed his Journal after his death, says: "He continued to preach when able, and practiced medicine with great success. He was always happy; the Bible was his constant companion; he enjoyed perfect love. On December 6, 1807, full of peace, he passed away His last words were, 'Glory to God and the Lamb for ever!'"

Among that noble host of heroic spirits who went through the Western wilds preaching Jesus to the new settlers, perhaps none were more self-denying and faithful, and did more good, than did John Adam Granade, in his brief career. Though this sketch has grown to a much greater

length than I at first intended, and many things of a thrilling interest left untold, I cannot forbear giving, as a specimen of this eccentric man's poetic gift, a poem composed just as he thought he was dying, at the close of his itinerant career, and called

THE JUBILEE.

What sound is this salutes my ear?
Methinks its Jubal's trump I hear,
  Long looked-for now is come:
It shakes the heavens, earth, and sea,
Proclaims the Year of Jubilee,
  Return ye exiles home.

Behold, the New Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
  In glory doth appear:
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the bridegroom as he comes,
  And hails the Jubilee Year!

King Jesus takes her in his arms;
Transported with his lovely charms,
  She thus begins to sing:
"The howling winter now is past,
The smiling season 's come at last,
  Behold the rosy spring!"

As lark and linnet gladly sing,
While hills and valleys round them ring,
  'Scaped from the fowler's snare:
One thousand years she here shall dwell,
And sing while Satan 's chained in hell,
  Which ends the Jubilee Year!

The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his trumpets roar,
  And is for war again;
But He that sits upon the throne,
Drives Satan and his armies down,
  To plow the fiery main!

The seventh trumpet we shall hear,
The great white throne shall then appear,
  Ten thousand ages round:
Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
  And burns the solid ground.

Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
  Behold! the Judge is come!
What horror strikes each guilty breast,
Compelled to stand the solemn test,
  And hear their final doom:

"Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With howling fiends for ever dwell,
  No more to see my face:
My gospel calls you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
  And laughed at offered grace!"

Some parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
  Never to meet again.
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
  On Canaan's dazzling plain.

My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
To trace the heavenly road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things!
O that I had some angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God!

To this long account we add Mr. Carr's notice of Mr. Granade, remarking that he is in error as to the time that Mr. Granade entered the traveling connection: it was in 1802, and not in 1801. Mr. Carr states that Mr. Granade was married to Miss Babb, but the Rev H. M. Granade says that he was married to Miss Polly Wynn. We presume the latter to be correct, as he has the Journal of Mr. Granade, and besides is his grandson. Mr. Carr says:

"At the beginning of the present century, there sprang up, and soon passed away, one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the country; and as I was intimately acquainted with him, it is proper I should give a brief sketch of his life. I allude to John Adam Granade, the poet of the backwoods settlement, and a preacher of strange power, though called by many people the wild man. No person, as far as I have seen, has given any written account of him, except Dr. Baker, who, in a communication addressed to the Rev. James B. Finley, has given a very correct description of his preaching, and the singular effects that

followed it. Granade was a native either of Virginia or North Carolina—of the latter State, I believe. He embraced religion and joined the Methodists in the county of his nativity It was deeply impressed upon his mind that he was called to preach the gospel; but, rejecting the call, he lost all religious enjoyment. In the fall of 1798 he removed with his brother-in-law to Tennessee, and settled a few miles from the place where I lived, on Goose Creek, in Sumner county, and there I became acquainted with him. He learned there was circuit-preaching in the neighborhood, and made his appearance at meeting shortly after his arrival in the country At that time he was the most pitiable human being upon whom I ever rested my eyes. His agony of soul was so intense that he scarcely took food enough to support nature, and the effects of his abstinence told plainly upon his health and physical condition in general. He was not deranged, but was in a state of desperation about his soul. He said that once he had enjoyed religion, but he feared mercy for him was clean gone for ever. Nevertheless, he constantly pleaded with God for mercy through Jesus Christ. Days, and weeks, and months together he spent in the wild-woods, crying for mercy, *mercy*, MERCY! In his roamings the Bible was his companion always. His horse, which he sometimes rode to meeting, seemed al-

most to understand his situation. I have met him after he had started to meeting, when his horse was feeding by the road-side, while he sat with head upturned and hands raised toward heaven, praying God to have mercy upon him; and all the while he seemed unconscious that he was on horseback. Great pains were taken with him by preachers and people. Quite naturally, his case excited sympathy, which was much increased among those who perceived he had been well raised and educated, and that he was endowed with an uncommon poetical talent. In fact, he was a born poet, and during his dreadful depression he composed pieces of poetry, the publication of which now would quite astonish the world.

"Granade continued in this melancholy situation until the fall of 1800, when he attended the great meeting, already noticed, held by the Presbyterians, on Desha's Creek; and at that meeting he obtained deliverance from bondage. I was present at the time. The scene was awful and solemn beyond description. It drew the attention of the hundreds of people assembled on the ground, and the clergy as well as the laity were struck with wonder, while they witnessed a change the like of which had never before come under their notice. Heaven was pictured upon the face of the happy man, and his language, as though

learned in a new world, was apparently superhuman. He spoke of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and dwelt with rapture upon the fullness and freeness of the gospel of Christ for the salvation of a lost world. From that meeting immediately he went forth and began to speak in public, and soon afterward he was licensed to preach the gospel. He had the most singular exercises in preaching—his hands and feet, as well as his tongue, being constantly in motion. I have frequently seen him at private houses, when, if he commenced preaching on one side of the room, he would end his sermon on the opposite side. He had much knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, was a man of great imagination and commanding appearance, and his preaching was very successful. The preachers sought to induce him to take a circuit; but if he tried it he would, before making one round, be perhaps forty or fifty miles distant from the place of his regular appointment, at some point out of the way Preaching thus irregularly, he drew the attention of the people, and multitudes crowded to hear him. He went on thus, preaching anywhere and everywhere, at his own will, until the spring of 1801, when, wishing to convince preachers and people that God had called him to labor in that way, he undertook to prophesy one Sabbath, in the midst of a long spell of very dry weather—

he was preaching to a large congregation—and he told the people that, if it did not rain the next Sabbath, God had not called him to labor as he was doing. Thus his great zeal proved a snare to him. The next Sabbath was a beautiful, clear, bright day, without the shadow of a cloud even, to keep the prophet in countenance. Granade saw his error, and, going immediately to one of the preachers, John Page, he gave himself into his hands for disposal. About three months afterward, Quarterly-meeting Conference came on, of which I was a member at that time. Bishop McKendree was then Presiding Elder. The case of prophesying by John A. Granade was brought forward for hearing, and though it took place more than fifty years ago, I remember well the proceedings of that day John Page, though a great stickler for discipline, rose and told the Conference that Brother Granade had been with him for three weeks, and that he was the most prayerful and devoted man with whom he had ever traveled, and for that reason he hoped the Conference would deal as mercifully with him as they could consistently do under the circumstances. It was decided that he should be deprived of his license as a preacher for three months, though during that time he might hold meetings as an exhorter; and that, if he conducted himself well, his license should be restored to him at the end of three

months. After this decision, Granade, who had retired, was called into the house, and upon his return he exhorted the members of the Conference, and urged them to pray to God. The secretary read to him the decision in his case, and upon hearing it, he exclaimed, 'What! not preach for three months?' He then told the Conference that if they could stop the devil for three months, he would submit to the decision; but as long as the devil went about as a roaring lion, he was bound to wage war against him. When it was explained to him that he might exhort the people, it seemed not to satisfy him; so that he did not surrender his license to the Conference, and it was feared he would not yield it to them. The brethren—supposing, perhaps, that I had greater influence with him than any other man—laid it upon me to try and get his license away from him. So that evening I induced him to take a walk with me; and while we were in a retired place, I told him that the Conference had dealt mercifully with him, in allowing him even to exhort the people, in which work, for three months, he might do as much good as he had ever done in that length of time; and that, with this view of the matter, he ought to submit to the decision in his case. He yielded the point, and gave his license to me. I remember well the appropriate remarks of the Presiding Elder on the occasion, when, among other things,

he said: 'Brother Granade, had I given latitude to my religious feelings when I was young, I should have gone astray Our zeal should be founded on the word of God and according to knowledge.' Granade went forth from that Conference, and I suppose he never, for three months, did more good than he did during this time of his suspension as a preacher. He seemed to have a peculiar enmity against the devil, and would call him by singular names, that would create levity in these days of refinement, though he did it in a way that no one then was amused at. He would describe the devil as a man-of-war, with a gun in hand, trying to shoot the righteous. Then he would undertake to show how the gun might be put out of order, so that the devil should miss his aim. By prayer and faith he would bend the barrel, or knock off the hind sight, and thus the devil would shoot and be disappointed in his expectation. His meetings were attended by immense crowds of people, and his labors resulted in turning many to righteousness.

"At the end of three months Granade was again licensed as a preacher, and in the fall of 1801 he was admitted into the traveling connection, and was sent to East Tennessee, where he labored with great success. The people, in vast numbers, congregated at his appointments, and followed him, as they used to do Lorenzo Dow,

from neighborhood to neighborhood. They erected stands in the woods, from which he preached to them; and often he broke down the stands by stamping with his feet and smiting with his hands. A gentleman told me that he went to hear him in East Tennessee, at a private house, and a large building too, though the congregation was so great that not near all were accommodated. After preaching, the members of the Church retired upstairs for class-meeting, and they crowded in until the room above was filled, and the one below was still nearly full. Granade was in one of his big ways, and spoke aloud, so as to be heard below as well as above. In a loud voice he said he felt like breaking the trigger of hell, and, giving a tremendous stamp with his foot, he actually broke one of the joists, which made a report almost like the firing of a gun. The people below screamed and ran to the door, some thinking hell had overtaken them. But the accident did not at all dampen the preacher's ardent zeal. These things I mention as evidence of the man's eccentricity

"But, with all these wild and curious movements, Granade was one of the most devoted and useful of men. Well-versed in the Scriptures, particularly the prophecies, into which he could go deeper than any one I have ever heard, and gifted in language and voice, he was one of the

most extraordinary preachers of his day He could paint the sublime glories of heaven so vividly that it seemed almost as though one were gazing upon the reality; and he could so represent the horrors of hell and the punishment of the wicked, that the scene almost made one's hair rise on his head. He traveled and preached for three years, I believe, in East Tennessee and Virginia, and then returned to Middle Tennessee completely broken down, so that he could speak only in a low tone of voice. Soon after his return I saw him at a camp-meeting, where I heard him talk a sermon in a feeble way, as to manner, though in matter it was a stream of divinity He was entirely cured of his wild ways: his hands and feet were motionless, and, indeed, his sermon was unattended by the slightest bodily agitation. Not long afterward he married a Miss Babb, of Wilson county, where, having settled, he entered upon the practice of medicine, but died in a few years."

CHAPTER XVII

Conference at Mount Gerizim—Bishop Asbury present—A gracious outpouring of the Spirit—Numbers in Society—Stations of the preachers—Geographical description—John Watson—Henry Smith—Louther Taylor—Nashville Circuit—Levin Edney—Jesse Walker—James Gwin—Indian battles—The Church in the wilderness—Mr. Gwin's labors and death—Mrs. Gwin—"Gloom and glory": a thrilling letter.

THE Western Conference convened this year (1803) at Mount Gerizim, Harrison county, Kentucky, October 2d. Bishop Asbury was present, having passed through Ohio looking after the interests of the infant Church in the North-western Territory. He preached to large congregations, and there were, during the Conference, twenty souls happily converted, besides five at a family meeting. The work during the year had enlarged, and many were added to the Church. The number reported for the whole Conference was 7,738 whites, and 464 colored. In the Tennessee portion of the work the returns were as follows: Holston—whites, 683; colored, 15. Nolichucky—whites, 659; colored, 35. French Broad

—whites, 683; colored, 24. Nashville and Red River—whites, 742; colored, 106.

In these statistics there are no doubt included some churches which were not in the State of Tennessee; while other circuits, not mentioned above, embraced territory in the State.

The following were the Appointments:

HOLSTON DISTRICT.—John Watson, P E.; Holston, Thomas Milligan, John A. Granade; Nolichucky, Henry Smith; French Broad, Louther Taylor; Powell's Valley, Benj. Young; Clinch, Moses Black; New River, Learner Blackman.

CUMBERLAND DISTRICT.—John Page, P E.; Nashville, Thomas Wilkerson, Levin Edney; Red River, Jesse Walker; Barren, James Gwin, Jacob Young; Natchez, Moses Floyd, Tobias Gibson.

Dr. McAnally, in his notes on Holston Conference Methodism, pens the following geographical description:

"New River Circuit included the country lying west of that river, from the Carolina line, on north and north-west, through Tazewell and Giles counties, in Virginia. Holston Circuit came in next, on the west, and embraced the country on both sides of the main traveling route from somewhere west of Wythe Court-house, to considerably west of Abingdon. Clinch included Russell, Scott, and part of Lee counties, Virginia, and a part of Tennessee lying north of the Holston River.

Powell's Valley embraced all the settled country lying between Clinch River and the Cumberland Mountains, from about Lee Court-house, in Virginia, on as far west as the settlements extended. Nolichucky included the upper part of East Tennessee, down as low as about the western line of Greene county French Broad came in immediately west, and occupied country on both sides of the French Broad and Holston Rivers. The wilderness, to which Jacob Young was sent, lay in the mountainous country lying north and west of the Valley of East Tennessee.

"This year, as on the three preceding, Bishop Asbury visited a large portion of all the prominent settlements in this country, contributing what he could to the advancement of the work and the prosperity of the cause of God. No work possible to be done was too arduous for him to undertake; and much of that zeal and aggressive, as well as persevering, spirit, characterizing the Methodist preachers of that day, was doubtless owing to the example they ever had before them, in the course pursued by their Bishop." *

In the list of preachers several new names appear, some of which are familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of Methodism in the West.

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* Life and Times of Dr. Patton, pp. 130, 131.

John Watson, the Presiding Elder of the Holston District, filled many important stations in the Church, and continued in the ministry, laboring in Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, and finally in the Baltimore Conference, at Washington City, and other places, until 1824, when he died near Martinsburg, Virginia.

Henry Smith was an extraordinary man in labors, in piety, and perseverance. He was in the ministry sixty-nine years, and finally, after having preached in Western Virginia, the Northwestern Territory, Kentucky, and East Tennessee, he was transferred back to the Baltimore Conference, and died in Maryland, his native State, in his ninety-fourth year.

Louther Taylor continued a few years in the itinerancy, laboring in Kentucky and Ohio, and located in 1806.

This year *Nashville* Circuit first appears in the Minutes. Heretofore the country about Nashville was embraced in the Cumberland Circuit; from this time forward it stands prominent in the list of Appointments in Tennessee. Levin Edney was on the circuit with that great man, Thomas Wilkerson. Mr. Edney continued on the Nashville Circuit the next year, and was in charge. His name then disappears from the Minutes, but he settled some twelve or fifteen miles west of Nashville, on the Harpeth River, where he lived

to an advanced age, maintaining a good reputation till the day of his death. He was somewhat eccentric in his manners, but was a good man and a faithful minister.

Edney's Chapel, erected near to the residence of Mr. Edney, was long a place for popular meetings, and in the neighborhood there is now a prosperous Church. The old house was destroyed by fire a few years since.

Among those received on trial this year, the name of Jesse Walker appears. Mr. Walker became conspicuous as a pioneer preacher, and demands an extensive notice in this work, especially as he began his ministry in Tennessee. Mr. Garrett, in his Recollections of the West, written in 1834, makes the following notice of Mr. Walker:

"Jesse Walker was a plain, unlettered man, but he was also an intrepid, laborious, persevering, useful preacher, and we fully adopt the sentiments expressed by Dr. Haweis, in his Ecclesiastical History, that 'the plain story of the illiterate man telling of the sufferings of Christ and the glories that followed, has done more in converting men to *real* Christianity than all the great polemics put together.' He formed the Red River Circuit, which embraced what is now Logan county, in Kentucky; Robertson, Montgomery, Dickson, and Stewart, in Tennessee—added many to the Church,

and labored with great success. He then formed Livingston, near the mouth of Cumberland, where there was a gracious revival. James Axley and Peter Cartwright, men well known, were the fruits of this revival, and soon after became itinerant preachers, and traveled extensively.

"In 1807, Jesse Walker was stationed in Illinois, where he was remarkably useful in getting up and carrying on a glorious revival of religion—some account of which is given in James Gwin's history of the Church in the wilderness, contained in this volume. He was afterward sent to Missouri, to form new circuits, and then was Presiding Elder on Illinois District; and has been ever since laboring as a pioneer in the north-western extremities of the work. For some years he has been a missionary to the Indians in that direction, and at present is stationed on the Chicago Mission. Thus has this laborious, useful man spent thirty years in what we may term *itinerant missionary labors*—almost entirely in cultivating new ground—and forming circuits, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

"While the tide of emigration was flowing rapidly West and North-west, the indefatigable Jesse Walker was ever on the alert—his ardent, itinerant soul seemed to grasp the whole north-western region—ever ready to say, 'Here am I,

send me'—to the poor, to the needy, to the cabins, to the camps, or to the woods—to the pathless leserts—yea, to the savage tribes—to carry the news of redeeming love, to plant the standard of the cross, and gather into the fold of Christ scattered and perishing souls.

"This enterprising itinerant pioneer set out in this work in the year 1803, from Davidson county, Tennessee, where some of his relations still reside. He then had a wife and two or three children: he was a poor man then, and is doubtless a poor man yet; for he has all along received but little pecuniary aid, as Methodist preachers generally do, especially on the frontier; but he has borne poverty and suffering, and has not fainted, and now when he is perhaps near seventy years old, he still fills a missionary station far up the Missouri.

"This is missionary enterprise, labor, and perseverance worth recording; and although it may be but little known, and little esteemed by some men, yet we hope and believe that it is in the sight of God of great price, and that many a precious soul has been, and will thereby be gathered into the mansions of rest.

"What an astonishing change since Jesse Walker went to Illinois in 1807, and crossed over to Missouri! There was then only one hundred and ten Church-members; there are now two

Conferences and twenty-two thousand one hundred and thirteen Church-members. Walker was then, perhaps, the only preacher in Illinois and Missouri; but the number is now swelled to hundreds, and yet such is the extent of territory, and such the flow of population westward, that the call for laborers is pressing—the harvest is still great, and the laborers few."

Mr. Walker persevered in his work till he was able no longer to fulfill his high and holy calling as an itinerant minister. The following were the fields he cultivated during his long and laborious ministerial life:

"Jesse Walker was admitted in 1802 into the Western Conference, on trial. His first appointment was to the Red River Circuit,* which had previously been embraced in the Cumberland, and lay partly in Kentucky. In 1803, he was appointed to the Livingston, and in 1804 and 1805, to the Hartford. His labors on the Hartford Circuit closed his work in Kentucky. From this period, as long as he was able to travel and preach, he occupied the most dangerous and difficult posts on the frontier. In 1806, his circuit was the Illinois, embracing all of what is now that flourishing

* "On the Sulphur Fork of Red River, the first attempt was made by Benjamin Ogden to form a society, the first that was made by the Methodists. Some few joined.

State, where he could find a community that would hear the gospel. In 1807, he was sent to the Missouri Circuit, to occupy the country embraced in that vast territory. On the following year he was returned to the Illinois Circuit; in 1809 and 1810, to Cape Girardeau; and in 1811, we find him again in Illinois, prosecuting with apostolic zeal his high and holy calling. In 1812, he was placed in charge of the Illinois District—then included in the Tennessee Conference, and embracing the Missouri, Coldwater, Merrimack, Cape Girardeau, New Madrid, and Illinois Circuits—where he remained for four years. In 1816, we find him in the Missouri Conference, in charge of the Missouri District, over which he presides for three years. In 1819 and 1820, his appointments are: Jesse Walker, missionary, investing him with authority to extend his labors to the farthest borders of civilization, and to plant the standard of the cross upon its very verge.

"In 1821, he was appointed missionary to St. Louis, and in 1822, he was the Conference missionary in the State of Missouri. In 1823, his appointment reads: 'Jesse Walker, missionary to Missouri Conference, whose attention is particularly directed to the Indians within the bounds of said Conference;' and in 1824: 'Jesse Walker, missionary to the settlements between the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers, and to the Indians in

the vicinity of Fort Clark.' In 1825, he is in the Illinois Conference, and missionary to the Pottawatomie Indians. In 1826 and 1827, his appointment is to the Pottawatomie Mission: in 1828, to the Peoria, and in 1829, to the Fox River Mission. In the year 1830, he has charge of the Chicago Mission, and the following year he is Presiding Elder on Mission District, embracing five separate charges, and also missionary to Duplin. His appointment for 1832 is to the Chicago District, and missionary to Chicago, and the following year to the Chicago Mission. This was his last charge. From the Conference of 1834, until his death, he sustained a superannuated relation." *

Subjoined is the official memoir as prepared by the Illinois Conference, and published in the General Minutes:

"Jesse Walker, who died, October 5, 1835, while the Illinois Conference was in session, was admitted on trial in the traveling connection in the autumn of 1802, as appears from the Minutes of 1803; but no information could be obtained relative to him previous to this event. It appears from the Minutes that our deceased brother spent the first four years of his itinerant life, in the then Cumberland District, in Tennessee and Ken-

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* Redford's Methodism in Kentucky, pp. 414–416.

tucky; but in 1807, he came to the then uncultivated wilderness and bleak prairies of Illinois. The next year he went to Missouri, and has continued in 'these ends of the earth,' breaking up new ground, and establishing new missions, till his health failed him, and he was compelled to take a superannuated relation at the Conference of 1834. He then retired to his farm in Cook county, Illinois, where he died in the bosom of his family The last moments of our beloved and deceased brother were such as might be expected from his long and laborious life in the way of doing good. To a ministerial brother, who visited him shortly before his demise, he said that God had been with him from the time of his conversion, and was still with him. His last moments were tranquil, and he died in full and confident hope of a blessed immortality"

Mr. Walker died during the session of the Conference in Clark county, Illinois. His name will live as long as the history of Methodism shall live; yea, his name is written in the book of life, and many in the day of eternity will rise up and call him blessed.

James Gwin was this year received on trial, and appointed to the Barren Circuit, with Jacob Young. James Gwin was in many respects a remarkable man. His person was commanding, being more than six feet in height, and in his

later years he weighed over two hundred pounds. His features were large and symmetrical, and his voice unsurpassed for strength and sweetness: he was inferior to few in the power of song. Alone, in singing one hymn, he would move a multitude. His early educational opportunities were limited, but he was a great student of nature, and had wonderful fluency of speech. His sermons were not remarkable for order or symmetry, nor did they show much familiarity with the classics or scholastic divinity; but he was well-versed in the Scriptures, and had studied the human heart; hence his discourses were direct, and oftentimes eloquent and powerful. He was gifted in prayer and exhortation, and won many souls to the cross. Said a young minister, who was his colleague in Nashville, while Mr. Gwin was pastor there, "Brother Gwin, how is it that you are ever prepared to preach? You seem to be seldom in your study, and scarcely ever read." "O my son," replied Mr. Gwin, "you do not understand it: you preachers of your class have to read and study books to master your subjects, but I know what the books are made of before they are printed."

Mr. Gwin was a brave man, and never feared danger. He was a great favorite with General Andrew Jackson, and was his chief chaplain in his Louisiana expedition: he was present at the battle of New Orleans, had charge of the sick,

and did good service in preaching to the soldiers, attending the disabled, and burying the dead. His conduct was such as to secure the confidence of the men and the officers; so that after the war ended, he had unbounded influence with all who knew him in the perils and hardships of a severe campaign. He so completely won the commander-in-chief, that when he came into office as President of the United States, he conferred appointments on his sons, and would have promoted the aged minister himself, only that he had a higher office than could be conferred by any earthly power. His two sons are not unknown to fame—Colonel Samuel Gwin, of Mississippi, and the Hon. William M. Gwin, who was once United States Marshal in Mississippi, and a Senator in the United States Congress.

Before Mr. Gwin began to preach, he was in several battles with the Indians, and proved himself a valiant soldier. He has left a graphic description of two furious fights in which he took part, and which are incorporated in this notice:

"A battle was fought in the Horse-shoe Bend of the Caney Fork River, in November, 1792. At that time the people of this country were generally shut up in stations and block-houses, and we did not at any time or place feel that we were safe from Indian violence. The plowman had to be guarded in his field, while

tending his crop. The sentinel was generally placed outside of the field, at those points where the foe would most likely make his approach, or seek to lie in ambush. The time of the greatest danger was in going out in the morning to our work, for at such times we did not know at what moment we would hear the yells of savages and the report of the Indian's gun. They would lie in close concealment, and the first discovery we would make of them would be by the blaze of their rifles; and so frequently was the laborer arrested and killed on his way to his work that we adopted the following method: Early in the morning, before any person would venture out to his farm or field, we would take our rifles, mount some of our swiftest horses, set out our hunting or bear-dogs, and pass round the field or place of labor, and scour the woods; then guard the laborers, as above noticed.

"We had to keep guard all night in our block-houses, for we were often attacked in the night. The enemy would come sometimes with torches of hickory bark, and attempt to set our station on fire. About this time a large body of Indians attacked the Greenfield Station. It was early in the morning, before any person had left the station. The enemy advanced within a short distance of the station before they were discovered, and with an awful yell the savages shouted to the

attack. The station was feeble in point of numbers, for there were but few men in it; but by the efforts of a few brave fellows, led on by the gallant William Hall, now General Hall, of Sumner county, the station was saved. This brave youth, not then more than eighteen years old, under a shower of arrows and rifle-balls, threw open the gate, and, followed by the few men that he had, rushed upon the foe, drove them from their coverts, and, by a well-directed fire which was sent among them, brought several of their leaders to the ground, at which they gathered up their dead and fled to the wilderness.

"At length the Indians became so troublesome that we had to form scouting-parties, and surprise them at their camps, and so scour the country Lieutenant Snoddie was ordered out on a tour of this kind. He started with thirty-four mounted men, with rifles or muskets, crossed Cumberland River, and ranged up Caney Fork River. We had traveled about thirty miles through the wilderness, when we discovered a large Indian camp, which we fired upon, and found in it but one Indian, and he made his escape, all the rest being out hunting, as we supposed. From packages and other things, we were convinced that there could not be less than fifty or sixty warriors belonging to the camp. We took all the plunder, ammunition, and implements of war which they had left

at the camp. It was now near sunset, and we determined to encamp within a short distance of them, and pursue them in the morning. We made choice of a high bluff on the river, where there was an ancient stone wall, but now fallen down and lying in ruins. We laid off our encampment in a semicircle, with each wing reaching to the bluff, and our horses and packages brought into the center. The ground was broken and the timber small. We prepared ourselves in the best way we could for an attack, if the Indians should have courage enough to make one. All but the sentinels lay down to rest, but not to sleep. It was not long, however, before the Indians began to collect their forces; and this they accomplished in perfect harmony with their wild and savage nature. They would imitate the wolf in his howl, scream like the panther, and then they would bark like a fox, while others hooted like an owl; indeed, the notes of almost all kinds of wild animals were heard during the night. At length a most horrid yell, supposed to be made by the chief, designated the place where all were to meet. The night was dark and rainy In the darkness of the night they examined the ground we occupied, and held intercourse with each other by wild and savage notes. These movements produced sensations of mind more awful and terrific than even the rush of battle.

"A little before day all was hushed—the stillness of death prevailed, except the pattering of the falling rain. During this silence the Indians crept up within forty steps of us, and the first discovery we had of them was the snapping of their guns. In consequence of the rain that fell during the night, their priming had become damp, and but few of their guns went off. This was much in our favor, for our arms were well secured, which gave us a decided advantage over them. As soon as the attempt was made to fire, the yell for blood was heard almost all round our line, for they had well-nigh surrounded us. Our men also shouted to the battle, and poured in a shower of rifle-balls among them. It was now daylight, and the Indians brought all their forces to bear upon the center of our ranks, and the contest became close and desperate. At the first fire four of our men broke, left us, and made the best of their way home. This left but thirty to contend with sixty warriors led on by a Shawnee chief. The enemy drew up within twenty-five steps, and fought bravely; but they had to contend with a Spartan band, who seldom threw away a shot.

"James Madell, a cool and skillful marksman, had taken his stand in the center of the line: the courageous Lattimore and Seaberry stood behind him. They kept up a constant fire until Lattimore and Seaberry had both fallen to rise no

more. Madell still stood at his post, shooting from the right side of his tree, by which his body was protected. After having shot down two or three Indians, he discovered the chief lying on the ground loading his gun. Madell put two balls in his gun. He reserved his fire, and waited till the chief should rise to shoot. At length he raised his head above the grass to fire, and received the two balls from Madell's gun down his throat, which dropped him dead upon his arms. As soon as the chief had fallen the war-whoop ceased, and the Indians determined to carry their dead chief with them off the field, which was contrary to the wishes of our men; so for a few moments the battle raged anew around the body of their fallen chief, until H. Shoddar, a Dutchman, who had a large British musket, put seven rifle-balls in it, and fired in the midst of them, at which they broke and left their chief behind, though they carried off the rest of their dead and wounded into a thick canebrake just below on the river.

"Thus ended our little battle. We learned afterward that thirteen Indians were killed and several wounded, who died soon after. We had two killed and three wounded: one of the wounded we had to bring in on a horse-litter. We also lost several of our horses in the engagement; but truly the victory was on our side.

"In reading in the Western Methodist, some time since, the remarks made in Congress by the Hon. Mr. Peyton, of Tennessee, on the Nickojack expedition, it brought afresh to my mind events long since passed by. It called to mind the forms of my old companions in arms, with whom I suffered in those times of tribulation which tried men's souls; but, alas! there are few now living who bore a part in our early Indian wars. I concluded I would write a brief sketch of the events of that expedition for insertion in your very interesting paper.

"The Indian town called Nickojack was settled by an amalgamation of different tribes of Indians, called by the general name of Chickamaugas. It was situated in what is now Indian Territory, on the south bank of the Tennessee River, at the base of the Lookout Mountain, between two creeks that disgorge their sluggish waters into the Tennessee. This town or Indian fort was called by the Indians the Yellow Jacket's Nest. It was the rendezvous of all the Southern as well as the Northern hostile warriors. Here they formed their plan of attack on the white settlements. They considered their situation impregnable, and boasted of being able to raise three thousand warriors in one day from the adjacent towns and forests (as we were informed by Fenelstone, a half-breed, who deserted from them, gave

us information of their intended attack on Nashville, and was our guide when we assaulted Nickojack.) Proud and haughty in their independent security, they paid no attention to treaties. At length they became so troublesome that no alternative was to be chosen between breaking them up or leaving the country. Tennessee, at that time, could not boast of men enough to insure success to the expedition, and at the same time leave enough at home to guard and protect the women and children. General Robertson therefore sent to Kentucky for help: it was granted. The brave Colonel Whitley (who fell in the last Indian war, at the battle of the Thames) soon appeared in Nashville, with one hundred and eighty brave Kentuckians, well-armed and appointed. Our men were all ready. We were joined by Major Ore, of East Tennessee, the commander of the rangers, who had been on an expedition searching for the Indians on the Cumberland Mountain. Having heard of our expedition, he hastened and joined us with eighty men, just as we were ready to start. We now numbered, in all, six hundred men. We took the wilderness, with Fenelstone for our guide. Passing on in good order, we reached the Tennessee River on the fourth day of our march, about midnight. It was in the month of August, about the year 1798 —warm and sultry. We commenced making a

few boats with frames of sticks, on which we stretched rawhides, which we had packed up and brought along for that purpose. While the boats were getting ready, two men swam across the river and kindled up a fire on the opposite shore, so as to direct us across, and the men soon commenced crossing. The boats carried the guns and the soldiers who could not swim—others swam across; so that before eight o'clock in the morning two hundred and seventy-two men had crossed over safely.

"We were then four miles below Nickojack, and three miles above Crowtown. The morning was so far advanced, we could not safely wait for any more to get over, for fear of being discovered. We resolved to make the attack even with this small number. Colonel Montgomery had got over, and took command of the Tennessee troops, and Colonel Whitley of the Kentuckians. As the lower creek cut off our direct approach to the town, we had to take a circuit of seven miles, and cross over a spur of the mountain, so as to descend upon the town in the rear. We would run with all speed a few moments, and then lie down flat on the ground until we recovered our breath, and then we would run again. We thus soon reached the mountain undiscovered, and sat down and rested on the cliffs, quite overlooking the town. We sat here in gloomy silence nearly half an hour,

then slid down the rocks unperceived, and formed in the underwood in the rear of the town. Whitley commanded the right wing, Montgomery the center, and Ore the left. We advanced and found the Indians at breakfast. They knew nothing of us until they saw the flash and heard the rifles speak; and then so much were they deceived, that the warriors near the bank of the river, when they heard our guns, came running with drums and shouting for joy, supposing that some of their own people had returned from a successful excursion against the whites, and were firing off their guns in triumph.

"Many of the Indians were shot down upon the spot, and the remainder made for the river; and as many as could getting into their canoes, and others swimming with their heads the most of the time under water, but when they rose to take breath the unerring rifle would send them down again, while a red gush of blood boiling up to the surface of the river showed too plainly that they would never rise again. Those in the canoes could not lift a hand to use their paddles: they lay stupefied in the bottoms of their frail barks, while the rifle-ball would search them out like an inevitable death-warrant.

"During the space of forty-five minutes, we killed one hundred and forty-three Indians, took all the women and children we could find, and

brought them off with us as prisoners. In this affair we had only two men slightly wounded.

"Longtown lay on the river, two or three miles above. The troops hastened on to attack it. The path lay along the river bank, and close under the ridge of the mountain. When about half way between the two towns, the Indians made a furious attack upon us from the mountain above. The firing was quite sharp for a few minutes; but as their chief lifted his head over a rock to fire, he was shot through the skull, and came rolling down the mountain like a huge lump of shapeless flesh. The Indians immediately fled. The brave Thomas, of Nashville, here got his death-wound. The savages, firing from above, shot him in the bosom, and the ball came out behind quite low down his back. We brought him off alive on a horse-litter, but he died soon after our return.

"Our men advanced, burnt Longtown and some other smaller towns unopposed, as the Indians had all fled. We then returned and crossed over to our camp, without any other loss than the three wounded (one mortally) mentioned before. We took about twenty canoes, on which we put the wounded, the prisoners, and the goods found in Nickojack—for the Spanish had a store in this fort, and no doubt many villainous Spaniards were killed in the battle, who had often stirred up the Indians against the early American settlers.

"After the canoes had started down the river, a band of Indians, on the opposite side of the river from Nickojack, commenced an attack, but desisted when told by Fenelstone, in the Indian language, that if they fired another gun their women and children and prisoners should be instantly put to death. At this moment a squaw, who had her infant lashed to her back, sprung from one of the canoes and swam to the shore, in sight of all our troops, and made her escape.

"Thus closed one of the days of severest fatigue ever experienced in the West. This day's work closed the Indian wars, which had raged for many years with great barbarity. General Robertson left a written notice at his camp, informing the Indians that if any more murders were committed on the whites he would raise an army, destroy all their towns, and burn their corn. They took the alarm: their stronghold was broken up, many of their chiefs killed, and they sued for peace. A treaty followed, and from that time until the last war they lived in peace.

"All their prisoners were returned to them. The squaws informed us that they had often advised their young men and warrior chiefs to quit killing the white people and stealing their horses, or that we would come and kill them all, but their men would not mind them. When they saw us come suddenly upon them on the morning of the

battle, they concluded that we came out of the clouds."

Mr. Gwin was an early settler in Tennessee, and long lived in Sumner county, near the Kentucky line. His old family-residence is still standing, and is in full view of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and a few miles from the famous Fountain Head Camp-ground. He has left a brief statement of his conversion and of his experience as a minister in early times. This account first appeared in the Western Methodist, published in Nashville.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Under this head Mr. Gwin, in Recollections of the West, proceeds to say:

"In the fall of 1791 I passed through the wilderness, with about twenty families, and reached the Cumberland settlements in safety, though the Indians were very troublesome. I stopped at Hamilton's Station, where myself and family continued for one year. But the wickedness of the place was such, that I determined to build a cabin in the woods, and trust in God for protection, and did so accordingly, and was preserved by a most indulgent God from the merciless savages. Soon after I got into my little house, which was but about twelve feet square, the Rev. Barnabas McHenry, who had ventured through from the settle-

ments in Kentucky to Cumberland to take charge of and minister to the few followers of Christ scattered over this country, found his way to my house. Next day I went with him to his appointment, which was about five miles off, where a small society had been formed by his predecessor. There my companion and myself joined the Church. At this time there were about seventy members belonging to the Methodist Church in all this country, and two local preachers—viz., Brothers Haw and Stevenson—and, notwithstanding all parts of our small settlement was surrounded by the Indians, yet God was with us, and the work of conviction and conversion went on till the year 1795, when Brother Haw took it in his head to form a new Church in connection with Mr. O'Kelly, who had made some interruption in the Church in the old settlements. He commenced by preaching against the Rev. Francis Asbury, whom he called a Bishop, and represented as a despot, tyrant, lording it over God's heritage. He sometimes represented him as one of the horns of the seven-headed beast spoken of in the Revelation, and condemned the discipline of the Church, which but a few of us had ever seen, for we had no books to direct us but a few copies of Mr. Wesley's Minutes, which contained the General Rules, and a few Bibles. He spoke of Mr. O'Kelly's plan in glowing colors, which he called *Republican* Methodism.

"Brother Birchett had charge of the circuit this year. His colleague was John Dickens. The power of Almighty God attended their labors, and the work of God was spreading from station to station, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, and many were added to the Church. But, alas for us! our brightening prospects were soon eclipsed, for Brother Birchett was called off by his heavenly Master from this field of labor to his eternal rest. No sooner were his eyes closed and his spirit had fled to its reward, than Mr. Haw set out to establish his new system, which we had not as yet understood. He soon succeeded in proselyting Brother Dickens to his way of thinking, and Stevenson also joined in with them. They then thought all was safe, and floods of abuse were poured out against the Bishop and the discipline of the Church. As we had never seen Bishop Asbury, from the way that he was represented to us, we were led to view him as one living away in some great city, in a large house, and of wealth and power, and a kind of king. The fact is, we were fit subjects to be imposed upon: we were hunters by profession, our home was the wildwood, and our employment the chase. And though we heard the gospel, yet those holy men who risked their lives to come and preach to us had to be guarded from station to station; and while we would be guarding them

from one preaching-place to another, they would talk to us of Jesus and heaven and the things that belonged to our peace; and so strong and powerful were the attachments formed for them, that we would have died in their defense.

"In this way the work of reformation began in this land of darkness; for the first-fruits of Methodism in this country was one of our hunters—a case that ought not to be forgotten. A Mr. Lewis Crane, who was guarding one of our preachers to his appointment, and while the preacher was laying the plan of salvation before him and talking of what Jesus had done for a lost world, he was awakened to a sense of his danger, and never rested till he embraced religion.

"But—to return to the subject—Messrs. Haw, Dickens, and Stevenson united and made a powerful effort to sweep the Church and bring them all over to their way of thinking. Haw went into the work fully He appointed meetings, and invited us to attend; he appointed sacramental-meetings, and invited all who wished to join his Church to commune with him; but, strange to tell, not a single individual joined him on his first round of meetings, and before he got round a second time, Brother William Burke came on to take charge of the Church. He called on Haw and others to account for their conduct, as they had endeavored to destroy the Church. Haw ap-

peared at our first quarterly-meeting, prepared to defend himself and his new notions of Church-government, though none of the rest attended. Burke was a young man, and a stranger. Haw was an old preacher, and among the first who ever preached in this section of country, and had the affections of the Church generally before his sudden and strong movements against it. He was also a man of talents and experience. The Church was much confused, and lay, as it were, in sackcloth. Alarmed at the approaching contest, lest the young man should not be able to contend with Haw, as he had many advantages over him, though we had determined not to follow Haw until we saw what kind of a Church he was going to have—but that we should stick together, and live by the rules we had until we could get more help. But the time had arrived when matters had to be settled—which government was the best, the old or the new. The Church met, and Brother Haw made his defense, such as it was, for he was very much confused. Burke answered all his objections in a masterly manner, and gave us some idea of the origin of Methodism, the nature of its government, and wiped away all the slander that had been thrown out against the Bishop. He managed the whole affair so well, and with so much ability and prudence, that Brother Haw did not attempt to answer him, but

took up the Westminster Confession of Faith, which he had brought with him to prove that our government was wrong, and observed that he was not a member of the Methodist Church, and that we had no right to try him, and so left the house and returned no more. Soon after this, Messrs. Raney and Stringer, two of Mr. O'Kelly's strong men, came on with a horse-load of books, written against the Bishop and our government, to assist Haw, supposing, no doubt, that many had joined him; but, to their great mortification, he had not so much as converted his wife over to his views.

"While thinking over these things my heart swells with grief, and sorrow takes hold of my soul to reflect that Brother Haw, who was the apostle of the West, and had at one time a large share of the affections of the Church, should sink down into a state of gloom and melancholy, and at last die in obscurity Stevenson went into gross wickedness, I have learned; and Dickens also. Woe unto him who strikes his mother! After this gloomy season was over, the work of God revived again under Brother Burke. The Lord rewarded him by blessing his labors in a glorious manner, and hundreds were added to the Church, and the work deepened and extended until the gospel flame broke forth under the ministry of Brothers McGee, Page, and Wilkerson, and con-

tinued most gloriously for three years, and, indeed, has never yet ceased.

"In the year 1800, Brother William McKendree came on to this country in company with Bishop Asbury, who came to look over the state of the Church. Their visit to us was of vast importance, for they brought with them not only the first order of talents, but unexampled piety; and instead of finding the Bishop a monster, as the reformers had represented him to be, we found him meek and humble, wholly given up to the work of the Lord. They were now enabled to take a view of the vast field which was rapidly filling up by the strong tide of emigration to the West.

"Brother McKendree was appointed to preside over the western end of the work, and soon formed a plan to carry the gospel into every neighborhood. He employed as many local preachers and exhorters as he could, to visit the uncultivated regions; and they went forth, and the Lord went with them, and the tidings of salvation were soon heard in almost every settlement. Here I would observe that the fine talents and great zeal of Brother John McGee fitted him well for usefulness, and enabled him to do much good. Brother McKendree, on his way from Kentucky to Cumberland, found a settlement in the Barrens, on the waters of Buck Creek, and made an appointment

for Brother McGee to meet him there on his next round on his District; and in the course of the year a society was formed there, and a gracious work commenced, and they built a church; but as it was in the Barrens, where the timber was low, logs could not be found of sufficient length to build a four-square house large enough to hold the congregation, and they built a house with twelve corners.

"As I about this time commenced speaking in public, I was appointed by Brother McKendree to visit the new settlements, and went according to his direction, and continued preaching from place to place till our Annual Conference came on, which was held in Sumner county, Tennessee—at which I was received into the traveling connection on trial.

"The business of Brother Walker and myself, who were received at the same Conference, was to enlarge the work, as there was at this time but one circuit in all this country Brother Walker proceeded to form the Red River Circuit, while I was forming the Barren Circuit, which I traveled for six months, and would have continued on it longer, but was compelled to stop in consequence of temporal matters, for in those days we had to get on as we could, as there was but little money amongst us. We had also great difficulty in getting from one preaching-place to another. We

had to swim creeks and rivers, and lie out at night, and often we were as 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness;' and though we did not live on locusts and wild honey, yet we did live on the flesh of wild beasts and such articles of diet as could be collected from the forest. Our opportunity for study was not good, for the inhabitants were generally poor, and their houses small and badly furnished; and as for books suitable for a minister, there were none except the Bible, and that, with the wide field of nature, was our source of information, and our time for study was while we were beating the meandering paths that led from one preaching-place to another; but all this was tolerable while the Lord was with us, and his pleasure prospering in our hands; and did not our hearts leap for joy when we saw the desert rejoice and the wilderness blossom as the rose?

"As soon as I had provided for the subsistence of my family, I set out again and visited the societies I had formed. The work spread and increased rapidly, and Green River and Roaring River Circuits were formed next, and the blessed work continued extending east and south, and Brother Walker went on forming circuits west and north till he reached the Ohio River; and Brother McKendree devised a plan to carry the gospel into the settlement west of the Ohio on to the Mississippi; and as the Louisiana country

had been purchased and brought under our Government, he sent Brothers Walker and Lewis to make a trial in that region, where they soon succeeded in planting the standard of the cross.

"In the year 1807, Brother McKendree, A. Godard, and myself, set out to visit the settlements in Illinois. We crossed the Ohio, and took the wilderness, and traveled on till night. Not being able to get to any habitation, we had to camp out. Brother McKendree made us some tea, and we lay down under the branches of a friendly beech, and had a pleasant night's rest. Next morning we set out early, traveled hard, and got some distance into the prairie, and here we took up for the night. This was a night of trouble. After we had taken a morsel to eat, and offered up our prayers to Almighty God, we lay down to rest, and fell into a deep sleep. About eleven o'clock Brother McKendree awoke and found that our horses were all gone. After some search, we found that they had passed over a small stream that was near by, and had gone back the way we came. Not knowing whether they were stolen or had left us of their own accord, Brother Godard and myself, leaving Brother McKendree at our camping-place, set out after them. As the night was dark, we got dry bark, which afforded us a tolerable light. We took their track, and followed them across the prairie;

and having obtained a sufficient quantity of bark, we were enabled to follow them till daylight, and continued our pursuit till we overtook them, which was about eight o'clock A.M., having traveled about fifteen miles on foot, and had to go the same distance back. This day we were enabled to reach the first settlement, where two families lived. We tarried with them one day, and on the next morning we set out quite early, and passed the eight-mile prairie, crossed Kaskaskia River, and reached Turkey Hill and lodged with an old Brother Scott. Here we met with Brother Walker, who had formed a circuit, and had three camp-meetings appointed for us. After resting a few days, we set out for the first camp-meeting, and, after traveling about twelve miles, we arrived on the banks of the Mississippi, and having no way to get our horses across, we sent them back to Brother Scott's, crossed the river, and, with our baggage on our shoulders, went on foot to the camp-ground, and on our way we called on Brother Johnston, who had recently been converted to God, where we met with Brother Travis. This young man, with the aid of Brother Walker, ventured across the Mississippi into a country where the gospel had never been preached, and took up with Mr. Johnston, who was considered the most wicked man in all the country, though very kind to the preachers; and it pleased God to make him

the first-fruit of their labors. At our first meeting the work seemed rather dull, till on Sabbath, at which time God honored and blessed his word in an uncommon manner. A sudden and divine shock of the Almighty's power fell upon the congregation. Some fell to the ground as dead, and others ran off in great haste, and never returned. This was late in the evening, and the work went on gloriously till the close of the meeting, and about forty persons were brought to a knowledge of Jesus, and enabled to tell that God had power on earth to forgive sins.

"From this camp-meeting we returned across the river to Judge S——'s. This gentleman was very kind to us: we were strangers, and he took us in; hungry, and he gave us meat; and on foot, and he sent his cart with us to carry our baggage to Brother Garrettson's, where our next camp-meeting was to be held, which was called the Three Springs. We arrived on Friday morning on the camp-ground, which was situated in a beautiful grove surrounded by a prairie. A considerable congregation had collected, for the news of the other meeting had gone abroad and produced much excitement. Some were in favor of the work, while others were greatly opposed to it. A certain Major had raised a company of lewd fellows of the baser sort to drive us off the ground. On Saturday, while I was preaching, at eleven

o'clock, the Major and his followers approached and rode up into the congregation and halted, which produced considerable confusion and alarm. I stopped preaching for a moment, and quite calmly invited them to be off with themselves, and they immediately retired to the spring to take a fresh supply of brandy. The Major said he had heard of these Methodist folks before—that they always break up the peace of the people wherever they went; that they preached against horse-racing and card-playing, and every kind of amusement that the people were in the habit of indulging in. However, they used no violence against us, but determined to camp on the ground, and use their influence to prevent us from doing any harm. But it pleased the Lord to make bare his arm, and his power came down as the rushing of a mighty wind. This was after the three-o'clock preaching, while Brother Godard and myself were singing a hymn of praise to God.

"About the time that an awful sense of the Divine presence fell upon the congregation, a man with a terrific look ran up to me, and said, 'Sir, are you the man that keeps the roll?' I asked him what roll. 'That roll,' said he, 'that people put their names to that are going to heaven.' I supposed he meant the class-book, and sent him to Brother Walker; so he turned to Brother Walker, and said, 'Set down my name, if you

please,' and then fell to the ground. Others started to run off, and fell by the way; while others made their escape. We now had enough to do to gather the wounded to one place, which we effected about the going down of the sun, at which time the man who wished his name set down upon the roll, as he called it, arose and ran off like a wild beast. While I looked around me and saw the numbers that were lying on the ground as dead men, and listened to the groans, cries, and lamentations of the mourning, I could but think of the field of battle after a heavy engagement was over. The struggle was hard with many, but toward day it pleased the good Lord, who has promised pardon and peace to the penitent, to knock off their chains and set the prisoners free: the blind received sight, the lame walked, and those who were dead in sin were raised up to life, and times of refreshing and rejoicing came from the presence of the Lord.

"We continued to weep with those who wept, and to rejoice with those who did rejoice, till daylight, which ushered in a Sabbath morning, accompanied with more charms, I thought, than any I had ever seen before. The birds sang melodiously in the branches of the friendly trees, while the dewdrops gently descended upon us, and, like so many gems, bespangled the grass in the wide-spreading prairie; while the morning sun

arose and threw his light abroad from a cloudless sky: all this, together with the bursts of praises and loud hallelujahs which flowed from the hearts and tongues of the new-born sons and daughters of Zion, so changed the place, that instead of likening it to the field of battle, I thought in some remote sense it resembled man's wanted paradise.

"A little after the rising of the sun, the man who ran off the evening before came back, wet with the dew of the night, under strong symptoms of derangement. At eleven o'clock the sacrament of the Lord's-supper was administered, and the Major and his men attended. Several of them seemed affected. While Brother McKendree was dwelling on the nature of this solemn feast, the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings, rose upon us, and we had a feeling, melting time. The people on this day came from all parts of the country, and at eleven o'clock there was a large congregation: all the leading men of the country were present. Brother McKendree preached to them on '*Come and let us reason together;*' and perhaps no man ever managed a subject better, and to better effect. His reasoning on the atonement, the plan of salvation, and the love of God to fallen man, was so strong and cogent, and delivered with such pathos, that the congregation involuntarily arose to their feet and pressed to-

ward him from all quarters; and while he was preaching, he very ingeniously noticed the conduct of the Major and his company, and remarked that we were Americans, and that some of us had fought for our liberty, and that we had come to that place to teach men the way to heaven. This seemed to panic-strike the Major: he afterward became friendly, and has remained so ever since.

"This was a great day of the Son of man: the work became general, and the evening of this day was exceedingly awful, and many souls were born of God; and among the rest, our wild man was most powerfully converted to God. There is something in connection with this man's experience that ought to be told, which has not hitherto been noticed. He lived in the American bottom, and was possessed of a fine estate, and was a deist by profession. He told us that a few nights before we passed his house, he dreamed that the day of judgment was about to come, and that there were three men sent on from the East to warn the people of the approaching event; and that as soon as he saw us, it struck him that we were the men whom he had seen in his dream, and that he became desperately alarmed, and began to make inquiry about us: who we were, from whence, and what our business was; and having obtained the necessary information about us, he set out for the camp-meeting, and did as above noticed—only

that he became a member of the Church and a reformed man.

"We went next to Goshen Camp-meeting, at which place we arrived on Friday morning. Here we found comfortable camps, and an arbor large enough to hold or shelter six or seven hundred people. This arbor was built in the form of an L. The stand was erected in an unsheltered spot, between the two squares, so that the congregation could sit under each wing and hear preaching. We had also a small log meeting-house built near the camp-ground, in which we held our first Quarterly-meeting Conference. Preaching commenced on Friday, and was kept up regularly at stated hours. The work of God at our two previous meetings was spread abroad, and such was the excitement produced among the people that they came in all directions, on horseback, wagons, carts, and many on foot, to see what was going on, for the work of repentance and conversion to God was new and strange. Some brought with them their brandy and cards to amuse themselves with during the meeting.

"On Friday and Saturday an awful cloud hung over us, and the word preached seemed to have no effect, which made my soul mourn. In passing the door of the preacher's tent, I saw Brother McKendree, all alone, bathed in tears. I stepped in, and after a few moments, he said to me,

'*Brother, we have been preaching for ourselves and not for God, and have missed the mark. Go, brother,*' he said to me, '*and preach Jesus Christ and him crucified to the people.*' My heart was deeply affected with his remarks, and the deep travail of soul that he felt for the congregation. We fell upon our knees and implored the help of Almighty God: this was about sunset. Soon the candles were lighted up and the congregation assembled for preaching, and in preaching to them I took for my text, '*Behold the man.*' In a short time after I began to preach it commenced raining, though the congregation was not interrupted by it, for the most of them were under the arbor. But as the stand was without a shelter, I continued to preach while the blessed rain descended upon me. I think I had been speaking of the character and sufferings of our blessed Saviour about half an hour, when a cloud of divine mercy gathered over us, and blessings were showered down upon the congregation. My heart seemed to be fired anew, and my tongue was loosed in an unusual manner, and for a few moments there was nothing heard among the people but sighs and sobs, till at length the whole congregation seemed suddenly smitten with divine power. Many fell as in battle, and by singing and prayer, and in every way we could, we assisted those who were seeking God; and as fast they would embrace

religion they would arise and tell what the Lord had done for them, and encourage others to trust in God, which was a great help to us in carrying on the work. We continued all night laboring with the mourning, and rejoicing with those who had been brought from darkness to light.

"On the next day, at nine o'clock A.M., the Lord's-supper was administered, which was a time long to be remembered by many Yes, this was a day of divine power, and great eternity alone can tell the good that was done. One conversion in particular deserves to be noticed. An Indian of the Chickamauga tribe, who had been on a hunting tour, fell in with us at our camp-meeting. I will give his own account of his conversion as nearly as I can. Said he, 'When I saw so many people together, I thought I would stop and get some whisky; and while you were talking in the rain, I was standing by a sapling, and there came on me a mighty weight, which was heavier than I could stand under, and I caught the sapling with my hands, and my hands would not hold the sapling, and I fell upon the ground; and while there, a blackness came over me, and I was afraid and tried to get away, but could not until about daylight, and then I went to a fire to dry myself, for I was wet with the rain. I thought I had been drunk, and I thought strange of that, for I had not drunk any thing. I thought I would

not go back; but when they began to sing, something drew me back, and before I knew it I was among them again; and the same weight came upon me, and the blackness came over me again, and I fell to the ground and thought I was going to die. I tried to get up, but I was so weak I could not. At last a white man came and talked over me, and while he was talking, it got lighter, and every thing looked whiter than the sun could make it look, and it seemed that one thing brighter than the light got between me and the darkness, and the heavy load that was on me and the darkness all left me, and I felt glad in my heart, and jumped up and felt light.'

"At this moment I, for the first time, noticed this man. I was in the stand exhorting, and saw him jumping and clapping his hands, and saying, '*Good! good! good!*' We made arrangements to send him to school, and after he had learned to read and write, he said that from the time he was delivered there was a light with him, and that his way seemed clear till he determined one day to kill John, a black man, and something in him said that he must not kill John, and he said he would, for John had told lies on him; and then he said the light left him, and it seemed to get dark before him, and he turned back and would not kill John, though he had started to do it, and that it was some time before the light came back again.

"But to return: On Monday, the last day, one hundred joined the Church. On Tuesday morning we set out and returned to Brother Scott's, where we had left our horses, and on the next day started for home. On our last day's journey through the wilderness, we had it in contemplation to stay all night in a certain grove; but before night we learned that it was not a safe place, and we concluded to go on five miles farther, and arrived there some time after dark. After we had put up our horses and went to the house, the dogs broke out and ran in the direction of the stable, upon which the gentleman of the house asked us if we saw any men at a certain house which we passed, and we told him we did: he then said our horses were in danger; so Godard and myself went out and took our horses out of the stable and turned them into the yard, and as the night was dark, we set fire to a large pile of logs that was in the yard, which gave us light all night. We borrowed the gentleman's rifle, and Godard and myself watched our horses till morning, taking it by turns; so when daylight returned we set out on our journey, crossed the Ohio, and came on home, having been absent about two months. From this visit the work of God spread, and continued as far as the country is settled, by the labor of our itinerant ministers."

Mr. Gwin, as a local and itinerant preacher, accomplished much good. Most of his time he labored in Tennessee—on the Nashville Circuit, the Red River Circuit, the Fountain Head Circuit, the Cumberland and Caney Fork Districts, and in the city of Nashville—as general missionary, and as missionary to the colored people. In all these fields he performed much hard labor, and won many souls to Christ. Mr. Gwin was a delegate to the General Conference in 1828. In 1838, his children having removed to the South, he was left without an appointment, and permitted to spend his time in Louisiana and Mississippi. In 1839 he located, and permanently settled in Mississippi. In 1840, he was reädmitted into the traveling connection, and took an appointment in the Mississippi Conference, and was stationed at Vicksburg, with the Rev Preston Cooper. Here Mr. Gwin ended his long and useful life. He died on the 3d of August, 1841, at the rising of the sun, aged seventy-two years. His last words were: "I die in peace. I have unshaken confidence in my Maker, and trust, without doubt, in Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Gwin was one of the excellent of the earth—plain in manners, simple in heart, and full of affection. She joined the Church with her husband, and all along his ministerial life she had been his help in the arduous work of preaching

the gospel. In her declining years she had a great trial, and a happy deliverance out of her pungent grief. The following letter, entitled "Gloom and Glory," published in the Western Methodist, February 7, 1834, will explain itself, and cannot be read without emotion:

My Dear Son:—These lines are from your mother; and for me to give you a history of my feelings for the last few days is impossible. No painter could mix colors sufficiently dark to give the slightest shade of that gloomy cloud that has been hanging about my mind. For the last year and a half, O the unwelcome tidings that have reached my ears! First, the death of Mr. Moore; next, Nancy's departure opened the unhealed wound; then little James, I understood, was no more; and soon little Mary Frances followed him; and then came a heavier blow than ever, in the death of my son Thomas, which caused all the veins of grief to bleed anew and break up, as I supposed, grief's deepest fountain. And before my poor heart had time even to begin to heal, another tie was broken in the death of Caroline,* *on which name you need no comment:* her name is written on your heart; you loved her while she

* Caroline was the beloved wife of the one to whom the letter is addressed.

lived; you love her memory still. Then three months were allowed to pass by without bringing any sad tidings to my ears, and I bore all my afflictions the best way I could. I gave up all to God, and bowed and kissed the rod. These deaths were all in nature's course, and their graves might in some degree be considered timely The sickly season was overpast, and those of my children that yet lived had been restored to health, and I comforted myself in a degree with the hope that the afflictions in my family would be sanctified to the salvation of those of my children that were unconverted; and your letters, my son, had a tendency to console me, for they were of a different character from what they once were: you wrote of prayer, and God, and heaven, and I with prayerful solicitude was waiting to hear that you was brought to God and on your way to heaven.

Thus I contended with my tears and hoped for the best. I was without a child on which to look. All were absent; and he, by whom I had been comforted and supported amid the gloom, sorrows, and cares through which I have had to pass in the last forty-four years, that now look down upon me, had gone to the far West to see the children. Separated from husband and children in person, I spent my time in thinking first of one and then another, and with much anxiety

was looking forward to the time when I should be united to my family again. But a letter was put into my hands! O that letter! Did a scrap of paper ever contain such dreadful news before! "*Dr. William Gwin, son of that good old prelate, Parson Gwin, is no more!*" And I soon learned that he had fallen in a duel. What heart-rending words! How hard to think that that child which I had so tenderly nursed, and a thousand times pressed to my bosom, and as often presented to God on the arms of faith and prayer, should fall thus, and in a moment be hurried into eternity! O I could not bear to pursue the thought—the dreadful thought! yet nothing else for one moment could dwell on my mind. My friends came to mourn with me, or rather to comfort me, but there was no point within the range of thought upon which to fix. All—all was dark. The loss was full—there was not the least reserve. *Beyond the grave there was no place for hope.* A DUEL! The kind of death had cut off that last—that lingering hope which reaches forward after departed friends. I could not say, *It is the work of God, and let his will be done.* I could not blame my child, for that would be complaint against the dead. I therefore saw now no end to my grief, and five long gloomy days and sleepless nights passed away Dreadful days! I am glad you're gone.

It was night. All was still as death, save the old clock, which in its swing ticked to the passing moments; it had just told ten o'clock. The servants were all asleep. I sat beside my lonely fire which seemed to burn with murky sadness. I heard a knocking at my door; but my fears were all upon me, and I was afraid to open. I lifted a window in order to see who it was that had come to break in upon my hours of woe, and I saw a servant standing at the door: he said not a word, but held up in his hand what seemed a letter. I opened the door, took the letter, and the servant departed. I looked first to its seal, but it was not the insignia of death; but as the gloomy side of the picture was alone before me, I supposed that as I had in a short time received so many, the writer was disposed to spare me when and where he could; but when I unfolded, and saw that it was the hand-writing of my *own dear son William*, with what eagerness I devoured its contents! What lovely lines! What pretty words I read! "*The difficulty is made up. My antagonist refused to meet me in the field, and we had no combat: my enemies are at peace with me. I am well, and all is well and doing well.*"

I wept still, but my tears were sweet: they were tears of joy I read the letter over and over again, until I knew it all by heart. I pressed it to my poor but gladdened bosom. A welcome

letter! it must have done you good to write it; I bless the mail that brought it; and I would gladly do the poor servant a favor that gave it me. His visit, at first, seemed untimely; but it was an *angel visit*. Now I am well—though a few hours ago I could neither eat nor sleep, and was passing on with the strong tide of grief rapidly to my grave, into which I should have soon sunk down but for the happy change. O my son, *remember the God of thy fathers; and that after death there is a judgment, and after time there is eternity!* May God bless you, my dear child! All is well.

Your mother, MARY GWIN.

February 1, 1834.

Mrs. Gwin survived her husband, but has since gone to her reward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Increase in numbers—Jacob Young's early recollections—Cumberland District—The hinderances—Triumphs of the cause—Lewis Garrett's Recollections—Anthony Houston—The Rev. Thomas Martin—Mount Zion Church—The Rev. Jacob Young: his travels in East Tennessee—Peter Cartwright—"Theophilus Arminius"—Learner Blackman's account of the work—Statistics—Conclusion.

THE Conference this year (1804) convened at Mount Gerizim, Kentucky It will be remembered that the session commenced October 2, 1803, and the Appointments went over till October, 1804. Unless the mind is kept upon this point, the reader will be led into error as to dates.

There was an increase in the membership this year. The returns from the Western Conference showed an aggregate of 9,082 whites, and 518 colored. On Holston, 780 whites, 25 colored; Nolichucky, 636 whites, 35 colored; French Broad, 648 whites, 14 colored; Clinch, 500 whites, 53 colored; Powell's Valley, 70 whites; Nashville, 637 whites, 87 colored; Red River, 289 whites, 20 colored.

The Rev Jacob Young, in his Autobiography,

gives an interesting account of this meeting of the Conference. He says:

"The Conference was held in the house of Benjamin Coleman, near Cynthiana, Kentucky Next morning I repaired to the Conference-room, which was about eighteen feet square, and upstairs. I was met at the door by Mrs. Burke, wife of William Burke. She has long since gone to her reward, and he has since followed. She was an accomplished lady. I was dressed like a backwoodsman. My manners and costume were answerable to the description given of 'Rhoderick Dhu,' of Scotland, by Walter Scott. I was pretty much such another looking man. Mrs. Burke told me to walk up, but I hesitated—she insisted. At length I yielded—ascended the stairs, and entered the Conference-room. There, for the first time, I saw the venerable Asbury, seated on a chair elevated by a small platform. He was writing—his head white as a sheet. Several of the preachers said, 'Come in, come in, Brother Young.' The Bishop raised his head, lifted his spectacles, and asked who I was. The Rev W McKendree told him my name. He fixed his eye upon me as if he would look me through. McKendree saw I was embarrassed, and told me kindly to take a seat.

"Business went on, and I sat as a silent spectator. I thought they were the most interesting

group of men I had ever seen. McKendree appeared the master-spirit of the Conference. Burke, very neatly dressed, was secretary His auburn head, keen, black eye, showed clearly he was no ordinary man.

"I still remember most of the members' names —Revs. Thomas Wilkerson, John Watson, Benjamin Lakin, Samuel Douthet, John Adam Granade, Lewis Garrett, William Crutchfield, Benjamin Young, Ralph Lotspiech, Anthony Houston, and some few more not now recollected.

"These were members of the great Western Conference, comprehending Kentucky, Ohio, Southwestern Virginia, old Tennessee, and the Mississippi Territory. This year they sent missionaries to Illinois and Indiana. In a beautiful grove, a mile from Mr. Coleman's, they erected a stand and seats to accommodate a congregation. The Conference adjourned every day, that the preachers might attend public services. As I was not in full connection, I had no seat in Conference; but I was free to go and come as I pleased. We kept up prayer-meetings nearly all the time. There was a great deal of good preaching during the session, and I have no doubt but much good was done at that time. There was an extensive revival all through Kentucky.

"On Sabbath, Bishop Asbury preached one of his masterly sermons to about ten thousand

listeners. This was a very solemn and profitable day."

The Appointments were:

HOLSTON DISTRICT.—John Watson, P E.; Holston, Thomas Milligan's station was changed last year to Clinch; Nolichucky, Samuel Douthet; French Broad, John Johnson; New River, Elisha W Bowman; Clinch, Joab Watson; Powell's Valley, Moses Black; Wilderness, Jacob Young.

CUMBERLAND DISTRICT.—Lewis Garrett, P E.; Nashville, Levin Edney; Red River, Ralph Lotspiech; Barren, Anthony Houston; Wayne, William Crutchfield; Livingston, Jesse Walker; Natchez, Moses Floyd.

H. Harrison, A. Amos, Tobias Gibson, supernumeraries.

ILLINOIS.—Benjamin Young, missionary.

This was a very prosperous year in what we now call Middle Tennessee, or, as it was then called, "Cumberland," as well as in East Tennessee, or "Holston." The author will confer a favor on the reader by copying from the Recollections of the Rev Lewis Garrett his account of his labors, trials, sufferings, and success on the Cumberland District during this and the succeeding year. The account was published in 1834:

"But we will return to Cumberland District, where the writer of these sketches traveled during the years 1804 and 1805, and where there

was much to encourage and cheer the preachers who gloried in the cross of Christ, and delighted to see the travail of a Redeemer's soul coming home to God, and the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their hands. I had in former years, in Old Virginia, North Carolina, and the old settlements of Kentucky, been troubled on seeing societies thinned by emigration; but here I saw that the hand of an overruling and unerring Providence directed to happy results. Here and there we found individuals and families who had been members of Society, and were now glad to see the traveling preachers, and open their doors to receive the gospel. By this means new societies were raised, circuits formed, the work of the Lord spread, and much good was done. But notwithstanding those cheering prospects and encouraging successes, there was much to try the fortitude of those houseless traveling preachers who penetrated those western wilds and planted the gospel in the Valley of the Mississippi. Their hardships and toils were such as cannot well be conceived of, much less described—hard and constant labor day and night, seldom a comfortable night's repose, scarcely any thing to suit a feeble appetite, or to nourish or sustain weak human nature, worn down by travel, exposure, and toil. If sick, no physician or medicine to be had; bare of clothing, and that scanty supply wearing out, and no money

to purchase more; no missionary funds to apply to for relief; no well-improved towns or fine chapels to resort to, to lounge in, or strut about, and, with empty vaporing, talk and write about 'moral wastes' that they had never seen, or that they were too delicate to approach. No, truly, they were missionaries of a different stamp. Timidity, false delicacy, and 'needless self-indulgence,' they stood aloof from, as inconsistent with itinerant Methodism and the heroic and unflinching spirit of apostolic ministers, sent out upon an immortal enterprise—to go 'into the hedges and highways' and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the poor and destitute. But ah, how it excites disgust, and raises one's indignation, to see some self-sufficient, self-important men, entering into the fields already cleared, piquing themselves upon their talents and refinement, and attempting to cast into the shade *plain pioneers*, and all that has been achieved by clearing the forest, opening pathways in the desert, and laying (through the blood of the cross and the preaching of the gospel) a foundation whereon to rear a beautiful superstructure!

"Let not those who have 'entered into other men's labors' be inflated with pride, because they possess greater talents or inherit greater advantages than those of days gone by. Let them not swell with vanity, and say, '*See what a dust I*

raise!' because they can preach an elegant sermon and please a fashionable congregation, while all is dull, dry, and formal around them. Let them not indulge a silly, fond conceit of their accomplishments and display in presence of their God, while their flock is hungry for the bread of life. Let them walk about Zion, reared up in these western regions; let them tell the towers thereof; let them consider her palaces, and tell to the generations following (ascribing all the honor to God) who and what kind of workmen cleared away the rubbish, aided in laying the foundation and hewing out the materials; *and let no one forget the hole of the pit from whence he was digged,* or depart from the simplicity of the gospel.

"Had you seen those ardent workmen, who 'needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth'—in a sense preparing a highway for our God—and opening the way for the future glory of the Church in this great valley, you would perhaps have been reminded of the inimitable picture drawn by Cowper of the preacher, 'such as Paul, were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own.' They were

"'Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner;
Much impressed, as conscious of their awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock they feed
May feel it too.'

"They were deeply imbued with the spirit of their high and holy calling, and carried with them into every family and circle their ministerial gravity, and a solemn sense of the presence of God and of the awful and responsible nature of their mission. The woods (for they seldom had closets or rooms) witnessed their ardent supplications and tears. Reading, meditation, and prayer employed the hours of respite from travel and public ministrations—no chaffy or unprofitable conversation, no *idle* or *useless* visits, no foppish gallanting. Walking with God, they prayed in public, as one said, 'right up in heaven,' and preached the gospel with an 'ardor not their own;' and God wrought mightily by them—in a way, to be sure, that might not well suit some of the nominal Christians of this day, who have the form, but, alas! too little of the power of godliness.

"We brought to view in a former sketch some of the difficulties as well as the pleasing and encouraging prospects on Cumberland District in 1804–5. There were other difficulties of a more unpleasant character with which we had to contend; and here we must be permitted to remark, without intending the slightest disparagement to any religious sect, that barefaced Antinomianism had taken precedency in many parts of this new country, and especially in what was then termed New Kentucky When we offered a bleeding Sav-

iour, or the benefits of the atonement to *all* men, we were confronted by the doctrine of a *limited* atonement, absolute election, and reprobation in their most rigid forms; and many had drunk so deeply into this partial and muddy system as to be highly offended at grace and salvation being offered to all their fellow-beings, although they were careful to dream that *they* were of the elect. And when we urged sinners to repent and believe the gospel, within the atmosphere of this system, we were repulsed by sayings like these: 'If I am to be saved, I shall be saved,' 'I wait for the effectual call,' etc. When we urged the importance of practical piety, and the danger and fatal consequences of deviating from the path of religious duty, we were frequently attacked and opposed by Laodicean loiterers, who were charmed with the siren song, 'Once in grace, always in grace.' And some were presumptuous enough to say that, since they believed and were baptized, they were safe and sure of heaven, do what they would. 'Sin,' said one of their teachers, 'is not imputed to the believer: he might commit murder and adultery, and be a child of God still.'

"This was Antinomianism in its most odious dress; and though appalling to pure religion, and shocking to reason and common sense, yet such gross views were held and propagated, and the ignorant and unwary were frequently led away

with those flesh-pleasing doctrines. There was, to be sure, scarcely any thing to mar the peace of the two leading sects, who were unitedly and harmoniously laboring to carry on this gracious revival. Scarcely a shade of difference appeared in their public administrations, as to doctrine. But the curious may ask, 'Did the Methodists dispense with their peculiar tenets in those days?' To which I would answer, '*They did not.*' And I would remind the reader that I am not now controverting, but simply narrating, facts—well-attested facts.

"Those who knew John Page, John McGee, and others who labored in the word and doctrine in those days, knew that they were men of too much firmness, independence, and candor, to dispense with any thing that they deemed wholesome Scripture truth; and such, doubtless, they esteemed the doctrine of general atonement, full salvation, and the *danger*, not the necessity, of apostasy In fact, the Methodists never had, have not, and, we hope, never will have, a solitary feature in their system of doctrine with which they would dispense, or over which they would cast a veil for accommodation. Wesley taught them, Fletcher defended them, Asbury and his associates and successors preached them, the Book-room publishes them, the preachers circulate them in the Book of Discipline and standard

works, they invite investigation and fear no criticism.

"We will mention one other circumstance which was a little unpleasant and troublesome in those days of general excitement and religious interest. The spirit of bigoted proselytism was on the alert, ever and anon insisting on the *indispensable* necessity of conforming to a mere external ceremony, binding the consciences of men where God had not bound them, unchurching all Churches that believed and practiced differently, unchristianizing and excluding from the communion of saints and from the kingdom of heaven all who did not submit to the mere circumstances or external mode of a particular ordinance. By this means the simple were turned aside; the ignorant and sincere were perplexed, confused, and often injured; disunion and prejudice were often the result; narrowness of spirit, illiberality, and intolerance took the place of Christian charity and good-will to man. Under these circumstances, it became necessary, in order to guard our flocks, to contend for a liberal, scriptural, rational faith, and to do this in the spirit of the gospel. To inform, instruct, and build up the young disciples, and to guard against error and delusion, was a work of no small importance, and required much wisdom, patience, prudence, and perseverance. A close walk with God, to be deeply imbued with the Holy Spirit,

and a thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, were then, as they always are, indispensable qualifications in the Christian pastor: learning and talents, *with these*, are of great value to the Church; but, *without them*, talents and learning would be an empty sound, and the flock would dwindle and perish for lack of spiritual food.

"We may form some idea of the prosperous state of the work of God on the Cumberland District, of which we have been speaking, by adverting to the Minutes of Conference. The number of Church-members returned in October, 1803, was 1,050; the return in October, 1804, was 1,762—showing an increase of 712. The return in October, 1805, was 2,893—showing an increase of 1,131; and in these two years there was a net increase in the Western Conference of 3,675 members. Considering the newness of the country, the feebleness of the traveling ministry—in point of numbers, age, and experience—this was astonishing success. It was the Lord's doings—to him be all the glory

"The Western Conference convened at Mount Gerizim, Harrison county, Kentucky, October, 1804. Bishop Asbury failed to attend, by reason of affliction. The Rev. Wm. McKendree, who then presided in the Kentucky District, was elected President. From this Conference the writer of these sketches returned to Cumberland District,

and to Williamson county, where he then had a little family But such was the extent of the District, and such the pressing demand for labor in the Lord's vineyard, that there was but little time to rest or loiter. After several smaller excursions, he set out to attend the quarterly-meetings, the first of which was near Hartford, above the mouth of Green River. Late in December, after traveling from sunrise along a dreary, lonesome road, where even log-cabins were few and far between, he crossed Green River in the afternoon—had then to travel fifteen or twenty miles along a small pathway, where no human being resided. Night approached; he lost the path; it was a cold but moonlight night; he aimed to pursue his course, but soon found his progress impeded by swamps and briers; became bewildered, and chilled and benumbed with the cold, and thought for a time his case a hopeless one; but, thanks to a gracious Providence, by using efforts to keep up warmth, and persevering in traveling, he got to a cabin where there was fire, about two o'clock in the morning. Having warmed and rested till daylight, he pursued his journey, and reached his appointment on Saturday, in time to meet the expectations of the people, having received no nourishment from the day before, at sunrise.

"This indeed was trying to a constitution al-

ready much impaired by affliction in the lowlands of Virginia, and by much travel and labor; however, the storm had passed over. He met his persevering friend, Jesse Walker. We had a good quarterly-meeting. The work of God was prospering in this new circuit, and all was well. We reckoned these as but light afflictions when compared with the great interests of the Church, the salvation of souls, and that eternal weight of glory in prospect."

Anthony Houston, who filled a large space in the Church in his day, preached the gospel in Virginia, Ohio, Mississippi, and Kentucky, and located in 1809.

For the facts contained in the following interesting sketch the author is indebted to the Rev. George W Martin, of the Tennessee Conference:

During this year Thomas Martin was awakened, and began in earnest the work of his salvation. He was a native of Virginia — born in Washington county, May 24, 1778. His parents, George and Elizabeth McFerrin Martin, were Presbyterians, and members of the Green Spring congregation, on the Holston River, some ten miles from Abingdon. They both maintained good characters as Christians, and died in hope of a better life. George was a patriot in the American Revolution, was a brave soldier, and was in many of the bloodiest battles of the war.

Mr. Martin brought his children up in the fear of the Lord. Thomas was dedicated to God in holy baptism, and was taught the Catechisms of the Church; and though his mother died when he was an infant, his religious training was carefully guarded, and he observed from his youth the forms of religion, yet he was a stranger to the new birth. Thus trained, he left his native State and removed to Southern Kentucky, where he remained for a season, in the neighborhood of the Rev Mr. McGready's congregation. He attended Mr. McGready's ministry, and heard other preachers of the Presbyterian Church that might chance to come in his way; but he knew but little of the Methodists up to this time, and what he had heard was very unfavorable. He was taught to regard them as the false prophets of the last days. In this state of mind he was found in 1800, at the beginning of the great revival. During the progress of this work he became acquainted with the Methodists, and heard some of their ministers preach. The Rev William McKendree, then Presiding Elder in the West, was the first. He was at a union-meeting when the Rev Mr. McGready, his pastor, and Mr. McKendree both preached. Mr. McGready went first, and was followed immediately by Mr. McKendree. Mr. Martin said he felt sorry for McKendree when he learned he was to succeed his pastor, whom he

regarded as a great preacher. Although he was a false teacher—so regarded—yet he was comparatively young, and perhaps inexperienced, and would likely be embarrassed. These considerations excited his pity; but before he had proceeded far in the delivery of his sermon, he perceived that the preacher was a man of giant mind, with a warm heart, burning zeal, and apostolic eloquence. His sermon made an abiding impression on Mr. Martin's mind and heart.

Mr. Martin, though happily converted, still continued a member of the Presbyterian Church, and observed strictly the means of grace until 1804, when he was married to Miss Nancy Carter, an orphan young lady, living in what was afterward known as the Mount Zion neighborhood, in Robertson county, Tennessee. Miss Carter was a member of the Methodist Church. She had been led to seek for the pardon of sin by a kind word from the Rev. Jesse Walker, a Methodist preacher, who had charge of the circuit embracing Mount Zion. After his marriage, Mr. Martin removed to the neighborhood of the church where his wife held her membership. The nearest Presbyterian Church was Mr. McGready's. This caused him to reflect seriously He said within himself, "My young wife, the partner of my joys and sorrows, is favored with the means of grace, and I am deprived. My elder brother,

Patrick Martin—the first of his family—has forsaken the faith and Church of his fathers. and has become a Methodist. What am I to do?" With painful feelings he visited his pastor, and solicited advice. His pastor advised him to take his Church-letter, and join the Methodists with his wife. He consented, and became a member of the Mount Zion Church, with the expressed understanding that when a Presbyterian Church was organized in the neighborhood, or convenient to him, he should have his letter returned, with the privilege of going into his own Church without any unkind feeling. Soon after his connection with the Methodists he was appointed class-leader. This was a serious move. He wished to do right, and keep a good conscience; but how could he be a Methodist class-leader, and hold to the doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith, which were as dear to him as a right hand or a right eye? His position led to many discussions between him and members of the Society; and being well-versed in the teachings of his Church, and in the Holy Scriptures, he was a formidable adversary During this state of things, the Rev Benjamin Woods had an appointment to preach at his church. His subject led him to discuss the doctrinces of "free grace and free will." He was a man of a clear understanding, and mighty in the Scriptures. He painted the doctrine of a limited

atonement in dark colors, and closed by earnestly praying, if there was one in the congregation who held the sentiments embraced in this doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, that God would have mercy upon him, and show him his error. A loud "Amen!" came from every member of the Society, while the leader sat in silence in their midst.

Supposing all this was previously arranged, and designed for his benefit, his feelings were wounded. He, however, sought a private interview with the preacher, and frankly stated his impressions. The preacher was astonished to learn that the class-leader entertained and defended the views that he had been combating, and then entered into a kind and friendly discussion of the points involved, assuring him that he was ignorant of the facts in his case, and disavowed all personality. As they talked and reasoned together, Mr. Martin's prejudices gave way, and, under the force of scriptural argument, he yielded, and became a convert to the Arminian view of the doctrine of the atonement.

A change now passed upon his mind, and the more he studied and the better he understood the doctrines and usages of the Methodists, the more cordially he embraced them, and the more firmly he adhered to them; yet he always entertained kind feelings toward his mother Church.

Soon after this event, if not indeed before, he felt it to be his duty to warn sinners—to preach the gospel of Christ. He finally gained the consent of his mind, and was licensed first to exhort and then to preach. The precise date of his license is not remembered, and the documents have been mislaid. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, 1815, and was set apart to elders' orders by Bishop Roberts in 1820.

Mr. Martin, though often urged, never connected himself with the traveling ministry, because he had an afflicted wife and a helpless family; but in a local sphere his labors were abundant, and were always in demand. He visited the sick and preached many funeral-sermons, and was always ready for every good work. As a preacher, his views of the plan of salvation were clear and correct, and he well understood the economy of Methodism. He always cherished kindly feelings toward all Christians, but was a firm Methodist in doctrine and discipline.

He reared eight children—George W., Isaac, Patrick, Elizabeth, Catherine, Thomas, Isabella, and Martha. These all became members of the Methodist Church, and six of the eight have died in full hope of immortality Two—George and Catherine—remain on this side the flood, but are walking in the way their father trod, followed by their families. George W is a member of the

Tennessee Conference, and has been a preacher of the gospel for forty years.

As a Christian, Mr. Martin was the same at home and abroad, always walking in the way of God's commandments. His family altar was never thrown down or neglected, but evening and morning the incense of prayer and praise went up before the Lord. He taught his children by precept and example, and the result we see. He was proverbial for his honesty and punctuality, and when he died, owed no man any thing but love. He died August 30, 1855, after serving the Church and generation as preacher of the gospel for about fifty years. During this whole time he preached once a month at Mount Zion, unless called away by some special occasion.

His wife, Mrs. Nancy Martin, was a child of affliction but deep piety She carried her children with her into the closet, and when her husband was absent, she was punctual in keeping up family prayer. Long since she rested from her labors, but her works follow her. Here we see the fruit of one kind word; it was blessed of God, and brought a whole family into the Church, and placed several ministers on the walls of Zion. Truly, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Mount Zion Church was formed in 1798, and the first house of worship was erected in 1804. It

has been Mount Zion Society, Red River Circuit, ever since, with the exception of one year, when it was called Springfield Circuit. From the most authentic information, the society was organized by Jesse Walker, who lived, while in this charge, a few hundred yards from the church. Some of the first members were, Patrick Martin and wife, Samuel Crockett and wife, William Carter and wife, Samuel Hollis and wife, Peter Browner and wife, and Nancy Martin, wife of the Rev. Thomas Martin.

Many of the fathers of the Church preached there, among whom may be mentioned Jesse Walker, Bishop McKendree, Ralph Lotspiech, Learner Blackman, Fred. Stier, Isaac McCown, Isaac Lindsey, James Axley, Marcus Lindsey, John Johnson, Charles Holliday, Bishop Thomas A. Morris, George McNelly, itinerants; among the local preachers we mention, in addition to Thomas Martin, A. Bellamy, Thomas Spence, Thomas and James Gunn, Valentine Cook, James McKendree, Patrick Martin, John Gossett, and David R. Slatter.

This Church, that was organized seventy-one years since, still continues to be a stronghold of Methodism. Many preachers took their start at Mount Zion, among whom we mention the Rev. George W and Garrett Martin. It is said that the late Dr. Drake, of Mississippi, was licensed to

preach at this Church. There is one lady now of this Church—Mrs. Sarah Farmer—who has been a member sixty-seven years. The Church now numbers eighty members, besides the hundreds who have gone to join the saints in heaven.

Reference has already been made to the Rev Jacob Young, who was one of the early Methodist preachers in Tennessee. Mr. Young's father was a Marylander, and his mother a Virginian, but Jacob was born in Pennsylvania, about twenty miles below Pittsburgh. When he was about fifteen years of age, his father removed to Kentucky: here he was awakened and converted under the preaching of John Page, who was then in his prime, and, Mr. Young says, "acknowledged by all to be of the first order of talents." Mr. Young soon entered the ministry, and, as we have seen, attended the Conference this year at Mount Gerizim, and was appointed to the Wilderness, which lay between Powell's Valley and the Crab Orchard, Kentucky. The Minutes say he was sent to the Wilderness, and Joab Watson to Clinch Circuit. The facts are these: Mr. Young was sent to Clinch Circuit, and was to change during the year with Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson came from North Carolina, according to the arrangement of Bishop Asbury; but Mr. John Watson, who was the Presiding Elder, would not consent, in the absence of the Bishop, for Mr. Young

to leave the Clinch Circuit, so both Young and Joab Watson continued on his circuit. This was ever afterward regretted by Mr. Young. He had, to be sure, a prosperous year, and he and his colleague were firmly united in affection and in labor; but it was in contravention of the order of the Bishop, and that he thought was wrong. Mr. Young, as will be seen in the future pages of this work, was an active and successful minister of the gospel. He lived till an advanced age—over four-score years—and died in peace in the State of Ohio. He was honored with the degree of D.D., because of his attainments, literary and biblical. Bishop T. A. Morris, who wrote the Introduction to Dr. Young's Autobiography, says, "I became well acquainted with Dr. Young when he was probably at the maximum of his physical and mental vigor. He was my Presiding Elder from the spring of 1816 to the autumn of 1819. He was then regarded as one of our strongest men in the work. Multitudes of people attended his quarterly-meetings, expecting to witness displays of awakening power and saving mercy, and were seldom disappointed." Dr. Young gives the following interesting account of his work this year on the Clinch Circuit and contiguous fields of labor:

"Conference over, and my appointment given, I bade my loving friends a long farewell, and

started in company with Samuel Douthet. I tarried all night in Lexington; tried to preach, but was bound in spirit. This was the first real dark time I had for two years. My success at the Conference had doubtless lifted me up a little, and the Lord had measurably withdrawn to let me know my own weakness.

"Next day found me at Richmond, Madison county, Kentucky I lodged in the same house with Bishop Asbury. Early we started for the Crab Orchard wilderness, lying between Kentucky River and Powell's Valley The Bishop was in feeble health. Riding on horseback, in this hilly country, fatigued him very much. He often wished to change awhile and walk, but could not walk up hill. When he came to the top of a high hill, he would dismount, give me his horse to lead, and walk down, till we came to our stopping-place in the evening. Here we fell in with very rough company. There was plenty of whisky, and persons drinking it freely, taking the name of God in vain, and playing cards. The landlord, a low-bred man, had goodness enough to give us a room to ourselves, where we felt rather more comfortable. An old Englishman came into our room to talk with the Bishop on religion. He had a great deal to say which did not interest the Bishop much. He had long been seeking religion, but never found it; but he said he had succeeded

in one thing—a certain Baptist preacher had broken him off from swearing profanely. He finally left us and went into the gambling-room, where he soon began to talk very loud and swear one oath after another. The Bishop recognized his voice, arose, opened the door, and looked in. 'You told me a certain Baptist preacher had broken you off from profane swearing, but I find you can lie and swear both.' They all quailed under his reproof. The Englishman came to him, crying, 'Ah, Bishop Asbury, pardon me if you please, sir!' The Bishop told him he had better ask pardon of his God—gave him suitable instruction, and left him. The house became very quiet. We had an early supper, which, being ended, the Bishop called them all into our room, read a chapter, gave them a short lecture, sung a hymn, and prayed. We then went to bed, rested well through the night, rose early, and began to prepare for our journey. The Bishop continued long on his knees, and, just as he rose from his devotions, the landlord came in with a bottle and glass. 'Mr. Asbury, will you take a little whisky this morning?' The Bishop replied in the negative, adding, 'I make no use of the devil's tea.' We mounted our horses, rode hard all day, and in the evening we stopped with a gentleman by the name of Ballinger. He was really a gentleman, and his wife was a lady

"The landlord expressed considerable anxiety to have a circuit formed. The Bishop asked me if I would be willing to undertake the task. I told him I was at his service. He then replied to Ballinger, 'We will try to accommodate you.' Each one was to do his part. The Bishop was to supply my place with a preacher, in the spring, on Clinch Circuit. I was to come on and form the circuit as best I could by the providence of God. and Ballinger's house was to be the nucleus around which I was to arrange my plan of operation.

"We stayed all night with the kind family, and breakfasted with them next morning. The Bishop read the word of God to us, lectured on the same, prayed for them, and we departed in good spirits. A few hours' ride brought us to Cumberland Gap. Here we parted—the Bishop and Brother Douthet took the North Carolina road, I turned up Powell's Valley The Bishop got off his horse while he gave me the parting blessing. His last words were. 'Pray as often as you eat and sleep, and you will do well.'

"I now traveled on alone. and in the evening put up at a public-house. The landlord appeared like a decent man; but I soon found his house was a place of dancing. gambling, and drinking. I concluded to make the best I could of my circumstances—became quite cheerful, talked fluently,

told him my business, and asked him what he thought of my prospects through the country where I was going. He gave me all the encouragement he could, and some good advice. Although he was not religious, he was a man of good sense. He brought his large Bible and proposed worship before I retired to rest. I slept but little that night.

"The inhabitants of this valley were, for the most part, desperate characters. They dressed alike and looked alike, so that if a person of observation had met one of them in New York, he would have known they belonged to Powell's Valley They wore short hunting-shirts, leather belt round the waist, shot-pouch, powder-horn, rifle-gun, and had a big dog following closely behind. It is said they watched the road leading from old Virginia to Kentucky, and when they saw emigrants going on to the above-named place, they changed their costume, dressed like Indians, by a near route through the mountains passed ahead of the travelers, watched them till they pitched their tents and were all asleep, then fell upon them, murdered them, and took their money

"I will here give one case which will illustrate all the rest. There was a spot in that wilderness known by the name of Hazel Patch, where travelers stopped at night. At a certain time—date I do not recollect—a large company of wealthy

Virginians started for Kentucky to buy and take up lands. They were well armed and equipped to defend themselves, put up at the place, pitched their tents, placed their sentinels, and went to sleep. Some time in the night they were attacked by a party of—as they thought—Indians: it was generally thought they were Powell's Valley men. The Virginians defended themselves in a masterly manner. It was said the conflict was long and severe; but the Virginians were all killed with the exception of one, and many thought he turned traitor. Two facts led the public mind to this conclusion: First, he was very poor when he joined the company; after that he became immensely wealthy, buying farm after farm. Secondly, he could give no rational account of his escape. He said, when the Indians had killed all the rest, he walked off quietly, and they let him alone.

"I felt as a stranger in a strange land. I had to travel one hundred miles among these people, and I looked back with mournful joy and pleasant grief on the good circuit I had left behind.

"I had some imperfect knowledge of what I had passed through, but what lay before me I knew not. I arose very early, and before daylight I was on my way: ate but little, slept but little, till I arrived at my circuit, on Saturday, about noon.

"I came into a settlement called Rye Cove, which took its name from the abundance of wild rye growing there. I put up with Esquire Gibson, a man of intelligence, piety, and sociability Looking over my plan, I found my circuit to be an odd-shaped concern, lying between two mountains—Clinch and Cumberland—upward of a hundred and fifty miles in length, and not more than twenty-five in breadth.

"This Clinch Mountain was a curiosity: first, it was very long, taking its rise near the ridge that divides Holston and New Rivers, and running all the way till it came near to a junction of Holston and Tennessee; in the second place, it is an exceedingly high mountain, distinguished from all others by a great number of sharp peaks. Although it lies in a southern climate, it is a very cold mountain. I have often seen its summit covered with snow, while vegetation was flourishing at its base. On my plan of this circuit I had about thirty appointments. From Rye Cove I went to Stallard's, on the ford of Clinch River. Here I found trouble on hand. Two local preachers had been expelled, and were making fearful inroads in the society I preached, and regulated the concerns of the Church in the best manner I could, and left them in the hands of their Maker, and, turning my course to the south, came to Moccasin Gap. This was a natural curiosity—a

large creek, running directly through the high mountain I have just described. The source of the creek was on the north side of the mountain, which run parallel to the Clinch River for some miles, then turned short to the south, and emptied into Holston River.

"Here I found a large society of Methodists, the most of them of the name of Lynn. They lived in very small houses, cultivated poor land, burned pine-knots, and lived poor. They were very pleasant, and I enjoyed myself among them.

"I shall satisfy myself with giving a mere outline of this circuit. I made my way, as best I could, to Russell Court-house, preaching in several neighborhoods as I passed along; found many pleasant people, and had delightful meetings. Within about five miles of the court-house, I found a large society of intelligent and pious people. I could have taken up my abode here with great pleasure, but duty called me, and I must go. I found no society at the court-house, and very few people lived there.

"From this place I went to Henry Dickinson's, who was a distinguished man in that country. I became acquainted with the Ellingtons, one of whom afterward became a traveling preacher; traveled a few years, married in Fairfield county, Ohio, near Rushville; then emigrated to Georgia, where he ended his days.

"From Dickinson's I rode to a place called Elk Garden, where I found a very large society of Methodists of the very best sort. Mr. Price, the principal man, was dead before I went there, but his widow and a large family of sons and daughters remained, and I could form some idea what kind of a man he was—a self-taught, practical man; and, after all that is said about refinement and education, these are the most efficient men in the world.

"Another distinguished man was Mr. Browning. He had a large family, and trained them well. He was a man of considerable wealth, and his influence was great both in State and Church affairs. He was a strong, practical, matter-of-fact man. I will give one illustration of his character: A Lawyer Smith was in the habit of putting up with him in going to and from Russell Court-house. This Smith was a man of great wit, and very fond of displaying it by criticising religious people, especially by making sarcastic remarks on the sermons of the ministers and prayers of the faithful. On one occasion he was teasing Browning about his unskillful ministers and ignorant members. Browning having borne his sallies of mirth and humor, as he thought, at least, long enough, determined to test Smith's skill in preaching and praying. One day, in friendly conversation, he said, 'Mr. Smith, you appear to be

well skilled in theology: I suppose if you were to attempt to preach or pray, we should have something like perfection.' Smith replied, 'He would be very sorry if he could not perform a great deal better than some he had heard.' Browning said no more. Smith was full of hilarity, not knowing the trial awaiting him. Supper over, the family were pleasantly situated in the parlor. The old gentleman laid his Bible on the stand, and with a great deal of solemnity said, 'Squire Smith, will you attend to prayers?' Smith looked as if he was 'sent for and could not go.' It was as much as the young people could do to command their risibles. There sat the dignified lawyer with his head in his hands. The family waited a long time. The Squire made no move toward the stand, and, I suppose, Browning was too full of mischief to pray himself. A poor man, very shabby in his appearance, was working for Browning, and Mr. Browning said, 'Brother Reeve, will you go to prayer?' Reeve dropped on his knees. He was a man of deep piety, and gifted. The force of his prayer was felt by all, but by Smith more than any other. He retired to rest, but rose early, and before prayer-time made his escape. He told some of his friends at the court-house that he never had heard such a prayer.

"I spent several days here, and moved toward Tazewell Court-house. I preached several times

on my way, among the Garrisons, Higginbothams, and Youngs. They received me as the Lord's messenger. Mr. Whitten lived here, who afterward became the father-in-law of the Rev James Quinn. He was quite a gentlemanly man in his appearance and manners. He invited me to go home with him, and, when I reached the house, I was surprised to find he had a large family, for I thought him but a youth. His family was one of the most pleasant I ever met with. He was reared near the city of Baltimore, and emigrated to this country at an early day He became a very extensive land-holder, and, entering largely into the stock business, accumulated much wealth. This settlement was near Clinch River. The neighborhood was made principally of the two families, Whitten and Ligsel. They were pleasant people, and nearly all became Methodists. Here Heaven smiled upon me. I was strongly solicited to give up traveling, and settle down. My natural inclination led me to comply. I suppose I would have secured a great amount of earthly happiness, but the providence of God and the dictates of the Holy Ghost suffered me to assume no such responsibility.

"I passed over the dividing ridge between the waters of the Tennessee and the Ohio. I went down a stream called Blue Stone, formed several societies, and saw some happy days. I recrossed

the dividing ridge, went down the valley of Clinch about a hundred miles, preaching in a great many places as I went along, night and day, till I came to my starting-place, Rye Cove. I went up this valley in the same manner as described before. When I came to Mr. Whitten's, my quarterly-meeting came on. I met with my Presiding Elder, Rev John Watson, Rev. Thomas Milligan, and Dr. Jephthah Moore.

"These were all distinguished men. Watson was not a great preacher, but was an excellent Church-officer, possessing a great amount of sanctified wit, and he knew how to use it to advantage. Milligan was a man of strong mind, but lacked cultivation—notwithstanding, he was an able minister of the New Testament. Moore was truly a great man, and an eloquent pulpit orator. He entered the ministry in early life, and was one of the first colleagues of Thomas Scott, of Chillicothe. He traveled a few years with great success, then located, and went into the practice of physic. He lived long, and, notwithstanding all that the Lord had done for him, his sun went down partially under a cloud. When a man is divinely called and put into the ministry, it is a dangerous thing for him to leave the Lord's work to accumulate riches or worldly honor.

"Brother Watson preached on Saturday morn-

ing; Brother Milligan on Saturday night; Dr. Moore on Sabbath morning, at eleven o'clock. They all had great freedom of speech in preaching the word of the Lord. Our Quarterly Conference was pleasant: a delightful love-feast after the eleven o'clock services. They left me alone to manage the meeting as well as I could. The Lord was with us in the outpouring of his Spirit, and I expect to see the fruits of that quarterly-meeting in the day of eternity. I performed four rounds on this lovely circuit, and these were among the happiest months of my long life. I loved the people, and they loved me. God gave me souls for my hire, and added seals to my ministry."

The author has the pleasure of saying that Powell's Valley, lying partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee, is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in all the South-west. The inhabitants are celebrated for their intelligence and high-toned morality. The Methodists are very numerous—the leading Church in the valley. There are three circuits covering this "fairy-land," the membership numbering hundreds.

About the year 1804 Peter Cartwright commenced preaching, and, though still living, it is proper that reference should be made to him in these pages. He is, in several respects, an extraordinary man. He was born (September, 1785) in Amherst county, Virginia. His parents re-

moved while he was young to Kentucky. They were poor and obscure. From his own account, given in his published Autobiography, he was wild and reckless in his youth. He was, however, through the instrumentality of the Methodists, converted about the time he came to years of manhood, and soon afterward commenced exhorting and preaching. He entered the Western Conference in the year 1804, and still continues in the traveling connection, having been a preacher at least sixty-five years. He had in his youth good native talent, and, being a man of close observation and considerable application, he has attained to eminence in the Church—or, at least, he has gained much notoriety He possesses great humor, and has generally been successful in debate. His labor in his early years in the ministry was a success. He devoted much of his strength and manhood to Kentucky and Tennessee, and at a later period he removed to Illinois, where he still resides in old age. He has been inconsistent in his policy; and in the contest between the North and the South he has displayed much bitterness and a degree of intolerance that one might not have expected, considering his native place and early surroundings. Indeed, Mr. Cartwright never seemed to have had any settled views on the subject of slavery In his early ministry, we have proof of his antislavery sentiments; in his

advanced life he was very bitter toward slaveholders, and yet always disclaimed being an abolitionist. The author remembers well his first interview with Mr. Cartwright. It was at the General Conference in Cincinnati, in the year 1836. He had heard all his life-long of Peter Cartwright—his eccentricities, his wit, his humor, his fighting propensities, and his physical courage. He was anxious to see him. When the Southern delegates held a meeting to agree upon some Southern man whom they should nominate and vote for as Bishop, Mr. Cartwright met with them, though a delegate from Illinois. After an interchange of views and opinions by the elder members, Mr. Cartwright arose and said in substance:

"BRETHREN:—You of the South ought to elect, and can elect, a Bishop, if you will agree to concentrate on one man. But you are divided among yourselves. Some of you are for Early; and when I hear his name mentioned, then I am for Early. Before the nomination is fairly settled, I hear that Capers is the man; then I am for Capers. Having hardly fixed my fangs on Capers, some one mentions the name of Winans; and so you are divided. Now, agree among yourselves, and I am with you. To me the 'nigger' is no objection. Why, before I would join the abolitionists in their crusade against the South, I would

take the biggest negro I could find, pin his ears back, grease him, and swallow him whole."

Dr. Capers was agreed upon, and the author believes that Mr. Cartwright voted for him with a hearty good-will. In 1844, and subsequently, Mr. Cartwright was very strong in his opposition to the South, and to this day utters bitter things against those with whom he fraternized and harmonized in 1836. But allowance must be made for poor human nature. With all his idiosyncrasies and inconsistencies, Mr. Cartwright has long labored as a minister of the gospel, and has displayed zeal and energy in the prosecution of his work. The author feels tenderly toward this aged minister, and, notwithstanding he has been the target at which Mr. Cartwright's most poisonous arrows have been directed, he feels inclined to throw the mantle of charity over his faults, and give him full credit for all his virtues.

Occasion may require farther allusion to Mr. Cartwright in the progress of this work.

The following extracts, from "Theophilus Arminius," a writer in the Methodist Magazine of 1819, will be read with pleasure. It is proper to say, however, that he is not always exactly correct as to dates, etc.

"In the year 1786 the Methodist traveling connection extended their aid to their societies in Kentucky, and sent out two preachers, both

of whom deserted them in Mr. James O'Kelly's schism, which took place shortly after, and took off from the Connection a few others. They both, however, went to nothing: one died long since; the other still lives, a poor backslider.* These preachers' places were soon supplied by others whose names will be long gratefully remembered. The numbers of preachers increased from time to time; and from this small unpropitious beginning have grown, first, the Western Conference, since erected into the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Missouri, and the Mississippi Conferences. These now embrace, exclusively of traveling preachers, sixty-nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine members.

"For nearly twenty years from the first commencement of the settlement of the country, (from the causes, perhaps, before assigned,) there does not appear to have been any considerable movement as it respects general reformation in any of the Churches. About the commencement of the present century a general revival amongst the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists took place. With the Baptists, as a Church, the revival appeared to be confined pretty much to their own people, and in particular congregations. With

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* One of those alluded to, as we have seen, joined the Presbyterians; the other returned, and died in the ministry.

the exception of one or two congregations, perhaps more, they were of the old order of Regular Calvinistic Baptists. As such they did not continue long embodied, but split into various divisions and subdivisions. The cause of all these divisions may be very easily traced to their source, from the suggestions before made. The revival amongst the Presbyterians and Methodists commenced in the year 1799, and in 1800, in the lower part of Kentucky, under two preachers, brothers, one of each denomination, who held their meetings together in Logan and Christian counties, on the waters of Gasper River, and perhaps other places. Having thus united in the work, they found themselves straitened in their houses, on account of the increase of their congregations. In the summer they took to the woods. The people, in order to accommodate themselves, carried provisions for their families and beasts in their wagons, erected tents, and continued some days in the exercises of singing, prayer, and preaching. Thus commenced what has since received the appellation of camp-meetings — a revival of the Feasts of Tabernacles. It is one among the great means of grace with which the modern Christian Church is blessed: it is every way calculated to spread the blessed work, and no marvel that the devil should make such sore thrusts at the institution at the commencement, but his weapons, hitherto

turned against them, have failed. These meetings are a peculiar blessing to a people situated as those in the West are. At them the minds of the people, for days, are taken off their various temporal concerns, and their hearts become the temples of the great God. It was not for these favored people in the remote part of the State to have their banquet altogether alone. The work continued to revive and spread, and the novelty of the meetings excited the curiosity of thousands.

"The Rev. William McKendree, (now Bishop,) Presiding Elder of the District, was in the lower part of the State about the commencement of the revival, and became much engaged in it. In the latter part of 1800, or early in 1801, (if my recollection serves me,) he came up to the center of the settlements of the State, and, in many places, was the first to bear the tidings of these singular meetings, which had so recently commenced, and had so greatly attracted the attention of multitudes. I shall never forget the looks of the people, who had assembled in a congregation composed mostly of Methodists and Presbyterians, and their adherents, when the old gentleman, after the conclusion of a very pathetic sermon, having been much animated in the work, gave an interesting statement of the progress of it, from what he had seen, and of the meetings before described.

Whilst he spoke, the very sensations of his soul glowed in his countenance. His description of them was such as would be vain for me to attempt. He described them in their native simplicity: he told of the happy conversion of hundreds, how the people continued in their exercises of singing, praying, and preaching on the ground, surrounded by wagons and tents, for days and nights together —that many were so affected that they fell to the ground like men slain in battle. The piercing cries of the penitents and rapture of the healed appeared to be brought to our view, and, what was equally encouraging to the faithful, that the work, instead of declining, was progressing to the interior. After the description given by him, it was unnecessary to exhort the faithful to look for the like among themselves. Their hearts had already begun to beat in unison with his, whilst sinners were generally melted into tears. As for my own feelings, though a stranger to religion at that time, they will never be forgotten. I felt, and I wept.

"These meetings began, as the season permitted, to make their gradual approach toward the center of the State. It was truly wonderful to see what an effect their approach made upon the minds of the people. Here in the wilderness were thousands and tens of thousands, of almost every nation; here were thousands hungry for

the bread of life, and thousands thirsting for the waters of salvation. A general move was visible in the congregations previously to the arrival of these meetings. The devout Christians appeared to be filled with hope: their hearts were greatly enlarged to pray for the prosperity of Zion. The formalists were troubled with very uneasy sensations, backsliders became terrified—the wicked, in general, were either greatly alarmed or struck with solemn awe, whilst curiosity was general, and raised to the highest degree to see into these strange things. Indeed, such was the commotion that every circle of the community appeared to have their whole attention arrested. Many were the conjectures respecting these meetings.

"Things, however, did not continue long to keep the attention of the people in suspense. The camp-meetings began to approach nearer and nearer to the center; when one meeting after another was soon appointed in succession, and the numbers who attended them is almost incredible to tell. When collected on the ground, and whilst the meetings continued, such crowds would be passing and repassing, that the roads, paths, and woods appeared to be literally strewed with people. Whole settlements and neighborhoods would appear to be vacated; and such was the draft from them, that it was only here and there that a solitary house would contain an aged house-

keeper—young and old very generally pressing through every difficulty to see the camp-meeting. The Presbyterians and Methodists now united in them; hence it was that they took the name of General Camp-meetings. This union continued until circumstances, hereafter mentioned, produced a separation. On the 30th of January 1801, one writes, giving an account of the work as it first appeared: 'The work is still increasing in Cumberland. It has overspread the whole country It is in Nashville, Barrens, Muddy, Gasper, Red Banks, Knoxville, etc. J. M. C has been there two months. He says it exceeds any thing he ever saw or heard of. Children and all seem to be engaged; but children are the most active in the work. When they speak, it appears that the Lord sends his Spirit to accompany it with power to the hearts of sinners. They all seem to be exercised in an extraordinary way: lie as though they were dead for some time, without pulse or breath—some a longer, some a shorter time. Some rise with joy triumphant, others crying for mercy. As soon as they obtain comfort, they cry to sinners, exhorting them to come to the Lord.'

"These general camp-meetings not only came up to this description, but far exceeded it. Early this spring a work broke out in Madison county On the 22d day of May, this year, a camp-meet

ing was held on Cabin Creek. The next general camp-meeting was held at Concord, in Bourbon county, the last Monday in May, or beginning of June, and continued five days and four nights. The next general meeting was at Point Pleasant, Kentucky; the next, at Indian Creek, Harrison county, began 24th July, and continued about five days and nights. The great general camp-meeting held at Cane Ridge, seven miles from Paris, Bourbon county, began on the 6th day of August, and continued a week. This meeting will be particularly noticed hereafter. Independent of these general meetings, the Methodists had many great and glorious meetings unconnected with their Presbyterian brethren. Indeed, these meetings, in each denomination, were soon spread over the country, and this year extended over the Ohio River into the North-western Territory, now the State of Ohio.

"Having been raised in this State, the writer, then a youth, has many circumstances fresh upon his mind with regard to this great work; but, in aid of this narrative, he is disposed to take along whatever he finds that may be correctly given by others. 'At first appearance,' says one, 'these meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator unacquainted with them but a scene of confusion, such as scarce could be put into human language. They were generally opened with a sermon, at

the close of which there would be an universal outcry—some bursting forth into loud ejaculations of prayer or thanksgiving for the truth; others breaking out in emphatical sentences of exhortation; others flying to their careless friends, with tears of compassion, beseeching them to turn to the Lord; some struck with terror, and hastening through the crowd to make their escape, or pulling away their relations; others trembling, weeping, crying out for the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon them, fainting and swooning away till every appearance of life was gone and the extremities of the body assumed the coldness of death; others surrounding them with melodious songs, or fervent prayers for their happy conversion; others, collecting into circles round this variegated scene, contending with arguments for and against the work. This scene frequently continued, without intermission, for days and nights together.' At these meetings many circumstances transpired well worth relating, and very interesting; but it would overleap our limits to narrate them. One at this time must suffice: 'At Indian Creek a boy, from appearance about twelve years of age, retired from the stand in time of preaching, under a very extraordinary impression; and having mounted a log at some distance, and raising his voice in a very affecting manner, he attracted the main body of the people in a very few minutes. With tears

streaming from his eyes, he cried aloud to the wicked, warning them of their danger, denouncing their certain doom if they persisted in their sins, expressing his love to their souls, and desire that they would turn to the Lord and be saved. He was held up by two men, and spoke for about an hour, with that convincing eloquence that could be inspired only from above. When his strength seemed quite exhausted, and language failed to describe the feelings of his soul, he raised his hand, and, dropping his handkerchief, wet with sweat from his little face, cried out, "Thus, O sinner, shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord." At that moment some fell like those who are shot in battle, and the work spread in a manner which human language cannot describe.'"

The Rev. Learner Blackman, a distinguished pioneer, of whom more will be said hereafter, gives the following description of one of the fields he occupied as a Presiding Elder in the West:

"It may now be proper to speak of the work in the Cumberland country, and of the country itself, till a District was formed, which was called Cumberland District, in 1803. The soil of Cumberland, in general, is among the richest in the world. The climate is soft. It lies principally between the latitude of 35° and 37° The first settlement was formed in Cumberland by Mr. J.

Robertson and a few others, in 1779. They grew corn in Cumberland that year, and in the fall moved their families to the country This infant settlement lived in peace till the spring of 1780, but lived without bread. After that many were killed by the Indians. In 1781, the Indians were so bad that no corn was made except at Eaton's Station. The battle at French Lick (the place where Nashville now stands) was fought that year: six whites were killed, and two or three wounded. The Indians, of different nations, continued to be very troublesome till the Nickojack expedition.

"Benjamin Ogden was the first Methodist preacher that ventured through the wilderness to preach to the scattered settlements on Cumberland River, in 1787 He formed a circuit, and called it Cumberland Circuit. There was but one circuit in Cumberland up to 1802, when Red River and Barren Circuits were formed. That year Cumberland Circuit lost its name, and was called Nashville Circuit. B. Ogden had good success, considering the inconvenience under which he labored: returned the first year fifty-nine in Society David Combs and Barnabas McHenry were stationed in Cumberland in 1788. The number in Society was increased to two hundred and twenty-five. James Haw was stationed in Cumberland in 1790, and continued here several

years. It seemed at one time, after the arrival of the Methodist preachers in Cumberland, that all the people would embrace religion. Many of the leading characters became Methodists for a season. The work suffered much in this country for the want of a regular supply of preachers. Cumberland was separated by a wilderness of two hundred miles from the Crab Orchard in Kentucky, or from the settlements on Holston. Both ways were infested by Indians. The roads to Cumberland and to Kentucky were often stained with human blood. On the way to Cumberland, from South-west Point, many a poor heart has palpitated with dread and fear; yet hundreds of families ventured through the wilderness, when exposed to the greatest danger by night and by day Preachers who ventured, with their lives in their hands, to Cumberland were not free from danger when they arrived at their place of destination; for many of the inhabitants were killed from time to time, and for several years the most of the inhabitants were forted. The preachers rode from fort to fort, and preached the gospel of peace. It was often found necessary to guard them with men well armed. But in troublesome times there were places set apart for the ark of the Lord to rest. A holy seed was sown that has since produced much holy fruit.

"Benjamin Ogden preached his first sermon on

the Sulphur Fork of Red River. Richard Doge and Frank Prince were the first persons who joined the Methodist Society in Cumberland. At that time there were no settlements on the south side of Cumberland River, except at French Lick, mouth of Stone's River, and Mill Creek.

"At the first sacrament held by Mr. Haw, and the first held among the Methodists, six professed to be converted on Sulphur Fork. The same year, at the two quarterly-meetings, about thirteen professed to be converted. The work spread. In the time of Mr. Haw's administration there was a glorious work of the Lord on Mill Creek, on the south side of Cumberland. Several embraced religion who were killed a few days after by the Indians. The merciless savages imbrued their hands alike in the blood of the good and the bad people of Cumberland. Mr. Mayfield embraced religion, joined the Methodist Society, and in three days was killed by the Indians. As many as six fell victims to savage cruelty in the course of a few months. These were perilous times Mr. Williamson succeeded. Mr. Craighead was the only Presbyterian preacher stationed in Cumberland when the Methodist preachers first arrived: there were a few Baptist preachers.

"In consequence of the frequent depredations of the Indians on the settlements of Cumberland, the population increased very slow for ten or fif-

teen years after the first settlements were formed. But for about fifteen years past the settlements of Cumberland have been rapidly increasing.*

"The inhabitants of Cumberland are a collection of people from all the Southern States. Many of the first settlers were hardy adventurers—from the frontier settlements of Virginia and North Carolina—who were not unaccustomed to hear the wild beasts of the forest yell and howl; neither were they strangers to the war-whoop of the savage Indians, for many of their near and dear connections had groaned under the tomahawk and scalping-knife, among the high hills and mountains of Virginia, before they removed to Cumberland. Some had lost fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters on their way through the wilderness, when removing to Cumberland. Their scalps were taken off, and their bodies cruelly mangled—cut and hacked in the most barbarous manner, till the poor sufferers fell asleep in the arms of death, and were left—after being stripped of their raiment and plundered of all they possessed—to feed the wild beasts. People inured to such sufferings did not suffer the same inconvenience as many may suppose.

"It is remarkable, exposed as the traveling preachers were while traveling through large cane-

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* "Most of the above account is from Lewis Crane.

brakes from fort to fort, that not one was killed by the Indians, though there were families killed about the places where they traveled and preached from time to time. The first settlers, when not living in forts, lived in cabins, as they live in the frontier settlements at the present day throughout the western country They lived much on venison, bear-meat, and wild turkeys, and ate off tables made in the form of benches with four legs. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and travelers were all huddled up in one small room, where the cooking and domestic business must be done. But those disposed to live decently showed a disposition to do so, though under the necessity of living in smoky cabins; while many who are raised on the frontiers live pretty nearly in the same condition from generation to generation. They have lived, and they now live, lazy, dirty, and in much ignorance of God and of the world they live in. But some of the vilest and the worst have been radically changed by the gospel: men who would do but little more than roam in the forest like the Indians, and kill bear and deer—too lazy to cultivate a farm, any more than some Indians, they grew a little corn and potatoes—have become industrious, sober, frugal, economical, good citizens, and good Christians. Many instances may be found in the western country to prove the power of the gospel, and much must be

ascribed to the extensive influence of the itinerant plan—a plan calculated to carry the gospel to the poor and to the most remote settlements on this continent. Of all plans it is the best to spread light and truth among the new settlements of the West: it would be some years before new settlers got a settled preacher, or preachers sufficient—the itinerant plan makes up the deficiency Many have died in the faith in Cumberland who will praise God through eternity that ever they heard the pleasing sound of the gospel by the itinerant.

"Great improvements are now making in the west end of Tennessee. Common neighborhood schools are to be found, about five or six miles apart, all through Cumberland. By a special act of the Legislature, an academy is to be established in every county There is one college, near Nashville, called Cumberland College. Learning and literature begin to flourish, and men of the highest talent have emigrated from the Atlantic States to West Tennessee. The mass of the people in Tennessee have more veneration for religion, I think, than those of any State through which I have traveled. We have but little difficulty, in general, to keep order at our large camp-meetings. Infidelity has not so generally prevailed in this State as it has in Kentucky, and many other parts of this continent."

In reviewing the History of Methodism in Tennessee, from its introduction into the New Territory up to 1804, there is cause for gratitude and praise. Holston first appears in the Minutes of 1783, and the returns show sixty members at the end of the year: the work began in Middle Tennessee—in Cumberland, as the country was then called—in 1787, and at the close of the year fifty-nine white and four colored members were reported; giving a total of one hundred and twenty-three white and four colored members. In 1804, the Minutes record the numbers as follows—viz.:

	Whites.	Colored.
Holston	780	52
Nolichucky	636	31
French Broad	648	14
Clinch	500	53
Powell's Valley	70	—
Nashville Circuit	637	87
Red River	289	11
Total	3560	248

Thus in eleven years, from the time that Jeremiah Lambert began to preach in the Holston country, and seven years from the period that Benjamin Ogden raised the banner in Cumberland, the little band had increased to three thousand six hundred and eighty-five; and this progress was in the face of much opposition and many discouragements.

The whole membership in America, in 1783,

numbered 13,740, with 59 preachers; in 1804, there were 113,134 members and 400 preachers. Of the 113,134 members, 9,082 whites and 518 colored were reported from the Western Conference.

Methodism having been introduced at an early day in Tennessee, took deep root, and had grown to be a great tree in the space of a few years. Tennessee was the first of the Western or Southwestern States to nurture Methodism, and has, therefore, been justly denominated the "mother of Conferences." Her sons and daughters, everywhere in the vast West and South, adorn the Church. By Tennessee, it is to be borne in mind that the Holston and the Memphis Conferences are included, as both these lie mainly in the State of Tennessee. The grand success of Methodism in Tennessee, under God, was attributable, in a measure, to the zeal and ability of the first preachers. Massie, Lee, Birchett, McHenry, Burke, Wilkerson, Page, McGee, Gwin, McKendree, Garrett, Blackman, Brooks, Green Hill, and others of the same class, were men of giant minds. They would have been considered ministers of ability in any age, or in any country In the work of establishing Christianity in this country, Methodism was not assigned to novices; on the contrary, men of talents and of sound judgment were employed—men who understood the plan of salva-

tion—men who were able to meet the objections of infidels and to contend successfully with such as caviled at the truths of revelation—men who understood Methodist doctrines and Methodist economy, and who were able to defend their Church against the attacks of its enemies.

Another cause of the success of Methodism in these early days is found in the fact that the preachers had access to the best class of society, as well as to the poor and ignorant. The intelligence and fine pulpit oratory of the early Methodist preachers commended them to all classes, and commanded the respect and reverence of the most fastidious and highly cultivated. The pathos of Massie and Lee, the logic of McHenry and Burke, the polemical power of Page and Garrett, the zeal and piety of Walker and Lakin, the unction and poetry of Wilkerson and Gwin, the thunder and lightning of McGee and Granade, and the fine talents and noble bearing of McKendree and Blackman, drew the multitudes to Methodist meetings, and brought thousands of the best people of the land into the Church. And these men of God went into the hovels of the poor and sought the halt and the blind, the maimed and the distressed, preached to them Jesus and the resurrection, and won multitudes to the cross of Christ.

Another, and perhaps the controlling, element in the success of the Methodists was found in the

zeal and earnestness of the preachers, and in the evangelical character of the doctrines which they proclaimed. The zeal of the pioneer preachers knew no limit. They were instant in season and out of season. No change of weather or climate, no swollen streams or lofty mountains, hindered them; on they pressed, preaching day and night, and praying sinners everywhere to be reconciled to God. Poverty was no barrier; hard fare was not in the way; they slept in cabins, or camped in the open air; lived on wild meat and bread of pounded meal; wore threadbare garments, and suffered privations of every sort; yet on and on they pressed, counting not their lives dear to them, so that they might finish their work with joy The heroic age of Methodist preachers, in all that appertains to genuine heroism, is not surpassed. The first preachers of the West were brave men—men who were not afraid of toil or hardship, or suffering or death.

> "The love of Christ their hearts constrained,
> And strengthened their unwearied hands;
> They spent their sweat, and blood, and pains,
> To cultivate Immanuel's lands."

They had one peculiar advantage, however. Their doctrines were popular with the masses who were not committed to any particular creed. The old doctrines of the Antinomians were becoming threadbare under a more enlightened state of

society; and the more moderate doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation, as held by the Presbyterians and many of the Baptists, were regarded as akin to real Antinomianism, and unfriendly to the growth and prosperity of the Church of Christ. No man liked to believe that by the foreknowledge of God, and the irrevocable decree of the Most High, without reference to character or conduct, he was doomed to eternal punishment. Every man delighted to entertain the opinion that there was hope for him. When, therefore, a minister came before the multitude and proclaimed "free grace," "free salvation," that Christ died for every man, and that all might be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, the proclamation found a ready response in the hearts of the people. With this popular theme the Methodist preachers went abroad, and they were followed by crowds of anxious hearers, and their doctrines were received and believed, and brought many to Christ. It is true that they met very strong opposition among those whose creeds were in danger, and who were wedded to their Confessions of Faith; but in every controversy they gained the victory. It was only necessary for the people to understand the doctrines of Methodism, and then, if they were not ready to embrace them, they were willing that every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind.

The reader should never forget the last consideration that shall be mentioned in this connection. It is this: the success of the first Methodist preachers depended on their faith in Christ, and the help of the Holy Ghost. "*Lo, I am with you,*" was always before them; and "*Without me ye can do nothing,*" was ever present to their minds. A live Christianity makes live ministers and live Christians. No Church can prosper without a living ministry; and no ministry can give life and energy to a Church or people without the abiding influence of the Holy Ghost, which is promised to every true embassador of Christ.

The history of the Church in Tennessee, from this period forward, is full of interest, and will be read and studied by every lover of Christ with emotions of pleasure.

END OF VOL. I.